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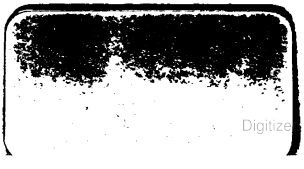

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CICERO'S

EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

WITH NOTES,

HISTORICAL, EXPLANATORY, AND CRITICAL.

TRANSLATED

BY WILLIAM GUTHRIE, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED AND AMENDED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Quæ, qui legat, non multum desideret historiam contextam eorum temporum.
Nep. Vit. Attici.

LONDON:

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CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK VI.

EPISTLE I.

On the 17th of February I received your letter at Laodicea; and read it with raptures, as replete with affection, love, benevolence, friendship, and zeal. Take therefore my answer in your own method, without my following the plan I generally lay down. You tell me that my last letters, dated the 22nd of September, are come to your hands; and you want to know what letters I have received from you? Almost all you mention, excepting those which you say you delivered to the slaves of Lentulus, at Equotuticum and Brundusium. Your labour, as you seem to apprehend, is not lost; but his produced

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a noble effect, if your intention was to give me pleasure; for never in my life, did I receive more. I greatly rejoice that, contrary to my expectation, you approve of my reserve towards Appius, and the freedom I took in respect to Brutus.

For Appius, on his journey, wrote me two or three querulous letters, because I had repealed some of his acts. This is just as if a patient should be delivered over from one physician to another, and the first be displeased with the latter, for altering the regimen he had laid down for his recovery. Thus, the regimen of Appius consisted in evacutions; he exhausted as much as he could, the veins and the strength of the province, and delivered her over to me when she was expiring; and now it is with pain that he sees her again restored to life and vigour. His resentment, however, is tempered with expressions of gratitude; for in all my measures, I did not interfere with his conduct; so that, in fact, the man is only angry, because my government differed from his. And nothing surely can be more different. Under his administration, the province was quite exhausted by exactions and losses. Under mine, not a farthing was raised, in any way public or private. Need I mention his prefects, his attendants, his lieutenants, his oppressions, his lusts, and his contumelious abuses. At present, indeed, there cannot be, even in a family, better œconomy, greater regularity,

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rity, or more moderation than appears in every part of my province. The construction put upon this reform of abuses by some of Appius's friends, is ridiculous; for they say that I pursue this meritorious conduct as a satire upon him, and that the virtue of my government is not owing to a regard for my own character, but to my spite of his. If Appius, however, as the letter of Brutus, which I sent to you, intimated, should return me his thanks, I shall be very well pleased, and yet, when I write this letter, which I do before daybreak, I am thinking of repealing a great many of his wicked acts and statutes.

As to Brutus, for whom at your recommendation, I conceived a regard bordering on affection. But—no—I will check myself lest I disoblige you.—For I assure you that I never in my life felt a more sincere wish than to comply with the solicitation of your friend, nor took greater pains to accomplish his purpose. Though he gave me a memorial of all his commissions, and which contained only the matters which had before passed between you and me, yet I attended to every particular.

In the first place, I pressed Ariobarzanes, to pay Brutus the money, which he promised to do. While that prince was with me, the affair wore a very favourable aspect; and he afterwards began to be pressed by a multitude of Pompey's agents. Pompey for many other reasons, especially as

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being expected to command against the Parthians, has greater influence with him than any other person in the world. Notwithstanding that, Pompey is now obliged to receive in payment every month thirty-three Attic talents, which is not indeed the interest of the principal lent, and that too out of the taxes. But our friend Cnæus meekly puts up with this. He goes without principal, and he does not get even the whole of his interest. His majesty neither does, nor can pay any body else, for he is a king without either treasure or taxes to support him. He puts his country, after the manner of Appius, under contribution, and yet all is insufficient for discharging the interest of his debt to Pompey. It is true, two or three of his friends are rich men, but neither you nor I can be more tenacious of our property than they are of theirs. Notwithstanding all this, I am incessantly soliciting, teasing, exhorting, and reproaching the prince by letters. Dejotarus has even informed me, that he sent an embassy to Ariobarzanes concerning his transactions with Brutus, but that all the answer he received was, that he had no money; and in my conscience I believe never was there a kingdom more drained, or a king more needy[1]. I am therefore thinking

[1] The poverty of the kings of Cappadocia seems to have become proverbial about this time. Horace takes notice of it. *Mancipiis locuples, eget æris Cappadocum Rex.*

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thinking of either resigning my guardianship, or, as Scævola[1] did in the case of Glabrio, stopping the payment of both principal and interest.

And yet I have bestowed the lieutenancy, which, in compliment to me, you gave to Brutus upon Marcus Scaptius[2] and Lucius Gavius, who were his agents in Cappadocia, for they no longer traded in money within my province. Now you may remember we agreed, that he might have what lieutenancy he pleased, provided he did not dispose of one to a money-broker. In consequence of this, I presented him two commissions besides; but the persons, for whom he asked them, have left the province.

Now concerning the Salaminians; that affair I perceive has surprised you as well as me, for he never

[1] This seems to have been a piece of private history, Scævola probably was tutor to a young gentleman, whose affairs were so circumstanced, that he was obliged to suspend the payment of the debts upon his estate.

[2] *Orig. Nec enim in provincia mea negotiabantur.* According to the obvious meaning of these words Cicero falls into a direct contradiction, which has not been observed by Monsieur Mongault, or any of the commentators. Here he tells us expressly, that he gave Scaptius one of these commissions, because he discontinued his trade within his province, and yet we find him in the same, quarrel with Brutus for refusing this commission to Scaptius, because he was a money-broker. But in fact there were two of that name, and both of them friends to Brutus. One of them was an agent in Cappadocia, the other a money-broker in Cyprus.

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never told me that money was owing to him. So far from it, I have a memorandum of his writing, in which he has these words, "The people of Sa-"lamis owe money to Marcus Scaptius and Pub-"lius Matinius my friends." He recommends them to me, he gives his reason for doing it, and says, in order to instigate me, that he was engaged[1] for them in a great sum of money. The settlement was that the Salaminians should pay at the rate of twelve in the hundred, the interest being added to the principal every six years. But Scaptius insisted upon forty-eight in the hundred. I could not gratify him in this without being in danger of forfeiting the esteem, even of you, my dearest friend. For I should have violated the rule of my own government, and absolutely ruined a city which claims the patronage of Cato[2] and of Brutus himself, and has been distinguished by marks of my kindness.

At

[1] This probably was the money which Scaptius had borrowed at Rome for the Salaminians.

[2] Cato had reduced Cyprus into the form of a province, when the Romans took it from king Ptolemy, and he had been attended in his expedition thither by his nephew Brutus, for which reason both of them declared themselves the patrons of that island. Upon the whole, it is more than probable, that some of the circumstances of this loan have not come to our knowledge, otherwise we can scarcely reconcile the conduct of Brutus, to that noble inflexible character, for which he is so remarkable in history.

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At this very time, Scaptius throws before me a letter from Brutus, informing me that the thing was a concern of his own, though Brutus never told so much, either to you or me, and likewise desiring me to bestow the lieutenancy upon Scaptius. Now, you know, that when I empowered you to make that offer to Brutus, I excepted all money-brokers, and he, of all mankind, ought to be excluded. For he was lieutenant to Appius, and commanded some squadrons of horse, with whom he shut up in their senate-house, the senate of Salamis, until five of the senators were starved to death. I had therefore no sooner set foot within my province, and was met by the Cyprian deputies at Ephesus, than I dispatched letters, ordering those squadrons of horse to leave the island, without delay; and for that reason, I suppose Scaptius sent Brutus some unjust charges against me. I am, however, determined upon what to do. If Brutus shall think that I ought to determine for forty-eight in the hundred, after laying it down as a rule in my edict, and enforcing it by my judgment, in every part of the province, to the satisfaction even of the most unprincipled usurers, that no more than twelve in the hundred should be taken; if he shall take it amiss that I refused a lieutenancy to a money-broker, after refusing the same to my friend Torquatus, who solicited it for Lælius, and to Pompey himself, who asked it for Sextius Statius,

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Statius, while both of them were satisfied with my reasons; if he shall resent my ordering the squadrons to evacuate the island; I shall indeed be sorry for his offence, but shall be more sorry to find Brutus not to answer the character I had conceived of him.

Scaptius himself must at least acknowledge that it was in his option, while I was upon the bench, to have received his money. I will add another thing, and I do not know whether you will not think I have gone too far in it. All the interest ought to have stopt, even the interest, which my decree allowed from the time the Salaminians offered to deposit the money, and yet I prevailed with the Salaminians not to insist upon this. They have at my request dispensed with the rigid letter of the law towards him; but what will be the consequence to them, should Paulus[1] succeed me in this government? All this I have done entirely to oblige Brutus, who has written very handsomely to you concerning me; but his letters to me, even when he solicits a favour, are written in haughty, insolent and distant terms. But I beg that you would write to him concerning the things I have mentioned, and let me know how he takes them.

I thought

[1] He means Æmilius Paulus, whose brother Lepidus had in marriage the sister of Brutus, and was therefore likely to be partial in his favour.

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I thought I had sufficiently explained all these particulars in my former letters; but, to say the truth, I was determined to make you sensible how well I had treasured up what you imparted to me more than once, I mean, that if I gained nothing by my government but the friendship of Brutus, I was amply rewarded. In this I will not contradict you, but still I believe you will agree with me, that his friendship would be too dearly purchased by the loss of my honour. Supposing, therefore, that my decree had compelled Scaptius to be immediately paid, on what terms I will refer to you, a reference which I would not make even to the judgment of Cato: yet do not imagine, that I have discarded your maxims. No, I have treasured them up in my soul. With tears you recommended to me the care of my honour. Did ever a letter, come from your hand in which you did not repeat the same recommendation? Let him, who is so disposed, be displeased with me; I will bear him with patience. Justice and honour shall ever be on my side: and my six treatises upon government, which I am glad you so much approve of, are new pledges of my integrity.

With the historical incident respecting Cnæus Flavius, the son of Marcus[1] you express yourself dissatisfied.

[1] This probably relates to a passage in Cicero's book of government. This Flavius lived about the year 448. The matter is farther explained in his character of an orator. See page 85 of the translation.

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dissatisfied. But you are to consider, that he is not to be placed before the *decemviri*, because he was *Curule Ædile*, an institution many years later than the *decemviri*. Where then, you will say, was the utility of publishing the calendar? Before that time, the calendar was a matter so mysterious, that people were obliged to apply to a few lawyers, who were in the secret, to know the days of pleading. Now, many authors tell us that Cnæus Flavius, a scribe, published the calendar, and digested the public records. I inform you of this, lest you should imagine that I, or rather Africanus (for he is my author) is mistaken. I see you have noticed the mention I made of the action of a certain player, and you make a wicked application of it; but I wrote without meaning ill.

The letters of Philotimus inform you of my being saluted Imperator. But I suppose, now that you are in Epirus, you have received two letters of mine, containing my whole history, one dated from Pendenissum, upon its being taken, the other from Laodicea, and both of them were delivered to your own servants. I sent two public letters by different couriers to Rome, upon the same subject, not choosing to trust the sea conveyance.

I quite agree with you in your sentiments concerning my daughter Tullia, and I have signified, in a letter, my consent, both to her and my wife.

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wife. I remember the words you told me sometime ago, "I wish that you would return to your old flock[1]". But there was no occasion for correcting any thing of that letter concerning Memmius; for I much rather approve of the party proposed by Pontidia, than that by Servilia. You may therefore employ my friend Auffius, who has always professed a great regard for me, and I suppose more now than ever, if, as I believe, he has succeeded to his brother's affection for me, as well as to his estate. How sincere that affection was I had frequent proofs, and especially in the affair of Bursa. It now lies with you to relieve me of a load that lies heavy upon my spirits. I am by no means pleased with the exception[2] proposed by Furnius, for I had no apprehension as to any other time, but the one excepted. But if you were at Rome, I would write you more fully on this head. I am not surprised that you rest all your hopes of tranquillity upon Pompey in the present situation of affairs, and in speaking of him for the future, I think you need no longer apply to him the epithet *faithless*[3].

If

[1] Meaning that our author should give his daughter to a Roman knight, of which order both he and Atticus originally were. What follows here is all private history, and perhaps requires more explanation than it deserves.

[2] *Viz.* That Cicero should return home, if there was no war with the Parthians.

[3] Nothing surely could be more weak than Cicero was in his judgment of mankind, but at the same time his acknowledgments show an honest heart.

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If I preserve no method in this letter, I must impute it to you, whose extemporaneous effusion I imitate. My two little Ciceros love one another; they pursue the same studies and the same exercises; but, as Isocrates said of Ephorus and Theopompus, the one requires a bridle, the other a spur. I intend to give Quintus the manly robe on the feast of Bacchus[1], at his father's request. I will observe that feast without any regard to intercalations. I have a great affection for Dionysius, though my boys say, that he is furiously passionate; but no man can have more learning or better morals than he has, or love you and me better than he does.

You have been justly informed, that Thermus and Silius[2] are very popular in their government, which they deserve of me by their disinterested conduct. You may say the same thing of Marcus Nonius, Bibulus, and if you please, of me. Now I wish Scrofta[3] had a situation where he might evince his worth; for it is an office, which renders talents conspicuous. All the others disgrace the political system of Cato. It was very kind in you to recommend my interest to Hortensius. Dionysius

[1] *Orig. Liberalibus.* It fell upon the 17th of March, and it was a time of the year in which young gentlemen commonly assume the manly robe.

[2] He was governor of Bithynia and Pontus.

[3] He was mentioned before, and the whole of this passage about him is extremely obscure.

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nysius has no hopes of Amianus, nor have I the least hint concerning Terentius. Mæragenes is certainly dead; I travelled over his estate without seeing one creature upon it. This I did not know, when I conversed with your freedman Democratus. I have given the order respecting the Rhosian ware[1]. But what can be your meaning? You used to administer only simple herbs in embossed charges and magnificent dishes, what then do you mean to serve in these earthen vessels?

A trumpet is ordered for your Phemius, and it shall be sent him, provided the strains, which he may play will, be worthy of him.—The Parthian war is ready to commence. Cassius had dispatched very foolish accounts upon that head, before the letters of Bibulus reached Rome; but when these are read, I hope they will at last rouse the senate. For my own part I am very uneasy. Even supposing my government should not be prolonged beyond the year, and I hope it will not, yet still I have some apprehensions of June and July. Whatever may be the event, Bibulus will hold out at least for two months; but what will become of him, whom I shall leave in my command, especially if it be my brother. Nay, what will become of myself, if I am obliged to stay longer than I look for; I am greatly perplexed.

[1] Rhosus was a town situated upon the gulph of Issus, and seems to have been famous for a coarse kind of earthenware.

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plexed. I, however, have at length agreed with Dejotarus, that he shall serve in my camp with all his forces, which amount to thirty cohorts, of 400 men, each armed in the Roman manner, and 2000 horse. With this reinforcement I shall be able to defend myself, till Pompey arrives, and his letters inform me that he is appointed to that command. The Parthians have fixed their winter quarters. Orodes is expected in person. In short we shall have enough upon our hands.

My edict conforms to that of Bibulus, with the exception of that clause, which, as you wrote to me, "would bear too hard upon our order[1]". Now my expression has the same meaning, but it is better guarded, and is taken from the Asiatic edict of Quintus Mucius, the son of Publius, and imports, "that if a transaction be of such a nature as in equity to be invalid, we will then appeal

[1] Cicero had a particular deference for the order of knights here mentioned. We have already seen that they generally farmed the public revenues, and consequently they were permitted by the senate to make the best of the people of the conquered countries, whom they sometimes oppressed most dreadfully. On this account Bibulus in his edict, as other governors have done, had a clause, declaring he would observe all contracts that were not oppressive or fraudulent. *Pacta conventa, quæ nec vi, nec dolo facta erunt, servabo.* Bibulus, it seems, had named the knights expressly, as if this clause had been applicable peculiarly to their order, which our author did not think so decent, and therefore kept to more general terms.

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appeal to the principle of conscience." In many other respects, I followed the edict of Scævola. I have in particular adopted that clause, which the Greeks think amounts to the restoring them to their liberty, by allowing them, in all their disputes, to proceed according to their own laws.

Now you must know, that my edict is but short, because I have thought fit to divide it into two heads. One comprehends the affairs of the province, and regulates all matters regarding the accounts of the city debts, interests, bonds, and every thing that relates to the farmers of the revenue. The other head, which cannot be regularly settled, but by an edict, relates to the modes of succession, to entries upon estates, to commissions of bankruptcies, and to sales, all which matters can only be proceeded upon, and settled by edict. Every thing else relating to jurisdiction, I have left unmentioned, and have declared that in such matters my decision should be in conformity to the rules of the city prætors. By these means, it has been my care, and I have hitherto succeeded, to please every body. The Greeks exult in being left to their own judges and their own municipal laws. This, you will say, is to leave them to a gang of jugglers. No matter, they think they are restored to their former independence. The judges, whom you have at Rome are, I suppose, men of high respectability; witness Turpio the cobler, and Vettius the usurer.

You

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You seem curious to know how I have proceeded with regard to the farmers of the revenue. I caress them, I humour them, I compliment and oblige them, and thus I prevent their being oppressive to any person. What will surprise you still more is, Servilius has even given them a title to the interest of the money, for which they contracted with the province. I manage the affair thus. I give the contractors for the province a reasonable time for payment; and if they make it before the day elapses, I tell them I will deduct the legal interest, but if they pass the day of payment, they must then stand to the terms of their contracts. By this regulation the Greeks are not loaded with intolerable usury, and the farmers are extremely well pleased. Thus I give them fine compliments in abundance, and make them always welcome at my house. In short, I live with them so familiarly, that each thinks himself the favourite. I know them however too well. You understand what I mean.

What do you say concerning the statue of Africanus? What a medley this letter is! But your letters have made me in love with his manner. Is Mettellus Scipio ignorant, that his grandfather never was censor[1]? The inscription upon that statue

[1] Our author probably means a statue of the second Scipio Africanus, which Metellus insisted upon to be a statue of Scipio Nasica, the grandfather of this Scipio.

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statue to which you have given so exalted a place in the temple of Ops, mentions only his being consul. In like manner, upon the statue in the temple of Pollux, the inscription mentions only his being consul; and that it is his statue appears from the attitude, the robe, the ring and the face. And indeed, when I observed in that cavalcade of gilded equestrians, which this same Metellus has erected in the capitol, the image of Scipio Africanus, inscribed with the name of Serapion[1], I thought it had been the mistake of the workmen, but I am now convinced it was owing to the disgraceful ignorance of Metellus himself.

With regard to my mistake concerning Flavius and the calendar, if it be one, it is a very general mistake. You have done well to inquire; I was obliged to follow a public, though perhaps a false tradition, which is often all the direction we have with regard to the Greeks. How general is the opinion among them, that Alcibiades in his voyage to Sicily threw into the sea Eupolis, the father of ancient comedy. Yet this fact is confuted by Eratosthenes[2], who has produced plays of Eupolis, composed since that time. Not-

[1] This was a name given to Scipio Nascica, on account of his great resemblance to a slave of the same name.

[2] He wrote a treatise upon the drama which is quoted by Atheneus and Julius Pollux.

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Notwithstanding this anachronism, Duris[1] the Samian, an accurate historian, has not lost his credit by falling into it, because the mistake was general. Is it not universally understood, and by Theophrastus amongst others, that Zaleucus[2], composed the Locrian[3] laws? But does Theophrastus suffer in his character, if your favourite Timeus has shewn him to be under a mistake as to the fact? But it is disgraceful in a man to be ignorant, that his great grandfather never was censor, especially as none of the Cornelii, after his consulate[4], was censor during his life.

As to Philotimus, and the payment of the five hundred twenty-four thousand serteces; I understand he is to be at Chersonesus about the beginning of January; but as yet I have had no letter from him. Camillus writes me, that he has received my arrears. I should be glad to know, what at present I do not know, how much they

[1] He was contemporary with Ptolemy Philadelphus, and wrote the history of the Greeks and Macedonians.

[2] He was a disciple of Thales, and is mentioned by many authors.

[3] These were descendants of the Locrians, who lived about mount Parnassus, and lived in a city of *Magna Græcia* in Italy, which was built by the attendants of Ajax Oileus, who settled there after the war of Troy.

[4] It was a rule among the Romans not to make a man censor, till he had passed the office of consul, and this made the mistake, of Metellus the more inexcusable, for the reason given by Cicero.

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they amount to. But we will talk of these matters hereafter, and perhaps more conveniently, when we meet. I own to you, my dearest friend, that I was alarmed with that passage, towards the end of your letter, which thus begins, *Need I add.* You then conjure me in the most affectionate terms to be always circumspect, and see how every thing is transacted. Have you then heard any rumour? It is not indeed likely that you have; for I think nothing has or can escape my vigilance. But yet, that hint, though cautious, seems to me to have some meaning.

I again tell you, that your answer to Marcus Octavius was very proper, had it been a little more peremptory. For Cælius has sent his freedman to me with very pressing letters, but his request respecting the panthers, and the contributions of the several states[1] was scandalous. I replied that I was mortified by the public inattention to my government, and that it was not known at Rome I levied no money on the public, but to discharge the public debts. I informed him farther, that I could not bring myself to think, that I could honourably grant, or he receive, the money he demanded; and I admonished him from the sincere affection I have for him, that he

[1] These Ædiles generally insisted upon the provinces being taxed to defray the expence of the public shows, which Cicero thought was a scandalous imposition.

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he, who accuses others, should see that himself be free from fault[1]. As to his request respecting the panthers, I observed that it was not consistent with my honour to compel the Cibyrites to hunt at the public expence.

Lepta is quite overjoyed with your letter, which is well composed, and has done me great honour with him. I am gratified that your little daughter was so earnest in desiring you to send me her compliments; I am likewise obliged to Pilia. Do you, therefore, present my compliments to both, but especially to the former, whose affection is the more remarkable, as it is impossible for her to remember ever to have seen me[2]. The date of your letter being the last of December, renewed to me the dear remembrance of that glorious oath[3], which shall never be forgotten. Never did a magistrate appear with more lustre than I did that day. Now I have answered all particulars; and I repay you in kind, and not gold for brass.

I have

[1] Cælius had distinguished himself in three several impeachments of great men for mal-practices.

[2] There is an obscurity in the original, the best reading is, *Quem jampridem nunquam vidit.*

[3] When Cicero was going out of his consulate, he was hindered by Metellus Nepos, the tribune, from haranguing the people. He therefore took the opportunity of adding to the ordinary oath made by the consuls, upon the expiration of their office, that he had saved his country, and in this the people applauded him.

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I have indeed another note from you, which I must not let pass unanswered. Lucceius, it seems, has parted with his seat at Tusculanum, and I think, he has done right, if it serves to diminish his expences; for there he used to have no other company but his music-master. I should be glad to know how his affairs stand. I even hear that our friend Lentulus has been obliged to advertise his estate at Tusculanum to raise money; I wish the affairs of both, and also those of Sestius and Cælius, if I mistake not, were less embarrassed. We may say of them all as Homer says of the Greeks, when Hector gave them a challenge, They

Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd[1].

I suppose you have heard, that Curius has some thoughts of recalling Memmius. As to the debt of Egnatius the Sidicinian, my hopes are neither very faint nor very sanguine. Dejotarus is extremely concerned about the recovery of Penarius, whom you recommended to me. So much for your short letter. I beg that, about the 15th of May, when I shall be at Laodicea, you will frequently write to me, and that, after you are arrived

[1] *Orig.* αἰδεσθεν μεν ανηνασθαι, δεισαν δ ὑποδεχθαι. Our author applies this to their situation with regard to Cæsar, whom they wished well, though they durst not yet venture to declare their attachment to him.

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arrived at Athens, you will send couriers to me; for I shall then learn how things are at Rome, and how the governments have been distributed, which distribution has taken place in the month of March. But how came you by means of Herodes to extort from Cæsar fifty Attic talents. By this you have incurred great displeasure with Pompey. For he thinks the money[1], thus obtained by you, is so much loss to him, and that Cæsar will be more cautious how he proceeds in building his seat in the forest of Aricia.

I learned this circumstance from Publius Vedius, who, though a profligate, is very intimate with Pompey. He came to meet me with two chariots and a chaise drawn by coursers, a litter, and such a numerous retinue, that were the bill brought in by Curius[2] to pass, Vedius could not be taxed at less than a hundred thousand sertences. He had in one of his chariots a Cynocephalus[3], and was attended by a number of wild asses. Never did I see a more unprincipled man. But hear the sequel. He was entertained at Laodicea, in the house of Pompeius Vindullus,

[1] This relates probably to money borrowed by Cæsar of Pompey.

[2] This was a kind of a turnpike bill for imposing a tax upon all equipages to keep the public roads in repair.

[3] Very strange stories are told of this creature, which seems to have been very rare among the Romans. It was an ape with the head of a dog, and hence called κυνοκεφαλος.—E.

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lus, where he left his baggage when he set out to wait upon me. In the mean while, Vindullus died, and, of course, his estate was understood to devolve to his patron Pompey the Great. Caius Veanonius then came to the house of Vindullus, and in sealing up his effects, he seizes those of Vedius, in which were found the miniatures[1] of five ladies, and amongst them that of the sister and wife of your two friends Brutus and Lepidus, whose names indeed are characteristic of their characters; for none but a *brute* would have associated with such a fellow, and he who could connive at such foul misconduct in his wife, must be gay indeed[2]. This incident I by the way communicate to you; for both of us have too much of female curiosity.

There is one thing I would recommend to you. I hear that Appius is constructing a portico at Eleusis; what would you think, if I should make one for the academy? You will tell me, I am in the right of it; but I desire to have your sentiments in writing. To speak the truth, I am so much

[1] Some here read the original *Langulculæ*, others *Plangulculæ*. The latter resembled childrens' dolls, and were made use of as puppets by the young ladies of Athens. Be this as it will, those mentioned here by Cicero seem to have been common presents of ladies to their gallants, and a tacit acknowledgment of their having granted them favours.

[2] The reader no doubt perceives Cicero's puns here. *Lepidus* in the Latin signifies a jovial man.

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much in love with Athens, that I am desirous to bequeath to it some monument of my affection. I am averse to inscribe my own name upon the statues of others[1]; but in this I will be directed by you. Let me know the precise day on which the Roman mysteries are to be celebrated, and how you spent the winter. Farewel, written on the 765th day after the battle of Leuctra[2].

EPISTLE II.

WHEN your freedman Philogenes came to pay me his compliments at Laodicea, and told me he was to sail directly for you, I committed to his care this letter, in answer to that which I received from the courier of Brutus. I will begin with the latter part of yours, which has given me much uneasines; I mean what Cincius wrote you concerning the conversation of Statius, who to my very great concern, is made to say that I approve of the measure[3]. I approve of it!—Could such a thing

[1] Cicero seems to have been doubtful, whether to present to the city of Athens a new statue, made at his own expence, or to appropriate one already made by a new inscription.—E.

[2] He means the death of Clodius.

[3] This regards the bad understanding that still continued between Cicero's brother and his wife, sister to Atticus, which had gone so far that Statius, the favourite freedman of Quintus Cicero,

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thing come into their head! Give me leave to say that I wish the bonds of my intimacy with you to be multiplied, though those of affection are the most binding. So far am I from wishing for any dissolution of the ties which at present mutually bind us. As to my brother, I am no stranger to the harsh expressions he often throws out upon this subject; but I have as often brought him again into temper. I believe you are sensible of this. In our late journey and campaign, I have frequently seen him in a passion, and as frequently appeased. I know not what he has written to Statius, but, whatever resolution he may have adopted, it was indecent for him to correspond with his freedman upon so delicate a point. For my own part, it shall be my principal study to prevent his taking any step that may distress us, or be improper in itself. In an affair of this nature, every friend ought to exert himself to the utmost; but the chief burden of this duty falls upon young Cicero, who is now more than a boy. I am not wanting to him in my counsel on this head, and I think he has a most tender and becoming affection for his mother, and is likewise wonderfully fond of you. He has indeed a fine genius, but I have my difficulties

Cicero, took the freedom to say, that our author approved of their being divorced from one another; and this it seems had piqued Atticus, who was unwilling that his sister should be thus exposed.

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ficulties in managing his spirit, which is not a little untractable.

Having thus in my first page, answered the last page of your letter, I now return to the first page of yours. I imagined, that all the cities of Peloponnesus were maritime, upon no obscure authority, but such a one as you approve of, I mean the geography of Dicæarchus. In Chæron's narrative of the descent into the cave of Trophonius[1], he blames the Greeks on many accounts, for being so fond of the seaside; nor does he mention a place in all Peloponnesus, that is not maritime. Notwithstanding the regard I have for the author, who was a very accurate historian, and lived in Peloponnesus, yet still I was astonished, and not knowing what judgment to form, I consulted Dionysius. At first he was at a loss; but at last he gave it entirely for Dicæarchus, who has as much credit with him as your banker has with you, or mine with me[2]. He pronounced a place called Lepreon

[1] This regards some passages of our author's book upon government, which Atticus was not quite satisfied with. This Chæron was supposed to be the son of Apollo, and Dicæarchus put into his mouth a narrative or description of the descent into the cave of Trophonius, so well known to antiquity for revealing future events. It seems Atticus was not satisfied with our author's assertion, that all the towns of Peloponnesus were maritime, because Arcadia, which lay within Peloponnesus, was entirely an inland province.

[2] Viz. Caius Vestorius and Marcus Cluvius.

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preon to be a sea town of Arcadia. As to Tene[1], Aliphera and Tritia, he was of opinion, that they were built since the Trojan war, and as a proof of this he produced Homer's catalogue of ships, where no such places are mentioned. Now I transcribed this passage from Dicæarchus verbatim into my own work. I am sensible I ought to write Phliasios, and you will take care to make that correction in your copy, as I have done in mine. But, at first sight, the similitude of the words deceived me; for I believed that Philountai came from Philius in the same manner, as Opontioi from Opous, and Sipountioi from Sipous. But I soon was convinced of this mistake.

I perceive that my moderation and disinterestedness give you pleasure; but how would it be enhanced were you here in person. O! had you been but present at the court of justice, which I held from the 13th of February to the 1st of May, for all the divisions of my government, excepting Cilicia. There I performed wonders indeed. Many cities had the whole of their debt cancelled; many were greatly relieved; while all of them, being judged by their own laws and in their own forms, recovered their spirits by thus recovering their constitution. I have given those cities a power of keeping themselves free of

[1] All those places lie in Greece.

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of debt, or making their debts very easy, by two means; the one, during the whole time of my government, I have not put them, and I speak without a figure, to one farthing of expence, I repeat it, not to a single farthing. It is incredible how many cities have discharged their debt from this single circumstance. The other mean I gave them was as follows; it is not easy to conceive how the cities were purloined. This I learnt from those, who had for ten years past been magistrates, and who did not scruple to acknowledge the fact; and therefore, to prevent a public censure, they returned with their own hands the money to the people. By this mean the people, without any difficulty, paid to our farmers of the revenue all the land tax for this term[1], of which, till then, they had not paid a farthing, and all their arrears of the last. This has endeared me to the farmers; "and they will be sure, you say, to remember the obligation." Of this I am sensible.

In all the other departments of my jurisdiction, I proceeded with no small address, and my clemency has been joined to wonderful affability. In giving my audiences, I lay aside the state of the governor of a province. I suffer no applications to be made to the gentlemen of my bedchamber. Before day-break, I walk about in

[1] *Orig. Lustro.* Viz. Five years.

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in my house, as I used formerly to do, when I stood for public offices. This behaviour secures me popularity and influence, and, I was formerly so accustomed to it, that it gives me as yet no pain.

I think of setting out for Cilicia on the 7th of May, where I intend to spend the month of June. I wish I may do it in peace, for we are threatened with a dreadful war from the Parthians, and I set out in July on my return; for the year of my labour ends upon the 30th, and I am in great hopes that it will receive no prolongation. I have the minutes of all that passed in the senate to the 7th of March, by which I learn that our friend Curio[1] is resolved to hazard every thing, rather than that any final resolution should be taken with regard to the province. But I hope to see you very soon.

I now come to your friend Brutus and also mine, since you will have it so. Believe me, I have done every thing that I could effect in my province, or in Cappadocia. I have dealt, and daily deal, with the king, in all shapes, I mean by letters. I had him at my own house for three or four days, during some political troubles into

[1] The senate had passed a resolution the year before, that in the month of March, this year the consuls should bring in a bill for settling the governments of the provinces, particularly those of the two Gauls. But Curio, who was a tribune, and some of his colleagues put a negative upon it.

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into which he fell, and from which I delivered him. At that time, and upon all occasions afterwards, I did not fail to beg and entreat him upon my own account, and to admonish and exhort him upon his. I know I made a considerable impression, but his distance from me prevents my learning precisely what effects my interference has produced.

With regard to the Salaminians, though I might compel them, I persuaded them to offer Scaptius the payment of his whole debt, at the rate of twelve in the hundred, from the date of the last bond, the interest being added to the principal for every year and no longer. A tender was made of the money, but it was refused by Scaptius. "So you say, you wanted that Brutus should lose somewhat of his due, for his security bore forty-eight in the hundred." But this could not be paid, nor, if the payment of it were possible, could I, in honour, suffer it. I hear that Scaptius repents his not accepting the offer. He has some reason; for that which he called a decree of the senate for suffering an action to be brought on this bond in a court of law, passed only because the Salaminians had contracted the debt, in express contradiction to the Gabinian law, which makes all bonds for money, borrowed in that manner, to be legally void. The decree of the senate, therefore, only gave this bond that degree of validity, which any

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any other bond possesses in a court of law. But nothing was done with regard to the interest.

Thus you have a regular detail of what I have done in this matter; I believe that Brutus will approve of it; I doubt whether you will, but I am certain of Cato's approbation. And now to advert to yourself: and will you, my Atticus, the panegyrist of my accomplishments and integrity, will you, as Ennius[1] says, with your own lips desire me to restore to Scaptius his squadrons of horse, to enforce the payment of this money? Were you who, as you write me, are sometimes pained that you are not with me, were you, I say, with me, would you suffer me, were I willing to comply with such a request? Give him, you say, but fifty horse. I tell you, Spartachus had not so many when he began his rebellion. What mischief

[1] The quotation from Ennius is *ausus es hoc ex ore tuo*, which will appear to have much propriety, if we apply to it a remark made by A. Gellius Lib. i. 15. *that frivolous words are conceived in the mouth, but words of truth and wisdom in the breast.* For this reason, observes the same critic, Homer represents the sage Ulysses, as sending forth his deep voice ἐκ στήθεος *from the breast.* To words thus hatched, as it were, in the mouth, and, destitute of the gravity of wisdom and truth, uttered without thought, Cicero alludes when he says *ex ore tuo.* is worthy to be added, that, according to the ancients one use of the teeth was to serve as a *wall* or *hedge* in restraining the petulance of the tongue. Hence such expression as this applied to a rash speaker in Homer, ποιον τι επος φυγεν ερκος οδοντων how could such a speech escape the hedge of thy teeth.—E.

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chief then might not such a wicked band commit upon so open an island? Have they not committed it? Reflect on what they did, before I entered upon this government, when they shut up the senators so long, in the very place in which they deliberated, that some of them perished through hunger. For you must know that Scaptius had a lieutenancy from Appius, which gave him the command of some troops. Will you then, whose idea presents itself to my eyes, as soon as I begin to form any virtuous, any noble design, will you, I say, desire me to make Scaptius a lieutenant? Besides, we came to a resolution, and I convinced Brutus of its expediency, not to give any such commission to money-broker.

What? entrust a troop of horse to Scaptius? Why not a corp of infantry? He is then become liberal of his money[1]. "But you say, the chief men of the island agree to it." I know the contrary; they came to me as far as Ephesus, and with tears in their eyes, laid before me the wickedness of those troops, and the greatness of their own misery. Upon this, I immediately issued out orders for the squadron to evacuate the island by a certain day, which was one of the reasons

[1] *Orig. Sumpti jam nepos evadit Scaptius.* Scaptius it seems had offered to maintain those horse, which was very expensive, upon which Cicero rallies him.

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reasons why the Salaminians in their public acts, have so highly extolled my conduct. But what occasion is there now for this troop, for the Salaminians tender the money, unless you mean that I should compel them by force of arms to pay interest, at the rate of forty-eight in the hundred. If I did, shall I ever dare to read, nay, to touch, the works of your favourite authors? Give me leave to say, my dearest Atticus, that in this matter you are too partial for Brutus, and I am afraid, too unmindful of me. I have acquainted Brutus in what manner you have written to me on this subject. Now, as to what remains, I will cordially oblige Appius,[1] but only so far as is consistent with my honour; for him I bear no personal grudge. I love Brutus; Pompey[2] is wonderfully zealous to serve him, whom indeed I regard more and more every day. You have heard that Caius Cælius[3] comes hither as questor. I know nothing of the matter, but I cannot help having my own thoughts. I am not pleased

[1] He was accused of mal-administration by Dolabella, but his great friends interposed with Cicero to favour him, which was very much in his power, because the proofs against him were to be collected in our author's government.

[2] His eldest son had married the daughter of Appius.

[3] This was Caius Cælius, surnamed Caldus, of a consular family, whom, though our author does not choose to brand expressly, yet he makes a shrewd insinuation against him.

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pleased with the conduct of Pamanes[1]. I hope to be at Athens in the month of September, and I should be extremely glad to know the whole of your rout.

Your letter from Corcyra acquainted me with the egregious folly of Sempronius Rufus[2]. I have only to add, that I envy the influence of Vestorius. I would have scribbled more, but the day now dawns, the crowd breaks in, and Philogenes is in haste. Farewel then; make my compliments to Pilia and my dear Cæcilia[3], when you write to them; my boy Cicero sends you his.

EPISTLE III.

THOUGH nothing remarkable has happened, since the letter I sent you by your freedman Philogenes, yet I think proper to write to you by Philotimus, whom I am sending back to Rome. In the first place then, the thing that gives me the greatest concern, is a matter in which you, as separated

[1] See vol. i. page 354.

[2] See vol. i. page 303.

[3] She was daughter to Atticus, and so called from her father's being adopted into the family of the Cæcilii. See vol. i. page 210.

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parated from me by a wide sea[1], can give me no assistance; for it must be instantly determined. You perceive that the term of my government draws to a conclusion (for I must leave it on the 30th of July), and my successor is not yet appointed. Whom am I to leave as my lieutenant in the government? My brother is indeed the most proper, as well as most popular, man for this employment; first, because nobody better deserves the honour with which it is attended; in the next place, he is the only man I have with me, who has served the office of prætor. For Pontinius, according to the condition and contract upon which he attended me hither, has left me for some time; and nobody thinks my questor deserves it; for he is frivolous, profligate, and rapacious[2].

As to my brother, I must let you know, in the first place, that I believe it will be impossible for me to prevail with him to accept of the lieutenancy. For he hates this province, and to say the truth, nothing can be more hateful, nothing more

[1] *Orig.*------Πολλα δ' ιν μεταιχμιω
Νοτος κυλινδει κυματ' ευρεινς αλος.
This is a proverbial expression, literally thus, *the south wind rolls between us many waves of the wide sea.*—E.

[2] *Orig. Tagax.* This word, though obsolete, is appropriate, and is applicable to a thief, as one who wishes to lay his hand and *touch* whatever he comes at. The original verb is τυγχω, hence *tago* or *tango* of the Latins, and our *touch.*—E.

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more troublesome. In the next place, supposing him to yield to my solicitations, how can I urge it consistently with fraternal affection? A dreadful war is ready to break out upon Syria, and threatens this province, where, supposing the yearly funds to be settled, there is nothing in readiness to oppose the enemy. Will it, I say, be acting as one brother should do by another, for me to leave him in such circumstances, or can I discharge my duty to my country, by appointing an insignificant person for my substitute? You see therefore how great my difficulties[1] are, and how much I am at a loss for counsel. What shall I say? I ought to have had nothing to do with the affairs of this government. How much more desirable is your province; you leave it, if you have not left it already, when you will, and you never are at a loss whom to make your deputy over Thesprotia and Chaonia[2].

I have not yet met with my brother, so that I know not whether this commission will be agreeable to him, or whether I can prevail upon him to accept of it, and if I should, yet still I must feel some uneasiness. So much for the measure

[1] It is easy to perceive, how very studied are all the difficulties our author speaks of here. The truth is, his brother had behaved so very ill in his own government, that it was no wonder, if Cicero was afraid he might be thought a very improper man for having a fresh command conferred upon him.

[2] These were two estates belonging to Atticus in Epirus.

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sure that gives me pain. All the rest of my conduct hitherto has been full of virtuous glory, and virtuous popularity, and such as does honour to the author of the books which you so much commend. The cities own me as their preserver, the farmers of the revenue are more than satisfied. No man complains of being insulted, and few have even felt the severity of a just decree, nor have they, who do, been heard to murmur. My actions have deserved a triumph, but I will discover no symptoms of ambition for that; nay, not the smallest thought of it, unless you, at least advise me. This finishing stroke in delivering over my province, puts me to a little trouble; but Providence will conduct every thing for the best.

As to the affairs of Rome, you surely know them more fully, more frequently, and more certainly than I can; and indeed it gives me concern, that I did not learn the true state of them from you. For here we have had many disagreeable accounts concerning Curio and Paulus[1]; not that I see any great danger, while Pompey is in power, or even though he should be out of power, provided he has his health; but I am indeed concerned at the fate of my friends Curio and Paulus. I therefore beg that you will transmit

[1] They began at this time to be suspected of leaning to Cæsar's interest.

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transmit to me a complete account of the republic, as soon as you go to Rome, if you are not there already, so that I may get it time enough to direct and determine me with what sentiments I am to approach the city; for it is no small advantage for one who comes to Rome, not to be a stranger or a novice as to what is passing there. I had almost forgotten to inform you that I have done every thing, as I have often told you, that could be done, for your friend Brutus. Those of Cyprus made a tender of the money to Scaptius, who refused it, though he was offered it with twelve in the hundred, and the accumulated interest at the end of every year. As to Ariobarzanes, he has not shown more readiness to Pompey on his account, than he has shewn to Brutus upon mine, and yet I cannot entirely succeed for him; for he is a very needy prince, and my distance from him was so great that I could treat with him only by letters, with which I incessantly attacked him. I have thus far succeeded with regard to money matters. Brutus is on a better footing than Pompey himself; for the former has this year received either payment or security for a hundred talents, and Pompey has only received promises of two hundred in six months. The pains I have taken in the affair of Appius, to oblige Brutus, is inconceivable.

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What farther remains for me to do? The friends of Brutus are worthless. Such are Matinius and Scaptius, who perhaps is my enemy, because I did not grant him liberty to harass the Cyprians, as he did before my arrival, at the head of a squadron of horse; or because I did not grant him a lieutenancy, which I have never done to any money-broker, not to my friend Caius Venonius, nor to your friend Marcus Lænius. This was a measure I concerted with you at Rome, and I have adhered to it ever since, but what can a man complain of, who refused to take his money when offered to him?

I believe that Scaptius of Cappadocia is well affected towards me. When I gave him the tribuneship, which I reserved for him at the recommendation of Brutus, he wrote me a letter, that he did not choose to act under that commission. One Gavius, a hound in the train of P. Clodius, whom I made lieutenant, at the request of Brutus, spoke and behaved very disrespectfully towards me. This fellow neither attended me when I went to Apemea, and upon his coming to the camp, and leaving it, he never asked me for my commands. In short, he manifested, I know not for what reason, a rancour against me. Had I continued such a man in the number of my lieutenants what a mean opinion must you have had of me. I who you know, never bore the insolence of the greatest Roman, could hardly

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hardly stoop to that of such a varlet; much less promoted him to honour and profit? The same Gavius therefore, when he lately saw me at Apemea, on his return to Rome accosted me in a manner that I would not have ventured to address the meanest citizen. Where, says he, do you direct me to receive my salary as præfect? Those who were by, thought my answer too mild for my provocation. I told him, that I never had proposed to give any salary to those, whom I had never employed in any business, and, upon this, he went off in a passion. If Brutus suffer himself to participate in the anger of such a scoundrel; I will relinquish my claim to his friendship, and will not envy you his affection. But I am persuaded, he will behave as becomes him for the future; I was willing, however, that you should be acquainted with the whole matter, and I have written a minute account of it to himself. He has given me no reply at all; this however you are not to divulge; nor has he adverted to it in his late letter to me respecting Appius, which has the appearance of reserve and arrogance. This puts me in mind of what you often used to repeat.

Granius did not extend to himself the contempt and hatred, which he professed to cherish towards haughty tyrants[1].

[1] This seems to have been a verse of Lucilius.

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But this manner of Brutus raises my mirth, rather than my indignation, though, to say the truth, he is too regardless of what he writes, and to whom he writes.

My nephew Cicero, I more than conjecture, read some letter or other, directed to his father; because he uses to open his father's letters, and that by permission, lest there should be somewhat in them proper for us to know. Now in that letter there must have been somewhat concerning his mother that agreed with what you wrote to me. He was wonderfully affected, and complained to me with tears in his eyes. In short, I discovered in him great natural affection, tenderness and goodness of heart, from which I conceive great hopes, that he will turn out according to all our wishes; and this I was willing you should know.

There is another thing I must not omit. The younger Hortensius[1] made a very disgraceful appearance at Laodicea during the shows of gladiators. I once invited him to supper on his father's account, and, on account of his father I invited him only once. He told me that he would wait for me at Athens, and go from thence, in my company to Rome. I answered, "Very

[1] His father was at this time thinking of disinheriting him for his dissolute way of life. Our author's sentiments on this head are extremely delicate.

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"Very well," and indeed it was all I could say; I believe in my conscience that he had no meaning in what he proposed, and I shall be glad of it, for fear of giving offence to his father, for whom indeed, I have a great regard. But if he should travel in my company, I will take care to behave so as to give him no offence, for I am sure it is far from my thoughts.

Having said this, I must not forget to put you in mind to send me the oration of Quintus Celer against Marcus Servilius. Write to me as soon as possible; if nothing is passing, let me know so much, though it were by your secretary. Make my compliments to your wife and daughter, and farewel.

EPISTLE VI.

On the 5th of June I arrived at Tarsus, where I was greatly embarrassed; Syria[1] threatened with war! Cilicia overrun with robbers! my government almost expired, and therefore the measures of my administration the more difficult to be enforced!

[1] *Orig. Magnum in Syria bellum.* Though I have translated this passage in the same sense as Monsieur Mongault has, who observes, that there was no war actually at that time in Syria; yet I am not satisfied that this was our author's meaning, and that he was not imposed upon in his intelligence.

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forced! but, above all, I felt the difficulty of substituting a proper deputy according to the resolution of the senate. I had heard nothing of Cœlius, and my questor Mescinius was the most unfit man in the world for such a charge. The most proper measure I could pursue, was the leaving my brother in command, and yet with what unsurmountable difficulties is that measure attended, my departure, a threatening war, and a mutinous army, and numerous other vexations. Wretched situation! But these things I will abandon to chance, since I have no time for deliberation.

I expect you are now got safe to Rome, and if you are, I hope you will continue your goodness in looking after all my concerns, especially my daughter. When you were in Greece, I wrote to my wife my sentiments respecting her nuptials [1]. In the next place, I beg you to have some regard to the public honours [2] that ought to be decreed to me; for I am afraid my letters have been but slightly adverted to in the senate, because of your absence from Rome.

I shall but enigmatically hint the last thing I have to recommend to you. Your sagacity will enable you to understand me. My wife's freedman,

[1] *Orig. Conditione.*

[2] *Viz.* Prayers and thanksgivings in public, for the advantages he had gained in the Parthian war.

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man, you know whom I mean, from some incautious expressions he let fall, seems to have frustrated the advantages we hoped to have gained from the sale of Milo's[1] goods. I am afraid you do not understand me; reflect upon it, and do not communicate it to any other. You shall hereafter more fully decypher the sequel[2]. I dare not at present to be so particular as I could be. Do not you, however, fail to write me as soon as possible, that your letters may meet me. I write this in the midst of my army in a rapid march. My compliments to Pilia, and your charming daughter Cæcilia.

EPISTLE V.

I AM very glad of your safe arrival at Rome, if indeed you be there, before this comes to your hand. For while you were in Epirus, you seemed to me, to be at a greater distance than if you had been at Rome; because I was kept more ignorant of what was doing both in my own affairs, and those

[1] Viz. Milo, who killed Clodius, and was of the same name with the famous wrestler, Milo of Crotona.

[2] There is something very particular in Cicero, writing all this not only in Greek, but in so mysterious a manner. It is true his letters were often liable to be intercepted or miscarried, but the reader will see a fuller explanation of the matter in note 2. vol. i. [page 314.

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those of the public. I hope indeed that before this reaches you, I shall be a good way on my road to Rome; but, notwithstanding that, send me frequent and full accounts of all my affairs, especially of what I wrote to you before, namely, that I have for some time suspected, from the confused inconsistent talk of my wife's freedman, in several companies, that he has disappointed our calculations respecting Milo's effects. Do you search into that with your usual sagacity, and the more for the following reason. According to the account which he gave Camillus in the city, on the seven hills, he owed me seventy-two minæ, twenty-four of the goods of Milo, and forty-eight of those from Chersonesus; and though he has drawn upon the estate in two different payments, twelve hundred and eighty minæ, yet he has not paid a farthing of my debt, though the whole of it has been now due since the 1st of February; as to his freedman, of the same name with Conon's father, he gives himself no trouble about the matter. In the first place, therefore, I beg that all this principal may be recovered, and that you likewise will take care of the interest from the day it becomes due. While I suffered him to be here, I was greatly upon my guard, for he came to sound me with the expectation of succeeding. But being disappointed, he abruptly departed saying, "I am going. It would be mean to stay longer here." He then upbraided

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ded me with reclaiming what he compelled me to accept[1].

Let us now see what measures we ought to take in other matters. Though according to my calculation, the year of my government is expired all but thirty-three days; yet the troublesome business of it grows upon my hands. For while Syria seemed to be on the eve of a war[2], and Bibulus, oppressed as he was, with his own grievances[3], was making the necessary preparations to repel it,; his deputies, and his other friends, requested me by letters, to come to his assistance. Now, though my army was at that time weak, I was indeed pretty strong in auxiliaries, though the flower of them were drawn from Galatia, Pisidia and Lycia; yet I thought it my duty, while I continued governor of this province, to march my army, as near as possible, to the enemy.

But what gave me the greatest pleasure was, that

[1] The original of this seems to have been a proverb, part of which only is quoted by Cicero. It is found at full length in the Gorgias of Plato, τα μεν διδομενα αναγκη δεχεσθαι, *things given are necessarily received.*

[2] *Orig. Cum enim arderet Syria bello.* ***Bellum*** must here signify military preparations, because there was then actually no war in Syria.

[3] He had lately his two sons, who were killed by the Roman soldiers, left by Gabinius in Egypt, after he had restored the crown to Ptolemy.

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that Bibulus[1] did not trouble me, but rather chose to write to me on other subjects, and thus the day of my departure insensibly steals upon me. When it comes, I have another difficulty to discuss. Whom shall I leave as my deputy? for I hear nothing certain as yet of the arrival of the questor Cælius. I thought to have made this letter longer, but I am destitute of matter to fill it up, and I am too busy to indulge in humour. Farewel then, and make my compliments to your little Athenian[2] and my dear Pilia.

EPISTLE VI.

WHILE in this province, I do all the service in my power to Appius. I am all of a sudden become father-in-law to his impeacher[3]. "I "wish, you will say, that Providence may bless the match." I wish so too, and I know you are in earnest in what you pray for. But believe me, that match was so little in my mind, that I sent expresses to the ladies concerning Tiberius Nero,

[1] Cicero was at this time ignorant that he was so much hated by Bibulus, that the latter declared he would risk all extremities rather than be obliged to our author for his deliverance.

[2] Meaning the young daughter of Atticus.

[3] Viz. Dolabella, who was married to Cicero's daughter, though not much to the approbation of Atticus.

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Nero[1], who had made some proposals to me; but the messengers did not reach Rome till after my daughter's marriage with Dolabella, who, I believe is the better match; at least, according to my intelligence, the ladies are wonderfully delighted by the polite obliging behaviour of the young man. As to his other qualities, you must not be too particular[2].

But, have you presented some corn to the people of Athens? Is this your intention? As that present was not made as a bribe to citizens, but as an acknowledgment to your entertainers, my treatises do not condemn it. You still desire me to think of the portico of the academy, though Appius has given over all thoughts of raising one at Eleusis. I am persuaded you are greatly affected with the death of Hortensius. My concern, I assure you, is excessive, for I intended henceforth to have lived with him upon the most amicable terms.

I have made Cælius my deputy over this government. You will tell me, he is young, perhaps, foolish, giddy and intemperate. Be it so; but how could I do otherwise? I had received many

[1] He was afterwards married to the famous Livia, and became father to the emperor Tiberius.

[2] *Cætera ἐξακανθίζειν, noli* literally, *be not desirous to eradicate his thorns*, meaning, you must not nicely scrutinize his vices, which, like thorns, should be eradicated from his character.—E.

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many letters from you, in which you owned yourself to be puzzled in giving me your advice concerning the deputy I was to leave; and this increased my perplexities. I saw your difficulties which were the same with my own, with regard to leaving the government in the hands of a boy; but still it was unreasonable for me to load my brother with it. For I could with no decency prefer any one to my questor (especially as he is a man of quality) excepting my brother. Notwithstanding this, while the empire was threatened by the Parthians, I was determined to substitute my brother, or even to act, for the good of my country, contrary to the resolution of the senate, by continuing my command here. But their subsequent seasonable retreat put an end to all my doubts.

I foresaw what the public talk would have been. What! He has substituted his brother! Is this divesting himself of his government at the end of the year? What? Was it not the intention of the senate, that no former governor, should act as governor of a province, in time to come; yet this Cicero was a governor for three years——The reasons I give the world are general, but with you I will be more particular. Consider under what perpetual uneasiness I must have lived, lest my brother should have in any other respect shewn himself passionate, arrogant, or indolent. You know to what we

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all are subject. Then we are to consider that his son is little better than a boy, and a boy who presumes not a little upon his own abilities. How grievous this must have been to me, especially as his father would not part with him, and took it amiss that you were of opinion he should. I shall not pretend to say how Cælius will turn out; but I am sure I am at present under much less concern.

You are likewise to consider that Pompey, flourishing as he is in public power, and rooted in the public esteem, made choice of Quintus Cassius, as Cæsar did of Antony, and that too without having recourse to lots, and shall I affront the man that has been assigned me by lot[1], and even provoke him to impeach the conduct of any other person, whom I shall leave as my substitute? What I have done is more advisable, and more guarded by precedents, and, at the same time, more suited to the repose of my old age. But good God! into what favour have I brought you with Cælius? I have read to him letters, as coming from you, though in reality

[1] Quintus Cassius and Antony were both of them young men, as well as Cælius was. Cicero therefore had the advantage over their principals, that Cælius had fallen by lot to be his substitute, for though the principal might have rejected the substitute, notwishstanding the lot falling upon him, yet still there was less appearance of partiality, than if he had been chosen through affection or interest.

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reality they were dictated by me to your secretary[1] here. The letters of my friends invite me to a triumph, a thing, in my opinion which I ought not to neglect, now that I am entering upon a new life. Therefore, my dearest friend, do you begin to second, and thereby realize, my desire of that honour.

EPISTLE VII.

THE younger Quintus, with great affection has brought about a good understanding between his father and your sister; I urged him indeed strongly to do his endeavours; but he was, of himself, sufficiently forward; and your letters greatly encouraged him. In short, I am in hopes that the affair will be settled to our wishes. I wrote you two Greek enigmatical letters before, concerning my private affairs; and I wish they may have come to your hand. We must not indeed agitate the business; but yet by asking him, as it were, without any design, concerning Milo's

[1] This was no unusual thing amongst the Romans, and the imposition was very practicable, as they did not sign their names to their letters, Cicero had with him, perhaps, one of his friend's secretaries, whose hands Cælius knew, and therefore believed the letter to have come from Atticus.

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Milo's effects, and by encouraging him[1] to proceed, according to the promise he made me, you may gain some advantage.

I have ordered my quæstor Meschinius to wait at Laodicea, in order to leave two copies of my accounts after they are made up, at two cities in my government, as the Julian law prescribes. I intend to go to Rhodes, on account of our boys; and thence to make the best of my way to Athens, though the wind[2], which blows at this season, is quite contrary. But the truth is, I am determined to be at Rome, while the present magistrates are in office, for they have greatly befriended me in respect to the general thanksgiving[3]. But I beg you will write me beforehand whether I ought, upon any public account, to delay my journey. Tyro would have written letters to you, had I not left him, very ill at Issus; though I am told he is much better now. I am, however, anxious about him; for surely never was there a more virtuous, or a more industrious youth.

EPISTLE

[1] Meaning Philotimus, Cicero's freedman. See epist. iv. and v. of this book.

[2] *Orig. Etesiæ.* These were a kind of trade winds or monsoons, according to some authors; but I do not find that they always blew from one quarter, and we have many express authorities that they did not. I have therefore kept to a general term in translating this word.

[3] Meaning the public thanksgivings should be put up for his success, which was a kind of a prelude to a triumph.

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EPISTLE VIII.

WHEN I had proposed to write to you, and had my pen in my hand for that purpose, Battonius came directly from his ship to my house at Ephesus, and gave me your letter on the last of September. I was greatly pleased with the agreeableness of your voyage, of your fortunate rencounter with Pilia, and to say the truth, with her discourse of my charming Tullia's marriage. As to Battonius, his accounts concerning Cæsar were alarming and dreadful; he said more in company with Lepta; but his representation, as being horrible, is, I hope, exaggerated. He said that Cæsar refused, by any means, to disband his army; that he was backed by the prætors elect, by Cassius, a tribune of the commons, and by the consul Lentulus, and that Pompey had thoughts of leaving Rome[1]. But, my friend, are you not sensibly concerned for the disappointment of the man, who used to prefer himself, to the uncle of your sister's son[2]?—By what men has he been baffled!

But as to my own concerns, I have been long detained by the Etesian winds; and the flatbottomed

[1] Part of those accounts were true, and part false, as we shall see in the sequel of these epistles.

[2] See vol. i. page 345, note 3.

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tomed Rhodian boats, have retarded me at least twenty days. On the 1st of October, as I was going on board at Ephesus, I gave this letter to Lucius Tarquitius, who was sailing out of the harbour with me at the same time, but was carried by a swifter vessel, while I, in a Rhodian craft, with other narrow vessels, was obliged to wait for fairer weather, and yet I make as much haste as is possible with such conveyances. I feel obliged for your attention to the small debt due to me at Puzzoli.

Advert now to the affairs of Rome. Let me know what is your opinion concerning the right I have to a triumph, which I am importuned by my friends to demand. For my own part, I should be rather indifferent about it, did not Bibulus claim that honour, though he lived in Syria, as if he were a stranger in that country, and kept as close at home, as he did when he was consul. If he seek a triumph, surely I might with propriety urge my claim; and now my silence would be dishonourable[1]. But weigh the whole matter, that, when we meet, we may be able to come to some resolution. I need say no more, since I myself am making all the haste I can to see you, and even the bearer of this cannot

[1] *Orig.* αισχρον σιωπαν. *Turpe silere.* See *De Oratore,* book 3, chap. 23, page 361 of the translation, where Cicero himself explains the allusion mentioned here.

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cannot be long, if at all, with you before me. My son sends you many compliments, and both of us desire to be remembered to your wife and daughter.

EPISTLE IX.

JUST as I landed at Piræeus on the 6th of October, your letter was put into my hand by my slave Acastus. As I had been long anxious to hear from you, I was surprised to find no more than a note sealed up in the form of a letter, but when I opened it, I was more surprised to find your elegant, distinct writing, changed into a blotted confused scrawl. Your brief account intimated to me, that you had come to Rome with a fever upon you the 19th of September. I was, as well I might, dreadfully alarmed; I instantly inquired of Acastus, who told me, that both he and you thought you in no danger, and that he was confirmed in this opinion by your domestics. This seemed to accord with what you write in the close of your letter, that your fever had not then quite left you. But how endearing, how wonderful was it to me, that notwithstanding your indisposition, you wrote to me with your own hand! But no more of this; for by what I gathered from Acastus, I am in hopes, nay

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nay I am persuaded, considering your caution and temperance, that you are now fully recovered.

I am glad you received the letter I sent you by Turannius. Keep a close eye, as you love me, upon that fellow, whose name well expresses his qualities[1]. Take care he does not touch the effects bequeathed to me, however, little their value, by Præcius, whose death gives me great concern, because I much esteemed him when living. You may tell him, I shall have occasion for the money to defray the expence of my triumph, and that you know I will follow your advice in neither being too vain in courting, nor too indolent in rejecting, that honour. I understand by your letters, that Turannius acquainted you I had delivered up my province to my brother. Have I then been so blind to the caution expressed in your letters? You write that you hesitated. What could give you a moment's hesitation, had there been any reason for resigning the government to my brother, and such a brother too—Your hesitation, therefore, I regarded as a disappointment. You hint concerning the younger Cicero, that I should by no means leave him behind me, which is the very thought that came into my own mind. In every thing else we

[1] *Orig.* την τε φυγατε φιλοτιμιαν αυτοτατα. Meaning Philotimus, whose name signified covetous or ambitious in Greek.

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we agree in our sentiments, as exactly as if we had previously concerted them. I had no other course to pursue, and your doubts soon put an end to mine, because yours were of much longer continuance. But I suppose you have received a more particular letter upon this subject.

To-morrow I will send couriers to you, who I think will reach you before our friend Saufeius can, whom I have charged with a letter, only because I thought it did not look well for him not to carry one from me, when he was to see you. Write me, as you promise, concerning my beloved daughter, I mean concerning her husband; concerning the government, which I perceive to be in great danger; concerning the censors, particularly whether there be any truth in the report of bringing in a bill about statues and pictures[1]. I write this letter on the 15th of October, on which day you tell me that Cæsar is to enter

[1] This was a measure of Appius, who was censor, and affected a great severity in that office. But it came too late, and did Cæsar rather service than otherwise. The original is either *referaturne* or *referanturne*. I have translated it according to the first sense; if it is to be taken in the latter, Cicero must be understood to want to know whether the statues and paintings which the magistrates of Rome used to borrow for embellishing the public places of Rome during their offices, were returned to their proper owners, because it had of late been usual for the magistrates not to restore those ornaments, but to appropriate them to themselves, after the terms of their offices were expired.

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enter Placentia, at the head of four legions[1]. If so, what will become of us? I now think myself safe in being lodged in the citadel of Athens.

[1] This news proved to be false.

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CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK VII.

EPISTLE I.

IT is true I charged Lucius Saufeius with a letter to you, and to you alone, only because (though I had not leisure to write you fully) I was unwilling that your good friend should come to you without a letter from me. But when I think of a philosopher's pace, I believe this will come first to your hands. But if you have got that which I sent by Saufeius, you will thereby learn that I came to Athens, the 4th of October; that just as I landed at Pyræeum, I received your letters from my slave Acastus; that I was alarmed at your coming to Rome with a fever upon you, but was somewhat relieved by the agreeable

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agreeable news Acastus gave me of your being on the recovery; that I was filled with horror at what you write me concerning Cæsar's legions, and that I recommended to you to take care that the ambition of my freedman, whom I mentioned to you before, and to whom you are no stranger, should not injure me. I learned, from the letter which I received from the excellent Zeno, that Turannius had given you a false information at Brundusium, and I have already stated to you some of my reasons for not resigning the government to my brother. This is the substance of that letter. Now as to what remains.

I conjure you, by your fortune, by all that affection you bear me, and by your wisdom, which indeed I judge to be matchless in every respect, that you will attend to my affairs with all possible diligence. I think I can foresee a convulsion greater than ever we underwent, unless the same providence which delivered us from the Parthian war, in a manner we had not the presumption to hope for, should again interpose for our country. Well! I am not single in this calamity, and it is fruitless for you to think upon what you cannot remedy. But that question, in which I am personally interested I beg you to determine. You are sensible, that by your advice, I kept well with both parties. I wish I had

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from the beginning, obeyed your friendly admonition.

But never could I think there was a Joy
Beyond my Country's Love—[1].

At length, however, you succeeded in persuading me to keep well with the one, because he had done me important services, and with the other, because he possessed great power. I followed your advice so very punctually, that neither of them had a favourite beyond myself. My way of reasoning with myself was, (so great at that time was their intimacy) that while I was attached to Pompey, I never could be under the necessity of acting against my country, and if I followed Cæsar I never could differ with Pompey.

The crisis is now come, and, from what you write me, I foresee dreadful will be the contest between them. Each calculates upon my friendship, unless indeed I am mistaken in Cæsar; for Pompey judges very rightly, that the public measures, he is now pursuing, are quite agreeable to my sentiments. Now at the very time I received your letter, I received letters from them both, in which they signified that they esteemed me

[1] *Orig.* Αλλ' εμον αιποτε θυμον ενι στηθεσσιν επειθες
Πατρίδος.
This verse is taken from Homer's Odyssey.

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me more than all other men. How shall I act? I do not mean when matters come to extremities, (for should the appeal be made to the sword, defeat, will be more eligible with the one, than victory with the other,) but I mean with regard to the great point that will be agitated when I arrive at Rome, whether Cæsar shall stand for the consulate, and disband his army in person? When the question is called for, when it is put to me, what shall I say? Shall I conjure them to wait till I have consulted my Atticus?—No Sir, this is not a time for evasion.—Well then, shall I declare against Cæsar? If so, what becomes of the solemn promise I made to him? For I assisted him in obtaining his former indulgence; when he solicited me for my vote at Ravenna, at his request, I brought over Cælius to his party. But what do I say of Cæsar, I was solicited to the same purpose by our favourite Pompey, in his third immortal consulate. Well supposing I declare for Cæsar. I shall then have reason to dread not Pompey only, *but the Trojans, men and women.* Polydamas will be the first to impeach me. What Polydamas? You my friend, because you approved of the principles upon which I have hitherto acted and written. This cruel embarrassment I escaped under the consulates of the two Marcelli, when the question, about Cæsar's government, was debated. But I am now fallen to the same perplexity.

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plexity. In my opinion, which in wisdom I do not compare with your own, my chief concern should at present consist in preparing for my triumph, while there is a very plausible reason for me to continue without the walls of the city. But alas, they will find the means to make me deliver my opinion[1].—You will laugh at my perplexities.—I wish I had remained in my government. It was the only wise measure I could pursue (though a wretched one it was) had I known what evils awaited me.

For, by the way, you must know, that all the maxims, which you extolled in your letters, are vanished. What a difficult task is the practice of virtue, but to assume its appearance, for a length of time, is next to impracticable. For when I thought it a right and a noble measure to leave to my questor Cælius, as much out of my annual appointments as might defray the expence of his lieutenancy, and to pay the overplus which amounted to a million of serteces into the treasury, my officers complained, thinking that the whole of that balance ought to have been paid unto them; as if, I owed greater obligation to

[1] Meaning either that some of the parties would find means to come at the knowledge of his sentiments, or that they would hold a senate, for that purpose, without the walls of Rome, because no general, who claimed a triumph, could enter that city, and the compliment, of holding a senate without the walls, had been twice paid to Pompey, when, like our author, he was soliciting for a triumph.

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to the exchequers of Phrygia and Cilicia, than to that of Rome. But their complaint had no effect upon me, having an unshaken regard to my own reputation. And yet I acted towards them with honour. But this, as Thucidides says, is no useless digression.

I next solicit your attention to my situation; and in the first place, reflect by what contrivances I may retain the good graces of Cæsar; in the next place, how I can obtain a triumph, which I think not to be at all impracticable, unless prevented by the public disorders. I form this opinion from the representation of my friends, and from the public thanksgiving that has been decreed me; while the man, who opposed that measure did me more honour than triumphs can bestow[1]. He was seconded only by Favonius, who loves me, and by Hirrus, who hates me. Notwithstanding this, Cato was one of the committee present at drawing up the decree in my favour, and he wrote me a very handsome letter upon what he had said in the senate-house. Now you must know, that in the compliments

[1] This is a fine and a true sentiment; when the question concerning the thanksgiving for our author's success, came to be debated in the senate-house, Cato was of opinion, that our author's military achievements did not deserve any great notice to be taken of them; but his disinterested conduct was such in government, that if triumphs were to be decreed to virtues as well as to victories, Cicero deserved a thousand.

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compliment Cæsar pays me, upon this thanksgiving that has been decreed me, he plumes himself upon Cato's opposing it, and, without mentioning the favourable part of Cato's speech, he only tells me, that he had not voted for the thanksgiving.——Now as to Hirrus, pray complete his reconciliation with me, which you have begun; you have Scrofa and Silius to assist you. I wrote to them some time ago, and to Hirrus himself, after he had been talking to them as a friend, and saying, that when he could have hindered the decree from passing, he did not; but that he voted with Cato, who was one of the best of my friends; that, when he gave his vote, he prefaced it with a speech, which did me the greatest honour; and yet, though I had sent letters to every body else, I had sent none to him. He was in the right as to the last circumstance; for he and Crassipes were the only two senators to whom I had not written.

So much for public, now for domestic affairs. I desire to have no farther connection with that man. In duplicity and fraud he is another Lartidius[1]. Yet with an aching heart, I must put up

[1] Lartidius was some noted rogue of that time. From the language of Cicero in a preceding letter, it has been inferred, that the affection of his wife was alienated from him, but no mention was made of her *gallant*. Here we discover who he probably

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up with all that he has hitherto done[1]. Let us, however, take care of what is to come, especially with regard to that which has added to my concern, I mean the death of Præcius, by which a legacy, of some kind has come to me, and which, with the accounts that are in his hands, I am unwilling Philotimus should embezzle. I have written to my wife, and likewise to Philotimus himself, that I am to pay into your hands all the money I can possibly collect, to defray the expences of my expected triumph. This is a pretext to which I hope no objection can be made; but they may take it as they will. You are likewise to turn your thoughts upon what will be the most cautious manner[2] to proceed in with

probably was. Our author associates his freedman, Philotimus and his wife together, and represents them as joining in one common interest, and in defrauding him. This supposes that she now preferred the interest of her freedman, from whatever reason, to that of her husband. In this view the term μιαστης, which he applied to Philotimus, is appropriate to him, rather as having *polluted* his family affections, than deranged his family concerns. Yet he connives at the intriguer, though he affects to do it with an *aching heart*. But we may safely infer, that in a moral or political view, he had been guilty of some misconduct, and he was afraid of being exposed by his wife and freedman.—E.

[1] *Orig.* Αλλα τα μεν προτετυχθαι εασομεν αχνυμενοι περι.

[2] *Orig. Quemadmodum experiamur.* Monsieur Mongault seems not to have attended to the delicacy of this expression, which implies "that he wanted to sound the senate," and it is not

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with regard to my triumph. For you remember your own expression, "and in that too I will assist you," in the letters you sent me either from Epirus or Athens.

EPISTLE II.

On the 14th of November I came to Brundusium, having had a voyage equally prosperous with your own. For from Epirus thither was I wafted by favourable gales[1]—There is a spondaic verse[2] which I wish you to ascribe to one of the young men. I am greatly affected by your indisposition, which your letters intimate to be rather severe. For my own part, as I know the good

not likely that it could have been about any thing else but his triumph, of which he was excessively fond, though he appeared to be otherwise.

[1] *Orig. Lennissimus Onchesmites.* It was no uncommon thing for the ancients to give to winds the names of the places from whence they blew. Onchesmus was a sea port in Epirus; in like manner they called a north wind Gaureus from Gauris, an island from whence it blew; and thus Saron, Japyx, and many others.

[2] *Orig.* σπονδιάζοντα. Cicero, in composing a Greek verse, inadvertently committed an error by making the fifth foot *spondaic*. For this he appears to have been derided, and to avoid this derision, he desires Atticus to father it upon some one of his young associates.—E.

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good spirits you are possessed of, I am afraid that something very extraordinary must be the matter with you, that could thus force you into despondency. Your slave Pamphilius, however, told me, that you had got rid of one quartan fever, but that it had been succeeded by another not so violent. But my wife, who came by land to Brundusium at the same time I reached it by sea, and whom I met in the forum, told me, that she had heard from Lucius Pontius at Tribuli, that even your lesser fever was abated; I most earnestly hope this account may be true, and, the rather, because I am no stranger to your experience and temperance.

Now as to your letters, of which I received thousands at one time, of which each gave me greater pleasure than the other, I mean each of those which were all written in your own hand. It is true, I was fond of the writing of Alexis, because it had so great a resemblance to yours; but I hated it because it intimated that you was indisposed. But now that I speak of Alexis, I have left my Tyro sick at Patræ. You know the youth, and the least that can be said of him is, that he is honest and faithful to a degree which I never knew exceeded. His absence is therefore extremely inconvenient for me, and though he thinks himself in no danger, yet I cannot help being in great concern for him; and my chief hope of his recovery arises from the great

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great care which Manius Curius has of him, and of which I have been informed both from Tyro himself and from others. With regard to Curius he has been made sensible how glad you are that he is become a favourite with me; the truth is, I think him a very agreeable companion, and indeed he possesses a native[1] humour, which is extremely

[1] *Orig.* Αυτοχθων. (*nativa et indigena*) *in homine urbanitas.* The men of wit amongst the Romans piqued themselves upon a species of it, which was peculiar to themselves, in the same manner as the English boast that humour is the talent only of Englishmen. We have in our author's works two passages (not to mention many more) that explain and defend the manner in which I have translated this passage. *Moriar* (says he epist. fam. l. 9. ep. 15.) *si præter te quemquam reliquum habeo in quo possim imaginationem antiquæ et vernaculæ festivitatis agnoscere.* "I know not a man besides yourself in whom I can discern a true representation of ancient native Roman humour." And again *accedunt non Attici, sed salsiores quam illi atticorum, Romani veteres atque urbani sales.* "To these are added a more than attic wit, that of the old native Romans." These are our author's words to Pætus, and then in the same epistle he goes on to give the definition of that species of wit in which the Gracii, the Lucilii, the Crassi, and the Lælii were so eminent, and which he seems to confine to the walls of Rome, or its original territory. *Ego autem,* says he, (*existimes licet quod lubet*) *mirifice capior facetiis, maxime nostratibus, præsertim cum eas videam primum oblitas Latio, tum cum in urbem nostram est infusa peregrinitas, nunc vero etiam braccatis & transalpinis nationibus, ut nullum veteris leporis vestigium appareat.* "For my own part (you may think of me what you please) I am wonderfully taken with humour, and above all, with Roman humour, especially, as I see it now quite

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tremely engaging. I have got his will[1], sealed with the signets of our family, and of all my body guards[2]. He made it in public, and left you his principal heir and me to a fourth part.

I was nobly entertained by Alexion, at Actium in Corcyra. My nephew pleaded with me so hard, that I was forced to suffer him to visit the river Thyamis[3]. I am glad, that you have such pleasure in your little daughter[4], and that you know

quite daubed over, first from the country of Latium, when strangers were suffered to pour into our city; but now from trousered, transalpine nations, so that now we cannot discern the smallest vestige of ancient wit and humour."

[1] This seems to be a species of the humour so much valued by our author, and though the whole of the passage is greatly corrupted in the original, yet we know enough of it, that these mock wills were often made by the Roman humourists and the English are not without some specimens of the same kind of humour.

[2] *Orig. Cohortis prætoriæ.* I have not ventured with Monsieur Mongault to restrict this expression only to the civil officers of our author's retinue. It is true he several times distinguishes them by the words *Cohors prætoria*, which I take to be more of a military than a civil appellation. It was properly the governor's body guard, and was made up of two sorts of people, the one of enlisted soldiers, the other of young noblemen, who served under the governor by way of aides de camp, quarter masters general, secretaries, treasurers, and in other civil employments as well as military.

[3] Atticus probably had an estate near this river.

[4] This is a beautiful digression from our author's epistolary familiarity. Atticus, who was good nature and affection itself, could not help being fond of his little daughter, and owning (though

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know from experience how strongly paternal affection operates. Men could otherwise have no call from nature for those social intercourses, without which the ties of life cannot subsist. Carneades says, that he is a friend to sensual indulgence as the chief end of man[1]. This is talking

(though he was an Epicurean) that it was planted in him by nature, a principle which those of his sect combated, and which Cicero encouraged, and had lent him several books to read on that subject.

[1] There is a passage in our author's Academics, which throws great light upon this expression, which is in the original *bene eveniat, inquit Carneades, spurcè.* The passage I mean in the Academics is as follows. *Honeste autem vivere, fruentem rebus iis quas primas homini natura conciliet, & vetus academia censuit ut indicant scripta Polemonis, quem Antiochus probè maxime & Aristoteles; ejusque amici nunc proxime videntur accedere. Introducebat etiam Carneades, non quo probaret, sed ut opponeret stoicis, summum bonum esse, frui iis rebus, quas primas natura conciliavisset.* "But we learn from Polemo, whom Antiochus chiefly followed; that the old academy too held moral honesty, with the enjoyment of the primary gifts of nature, to be the end of good things; though Aristotle with his friends came very near up to this doctrine. Carneades too, not that he liked it, but, that he might turn it against the stoics, adopted the enjoyment of the primary gifts of nature, as the supreme good." Had Monsieur Mongault and the commentators recollected this passage, it might have saved them a great deal of laborious reading and writing. It is plain that Carneades here approached pretty near to the Epicurean system, and the religious expression of *bene veniat* is no other than a sneer, which he put into the mouth of the philosopher upon public ceremonies, for which he and all his sect had a hearty contempt.

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ing too licentiously. But still there is more sense in it, than in the tenets of our friends Lucius and Patro[1]; for, as they suppose every thing to relate to themselves, how can they imagine any thing to be made for others? And when they mention the duty incumbent on a man to be virtuous, they mean only, lest he should suffer some inconvenience in being otherwise; and that there is in the nature of things no moral rectitude; such men, do not reflect that they are talking of an artful debauchee, and not of an honest man. But these matters, I conceive, are handled in those books, which by your commending so much, have encouraged me to write in this manner.

But I now come to business. I was impatient for the letter you had given to Philoxemus, (because you wrote me that it contained an account of your conversation with Pompey at Naples) when I received it from Patro at Brundusium, and it fell into his hands at Corcyra, as I suppose. Nothing could give me greater pleasure than its contents did; for they relate to public affairs; to the opinion that great man has of my integrity, and to his sentiments, which were so friendly on the subject of my triumph. But what gave me greater pleasure than all was, your paying him the visit, that you might learn how I stood

[1] These were Epicureans.

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stood in his affections; this I repeat afforded me more pleasure than all the rest. With regard to my triumph, I never desired it, till Bibulus wrote those impudent letters, upon which, a thanksgiving was decreed him in the most honourable manner. Had he performed the actions his letters mentioned, they would have given me pleasure, and my suffrage should have been for his triumph. But for him who never, after the enemy had passed the Euphrates, once set his foot over his own threshold, for him, I say, to be dignified with that honour; and for me, in whose army, the only hope of his army rested, to be left without it, would disgrace us, I say us, for I join you to myself. I will therefore try all means, and I hope to succeed. Had you been well, I should, by this time, have made some progress; but your indisposition will, I hope, soon be at an end.

I am obliged to you for what you have done in that small debt of Numerius. I am impatient to receive some news respecting Cato; who, I think, has betrayed much malice against me. He ran out in praise of my integrity, justice, clemency and honour; a favour I did not want; but the favour I did want, he has denied. Well, therefore, may Cæsar seek to avail himself, as he does, of Cato's most ungenerous, ungrateful treatment of me, in the complimentary letter which he wrote me, and in which he offers me

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me my own terms. And yet—forgive me, for I neither can nor will bear it,—this very Cato voted for a thanksgiving of twenty days to Bibulus.

I should gladly answer the whole of your letters; but there is no necessity for it, as I am to see you so soon. I must, however, speak to you concerning Chrysippus, for I was the less surprised at the fellow who is a mere mechanic, and a worthless scoundrel. But was it possible for Chrysippus, whom, as possessing some degree of learning, I held in esteem to leave my son without my knowledge! I shall say nothing of many other reports concerning him, nor of his embezzlements, but I cannot forgive his running away, which, I think, is the most wicked thing I ever knew. I have therefore adopted the old maxim, which is ascribed to the prætor Drusus[1], with regard to a fellow, who, when made free, swerved from the fidelity he owed to his master when a slave; for I will deny, that I set him free[2]; especially as no body was present before whom

[1] This probably is he who was prætor in the year of Rome 637.

[2] Cicero is extremely delicate, but, at the same time, extremely free with regard to Atticus. In all the openings of his soul to him, he still wants to represent his failings as the amiable weaknesses of nature. I do not know whether Cicero, in this respect, did not impose even upon himself, and whether he had

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whom he could be regularly emancipated. You may therefore make what use you please of this hint, I will stand by what you do. There is one most elegant letter of yours, in which you treat of the public calamities, and to which I have returned no answer, and indeed what answer can I return, but that I was greatly concerned? But nothing can greatly alarm us, as the Parthians have suddenly retired and left Bibulus half dead with fear.

EPISTLE

had not a greater share, than he was willing to believe be had, of revenge, vanity, pride, and envy; nor do I think any man ever owed more virtues to reading and study, than he did. Nothing is more plain to me than that he made his own person the standard of all human merit and demerit; for every man with him possessed either the one or the other, in proportion, as he flattered his vanity, or served his interest. The rank envy he discovers in this epistle, at the public honours decreed to Bibulus, was perhaps very unjust, because Bibulus was entitled to all the honours due to the services of Cassius, who acted only as one of his officers (*sub ejus auspiciis*) and whose successes were so great as to check the progress of the Parthians, who, after the arrival of Bibulus, were obliged to repass the Euphrates, a step which our author, from his spleen to Bibulus, seems to impute to their unaccountable madness in foregoing so many advantages as the juncture presented to them. As to this Chrysippus, he had been governor to our author's son, and had been made free by him. Notwithstanding this, he no sooner leaves his service, than we find him furnishing Atticus with a hint which he might improve, for denying that Cicero had ever given him his liberty. In short, Pompey, Cæsar, Brutus, Hortensius, and all his great contemporaries, rise or fall, according to the weather-glass of our author's private passions. (See vol. i. note 1. p. 169.)

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EPISTLE III.

ON the 6th of December, I came to Herculanum[1], where I read your letters which I received from Philotimus, and, upon the face of them, I first had the pleasure of seeing that they were written by your own hand; and, in the next place, I was charmed with their great elegance and accuracy. That I may begin with what you dislike, and in which you differ from[2] Dicæarchus. Although, by your approbation, I was extremely desirous of not being above a year in my government, yet it was a thing that happened of course, without my taking any pains about it. For be it known to you, there was no hints given in

[1] This is the same town which was afterwards swallowed up with an earthquake, and which has been so lately discovered. It lay near the foot of Mount Vesuvius, and the King of the two Sicilies has got, out of its ruins, an immense collection of beautiful antiquities.

[2] It is a standing reproach to the character of Atticus, that he laid it down as a maxim, to preserve a neutrality during all his country's troubles. Dicæarchus thought this maxim to be scandalous. Atticus had, it seems, thought, that our author would have done better, had he not shown such an extreme impatience to return to Rome, because had he kept by the government of his province, he would not have been concerned in the ensuing troubles of his country.

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in the senate, that any of us governors of provinces, should continue in them beyond the time marked by the resolution of the house. It is therefore not my fault, if I have not continued in my government as long as, perhaps it might have been convenient for me. But, "what if this has fallen out for the best?" to make use of a common saying, and, as appears in the present case, a true one. For whether matters be compromised, or whether the cause of public liberty shall prevail, I would willingly have the glory of contributing to either of these events, or have the happiness of profiting by them. But if that cause should fall, I must fall along with it, wherever I may be. I have, therefore, no reason to regret the quickness of my return.

Had it not been for that hankering after a triumph, which I cherish, and which you too encouraged, you would have seen in me a model of the patriot, I have drawn in the sixth book of my treatises upon government. I need not be more particular with you, who are so much master of all their contents. But I could, without the least hesitation, fling from me the thoughts even of that honour, were such a self-denial more laudable. Well, be it so,—since the favour of a triumph, and the freedom of my country, are, at this juncture, incompatible.

You

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You are not, therefore, to entertain the smallest mistrust of my preferring honour to glory. As to what you think, with regard to its being more advantageous and safe for me, as well as more serviceable to the public, that I should still continue in authority, we will discuss that point when we meet together. For, though I am more than inclined to be of your opinion, yet the thing requires consideration.

You do me no more than justice in believing, that my heart and soul are for my country; and you form a right judgment that Cæsar has not shown sufficient respect for me, whether we regard the greatness of my services to him, or the profusion of his favours to others. You have touched upon the true cause of all this, and what you write me, concerning Fabius and Canius, is all of a piece. Supposing these things not to be so, and that he had lavished all his friendship upon me, yet, as you mention in your letter[1], the guardian of Rome would have forced me to remember the glorious inscription upon her statue. Never would she have suffered me to have imitated the patterns you propose in the conduct of Volcatius, or Servius[2]; no, she would

[1] Meaning Minerva, whose statue, Cicero, before his leaving Rome, placed in the capitol with the inscription, *Custos Urbis*, the Guardian of Rome.

[2] Those two Consulars, like Atticus, kept a neutrality between Cæsar and Pompey.

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would have prompted me to think and act like myself.

In this resolution I could be soon determined, was there any dispute but between two men, who, at the expence of their country, are now drawing their swords each for power to himself. If they draw them for their country, why was she abandoned under the consulship of this very Cæsar? Why was I, whose interest was inseparably connected with the safety of my country, abandoned the year following? Why was Cæsar's command prolonged, and why by constitutional means? Why did the struggle become so violent, that the ten tribunes of the commons brought in a bill for dispensing with his personal attendance? These were the measures by which Cæsar grew so strong, that all hopes of opposing him now rests upon one Roman. I wish that so much power had never been given him, rather than that he should be now opposed in the possession of it. But since matters are come to this pass, I will not give myself the trouble, which you advise, to inquire, "which is the safest ships[1]." I know of one vessel in which I shall embark, and that vessel shall be steered by Pompey.

But, say you, what will be your declaration, when

[1] *Orig.* ποῦ σκαφος το των Ατρειδων. Literally, which is the ship of the Atridæ.—E.

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when the crisis arrives for delivering your sentiments in the senate? To answer you in one word, I will speak for Pompey, and yet, when we are by ourselves, I will advise him to an accommodation; for my real opinion is, that the public is in extreme danger. You, who are in the city, no doubt know more. But I can see one thing, that we have to do with one of the boldest, and the most resolute of mankind; that he will be joined by all who have undergone, and by all who have deserved, either condemnation or infamy, by almost all our young men, by all the well-known desperate mob of the city, by the tribunes, whose power will be joined with that of Cassius, and by all our bankrupts, who are more numerous than is imagined. His cause alone is a bad one[1]; in all other respects, the means of success are on his side. It is the general interest, therefore, to prevent by every possible method a decision by the sword. The fate of war is always uncertain, but, on this occasion, the probability of success lies against us.

Bibulus has left the command of his province to Vejento, and I hear he will be a great while on his journey. Cato, in favouring his demand, has made it appear, that the only persons, who escape his jealousy, are those to whom public distinctions

1 *Orig. Causum solum illa causa non habet.*

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distinctions can give little or no accessions of personal dignity[1]. Now to advert to private matters, for I have almost answered your political letters, as well those you wrote from the suburb, as those of a later date. But I must say one word with regard to Cælius. So far is his conduct from altering my sentiments, that I am convinced he will bitterly repent changing his party[2]. But is it true, that the houses of Lucceius were adjudged to him; I am surprised you omitted sending me that intelligence. As to Philotimus, I will do by him as you advise. But I did not, at this juncture, expect the accounts which he has exhibited to you. He has however omitted an article, which, at his desire I entered at Tusculanum, in my pocket-book, with my own hand, and for which he gave me his note of hand while I was in Asia. Should he discharge that, the balance of the account, as

[1] *Quibus nihil, aut non multum, ad dignitatem non possit accedere.* Monsieur Mongault thinks Cicero's meaning to be, that the high offices Bibulus already held made all future additions of honour unnecessary to add to this dignity. But in my translation it implies likewise, a sarcasm upon the person of Bibulus, which I think the words will bear, and is extremely agreeable to the sentiments our author throws out about that great man's character and conduct.

[2] He had lately declared for Cæsar, which, as our author prophecies in this place, he afterwards repented of, and suffered for.

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as he states it himself, between him and me, will be in my favour. But if the troubles of the public will give me leave, you shall have no reason, in time to come, to find fault with my want of regularity in my accounts; and indeed, all the irregularity with which I am chargeable in this respect, has been occasioned by the great number of people whom I have served. I will, therefore, accept of the kind offer of your advice and assistance in settling my affairs, and I hope you shall have no cause to think I abuse your kindness.

You have not the least reason to be alarmed with regard to the officers[1] of my guards; for the deep sense they had of my integrity, has brought them back to their duty. But the behaviour of none amongst them pleased me so much, as his whom you hold in no estimation. He has ever behaved well, and especially on this occasion. Though, even at his departure he intimated, that he expected an additional payment;

[1] Orig. *Serperastris cohortis meæ*. The *Serperastra* were a kind of ligatures which went about the legs of young children to prevent their being crooked or distorted. In like manner the officers, viz. the legates, questors, tribunes and others, were to provide against all distortions and crookedness in the actions and marches of the soldiers under them. It appears that Cicero's field officers had fallen into a kind of a mutiny, as he hints before. I do not know whether the account he gives here of the manner, in which it was quelled, was very satisfactory to Atticus, or will be so to the reader.

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payment; and though he was somewhat warped by resentment, yet he did not hold it long, for he soon returned to his duty; and unable to stand out against the very distinguishing marks I have given him of my kindness, he declared, that he valued it more than all the money he expected. I have received the testament from Curius, and am bringing it along with me. I have perused the legacies of Hortensius. Now I should be glad to know what kind of a man his son is, and what he intends to dispose of. For I see no reason since Cælius has laid hold of the Flumentine gate, why I should not make myself master of Puzzoli[1].

I now come to your criticism upon the word Pyræeum, in which I am more reprehensible as being a Roman, in having written it Pyræa, and not Pyræeum. (for so we Romans pronounce it,) than in adding the preposition *in*. For I did not annex this to it as speaking of a town, but of a country[2]. And yet our friend Dionysius, who

[1] The elder Hortensius had a country-seat there, and Marcus Cælius being a native of Puzzoli, had bought the house of Hortensius, at one of the gates of Rome, which gives rise to our author's pleasantry.

[2] Orig. *Non enim hoc ut oppido præposui, sed ut loco. Locus* here signifies a village, or perhaps more properly a quarter, or a ward. Our author has been foolishly blamed by Sanctius, or Schioppius, and other grammarians for his criticism here, as if they understood Latin better than he did.

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who is here, and Nicias the Coan, did not look upon Pyræeum to be a town. But I will inquire farther about it. My error, if indeed I be erroneous, consists in not speaking of it as a town, but as a district. I can, however, defend myself by a better authority than that of Cecilius, (who was far from being a pure letter writer, and who says *mane ut ex portu in Pyræeum,*) but of Terence himself, the language of whose plays is so correct, that they were thought to be written by Lælius. *Heri aliquot adolescentuli coimus in Pyræeum*; and again *mercator hoc addebat, captam a Sunio.* Now if we allow districts to be towns, Sunium is as much of a town as Piræeum is.

But knowing you to be a grammarian, if you can resolve one difficulty, you will ease me of much trouble. The great man, you know who,[1] sends me very civil letters, as does Balbus, in his name. With regard to myself, I have laid it down as my fixed resolution, never to swerve from the most glorious of all causes; but you know how much I still owe him. Are you not, therefore, apprehensive, if I should act coldly, I shall be charged with ingratitude; or that he may call upon me for payment, should I act with vigour. How will you solve this difficulty? "Pay him," you will say. Be it so, we will borrow

[1] Meaning Cæsar.

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borrow the money of the banker Cælius. I would have you, however, think of this. For, should I happen to distinguish myself in my country's cause, in the senate-house, I make no doubt but your Spanish friend [1], as I am leaving the house, will tell me, "Remit, Sir, the money you owe us."

It remains only to assure you, that my son-in-law has endeared himself to me, my wife and my daughter, by his fine understanding and his good nature. These are qualities sufficient to make amends for his other imperfections, to which you are no stranger. For you know what kind of men I found all the other suitors to be, excepting the person whom I treated with, through you, and who hoped to gain my consent by telling me, that they were not in debt. This might be true, for a very good reason, because nobody would lend them. But on this subject, which already is much talked of, we will converse with freedom when we meet. I am in hopes of Tyro's recovering, through the care of Manius Curio, whom I have acquainted in writing that you would take his cares kindly. Dated the 9th of December, from the house of Pontius at Trebuli.

EPISTLE

[1] Meaning Balbus, who was a native of Spain.

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EPISTLE IV.

I HAVE sent off Dionysius to you, not without doing violence to myself; but his impatience to see you was such, that I was forced to yield. To say that he is learned, is saying no more than I have known of him a long while; but I have found him blameless in his morals, full of affection and good manners, zealous for my glory, an excellent manager, and (that I may not seem to speak of him as a freedman,) he is in all respects a gentleman. On the 10th of December I saw Pompey, and we were in company together about two hours. He seemed to be overjoyed at my return: he encouraged me to solicit a triumph, and to declare myself of his party; he cautioned me not to appear in the senate, until I had secured my point, lest in the debates I might give offence to some one or other of the tribunes. In short, so far as good words went, no man could be more obliging.

With regard to public affairs, he talks as if he had no doubt of a war ensuing. He did not drop a syllable that gave hopes of an accommodation, and said that he had received a fresh proof of what he had been before convinced of, that Cæsar had totally broken with him, for that Hirtius,

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Hirtius[1], though amongst the most intimate of his friends, had come to Rome from Cæsar, without coming near him; that he arrived in the evening of the 6th of December, and that after settling the whole of his business with Balbus, the latter had agreed to see Scipio before the day-break on the 7th; that in the dead of the night he set out for Cæsar, and this he looked upon as a sure proof of his hostile intentions. Upon the whole, I have only this to hope for, that the man whose very enemies offer him a second consulate, and whom fortune has already raised to supreme power, will not be so mad as to expose all he has gained to the chance of war. But should his ambition be powerful enough to push him on to this; what calamities do I foresee? Calamities that I dare not describe. But as matters are now situated, I think of reaching the suburbs of Rome by the 3d of January.

EPISTLE

[1] This was the same Hirtius who wrote the commentaries, and who, upon Cæsar's death, was chosen Consul. By all that appears of Pompey from our author, a civil war was at this time unavoidable, and was as necessary for bringing about the views of Pompey, as those of Cæsar. But what the views of Pompey were, is not so clear from history. I cannot, however, believe that he intended to subvert the constitution.

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EPISTLE V.

I RECEIVED a number of your letters at the same time, and though I received more recent intelligence than they brought me, yet they gave me pleasure, because they were so many proofs of your zeal and affection for me. I am concerned that your indisposition still continues, and that your trouble will be increased by your wife falling into the same complaint. Both of you therefore ought to use all means of recovery. I see you are anxious about Tyro. I own the young man, when in health, is wonderfully useful to me in my business, as well as studies, of all kinds; but still I wish his recovery, not so much on account of my interest, as of his sweetness of temper, and modesty of behaviour.

Philogenes has never spoken to me concerning Luscienus, but you have Dionysius to consult with in regard to other matters. I am surprised that your sister has not yet arrived at Arce. It gives me pleasure to understand that you concur with my sentiments with regard to Chryssipus. I have absolutely laid aside all thoughts of my house at Tusculanum on this occasion. It is too far out of the way for those who come to wait upon me, and inconvenient in other respects. But on the last of December I will go to

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to Terracina, and from thence, keeping by the Pontin marsh, I will reach Pompey's house at Alba, so as to be in the suburbs of Rome by the 3rd of January, which is my birth-day.

I am daily more apprehensive of public commotions, for even our patriots are not so unanimous as they are thought to be. How many knights, how many senators, of Rome have I seen, who have bitterly inveighed against the whole of Pompey's conduct, and especially the unseasonable journey he has undertaken[1]. We stand in need of peace. Victory among other numerous calamities, would be attended, with giving to Rome a tyrant. But I expect soon to talk over these matters with yourself.

I am quite at a loss what to write you farther. We are equally informed in respect to public affairs;

[1] Pompey was one of those characters that refine too much upon the plainest matter, as we have often observed from our author's words. He pretended two reasons for this journey, which indeed was very ruinous to his party, and both those reasons, in the end, turned against himself. In the first place, he said, it was improper that Cæsar should suspect he had any hand in the cabals against him at Rome, or in opposing what he demanded. In the next place, he publicly gave out that a journey into the country was necessary to establish his health. But his true design was to see how the people of Italy stood affected towards him. In fact, they received him with the most extravagant honours, which disgusted the wisest part of his friends, and made him presume too much upon his own popularity, which presumption was afterwards the chief cause of all his miscarriages and ruin.

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fairs; with regard to private, neither of us needs information, and the power of Cæsar renders our situation too serious for trifling. Nay, I am one of those who think it better to yield to his terms, than to decide by the sword. It is too late now to oppose him, having for ten years fostered his power against ourselves. "In what manner then, say you, do you intend to speak in the senate?" I will say nothing but what you shall advise me to do, and even that shall not be before I have either obtained or laid aside the thoughts of what I am now soliciting. Take care therefore of your own recovery, and to banish your ague by the observance of that regimen, in which you are so skilful.

EPISTLE VI.

I POSITIVELY have nothing to write to you. You know all that I know, and I know of nothing in which you can inform me. I have observed it, however, as a sacred rule, to write you by every opportunity. I am in great concern about the public; nor have I hitherto found a man who did not think it better to yield to Cæsar all he demands, than plunge in a civil war. His terms, it is true, extend farther than they were generally thought to do. But why are we to

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to oppose him when the day of his power is so far advanced? Even by yielding to him now, we do no more than we did when we prolonged his government for five years, or when we passed the vote that dispensed with his coming to Rome. All the difference is, that at that time we put arms into his hands, and we are now to encounter him when he has learned how to use them. You will ask me[1] then what are my real sentiments? They are not indeed the same with those I avow in words. My real sentiments are, that any concession is preferable to a civil war. But I will talk, and that too from no servile motive, in the same strain as Pompey does. For, indeed, it would be of the worst consequence to the public, and particularly unbecoming in me, should I differ from Pompey at this important juncture.

EPISTLE

[1] Orig. *Dices, quod tu igitur sensurus es? Non idem, quod dicturus. Sentiam enim omnia facienda, ne armis décerteretur: dicam idem, quod Pompeius.* Monsieur Mongault has, I think, entirely mistaken this passage. He translates it, *Vous me demanderez ce que je dirai dans le senat? peutétre autre chose que cè que je pense. Je penserai toujours qu'il n'y a rein qu'on ne doive tenter plutôt que d'en venir à la guerre, mais je ne dirai que ce que dira Pompée.* Now nothing is more plain, than that *sensurus* here, in the original refers to our author's private sentiments as well as *sentiam*; and that *dicturus* alludes to the form of demanding and delivering an opinion in the senate, *Viz. Dic Marce Tulli.*

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EPISTLE VII.

"DIONYSIUS, who has approved himself to me, is also a person of the greatest worth and learning, and one who has a most sincere affection for you, came to Romé the 18th of December, and delivered to me a letter from you." These are the very words you use when speaking of Dionysius in your letter. I observed, however, you do not add, "and he is extremely obliged to you," though it is no more than he ought to own, and had he owned it, a man of your good-breeding would never have omitted mentioning his acknowledgments. However, I will not retract the character I gave you of him, after speaking so fully, as I have done in my former letter, in his commendation; but continue to hope that he is a very good man. In one particular he has done right, in giving me full opportunities of knowing him thoroughly.

Your information from Philogenes was very true; for he has paid what he owed. I gave him the use of that money till I should have occasion for it, and he has had it thirteen months. I wish Pontinius well, but I am apprehensive of the consequences of his having, as you write me,

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me, entered the city[1]. He never would have taken that step without some weighty reason. As the 2d of January is the competential day[2], for that reason, I will not then go to Pompey's house at Alba, lest I should disturb his domestics, but wait until next day, and, the day after that, I will go to Rome. I do not know on what day your disorder periodically returns; but I positively would not have you stir abroad to the prejudice of your health.

Every thing, with regard to my triumph, seems to promise success, unless Cæsar is practising underhand by his tribunes of the people. For my own part, my mind is entirely at ease, so that I can meet with no disappointment, and the rather, because I hear Pompey and his council have come to a resolution of sending me to Sicily, as I have now the title of Imperator. This, you say, will be to act the part of an Abderite[3]. For neither the resolutions of the senate, nor the orders of the people, have given me a command in Sicily. But supposing the public has vested the management of this affair

[1] Cicero had some reason for this apprehension, because Pontinius was one of his lieutenants, and when the general was sure of a triumph, his principal officers commonly attended upon him when he waited without the walls of the city.

[2] This was a kind of holiday amongst the slaves.

[3] *Orig.* Ἀβδηρικον. The Abderites were looked upon to be the most stupid of all people.

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fair in Pompey, why should he pitch upon me rather than upon any private person, for that command? If, therefore, I should find any trouble on account of my title, I will lay it aside, when I first come to the gates of Rome[1].

As to what you write[2], that the attention of the public is impatiently directed towards the part I shall act, and that there is not a patriot, real or pretended, who has the least doubt of the party I shall espouse, for my own part, I do not understand whom you call patriots. I know of none, I mean I know of no class in our government, deserving that appellation. Take them man by man, they are, indeed, very worthy men; but, in civil dissentions, we are to look for patriotism in the constituent members of the body politic. Do you look for it in the senate? Let me ask you by whom were the provinces left without governors? Never would Curio[3] have

[1] When a Roman entered Rome, he immediately lost the title of imperator.

[2] The whole of what follows in this epistle is wonderfully fine and judicious, and shews how wisely our author could reason upon public matters when he was cool.

[3] We have already seen that he had, as tribune of the people opposed the resolution of the senate for appointing governors to the several provinces, which opposition carried a great point for Cæsar. Marcus Marcellus, the first senator, whose opinion was asked, voted that all the tribunes should be obliged to drop the opposition. But the senate did not chuse to do this. This is

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have prevailed, had the senate gone into the motion that was made, to make him personally liable for his opposition, and the consequence of not doing it was, that no successor was appointed to Cæsar. Do you look for patriotism amongst the farmers of the revenue? Alas! they never were steady; and now they are entirely devoted to Cæsar. Do you look for it in our trading, or in our landed, interests? They are the fondest of peace. Can you imagine that they, to whom all forms of government are indifferent, provided they enjoy their ease, have any objections to live under a monarchy?

Well then! Do you approve of indulging Cæsar in the command of his army, after his commission was expired? For my own part, I was against even dispensing with his absence; but when we granted the one, he could command the other. Do you think that the authority vested in him, to preside over the government for ten years, and the manner in which it was obtained were right measures? Was it a right measure to drive me from my country, to rob the revenue of the Campanian estates, that a commoner

is a very remarkable part of the history of that time. The tribunes had an undoubted right to put a negative upon this question, and if so, I cannot see how they could be legally forced to withdraw it. It is true, such a force, if applied, might have produced great consequences, but would it not have been unconstitutional, from whatever party it proceeded?

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commoner should adopt a Patrician[1], and a Mitylenean, a Spaniard[2]? Do you approve that Labienus and Mamurra[3] should amass immense riches, and that Balbus should have his gardens and his Tusculanum? But all these calamities spring from the same source. When the stream of his power was weak, it might have easily been stopt. But now he is master of eleven legions, and as much cavalry as[4] he pleases to draw into the field. Think upon the towns beyond the Po, upon the mob of Rome, upon so great a majority of the tribunes, upon a profligate rising generation, upon a general with such sagacity to contrive, and such boldness to execute. Yet such is the general we are either to encounter, or we are to gratify him in what he can already claim by law. We will, say you, defend our liberties with the loss of our blood.—But, consider my friend, if you are conquered, you are prescribed; if you conquer, yet still you are a slave. Then, say you, how are you to act? I answer, like cattle, which, when dispersed follow their flocks. The ox follows his drove; and thus will I follow

[1] Viz. Clodius.

[2] Viz. Cornelius Balbus, who was adopted by Theophanes, a Mitylenean. The first was the favourite of Cæsar, the latter of Pompey.

[3] Both these gentlemen rose to immense riches under Cæsar, for which they were lashed by some of their contemporary wits.

[4] The Gauls, of whom Cæsar was master, were very strong in cavalry.

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I follow our patriots, or those who are called such, even should they run into destruction. It is easy for me to see what is our most eligible measure in this desperate crisis, since no man can anticipate the event, should the appeal be made to the sword. But we may all easily conclude, that if the cause of liberty should fall, our tyrant will regard, no more than Cinna did, the best blood of Rome, and will be as rapacious, as ever Sulla was, of the properties of Romans.

Enough of politics, yet I have more to say, did not my lamp fail me. In a word, when summoned to give my sentiments, I will vote with Cnæus Pompeius, or more properly with Titus Pomponius. My compliments to your boy Alexis, unless he is grown, in my absence, a young man, which he bade fair to do.

EPISTLE VIII.

WHY such repeated and strong apologies for Dionysius? The least hint from you was sufficient to convince me. The truth is, knowing how fond you are of cementing friendships by your kind testimonies, your saying nothing at all of him, made me the more liable to suspicion, especially as I heard very different things which

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he said of me to other people. But I am now entirely satisfied of the truth of what you write, and I entertain as favourable sentiments of Dionysius as you could wish. According to my calculation of the days on which your ague returns, and which I formed upon a letter you wrote me in the beginning of your illness, I reckoned that, on the third of January, you may, without any danger, meet me, upon business at Alba. But I supplicate you by all that is dear to me to do nothing that may retard your recovery. A day or two does not much signify. I perceive that Livia, by her last will, has left Dolabella heir to the ninth part of her estate, with two coheirs for two ninths more, but on condition that he changes his name. It is now become a political question whether it be right in a youth of quality, to change his name, in compliance with the will of a woman. But we can discuss this question with more accuracy, when we know the amount of the legacy left him.

It happened, as you supposed it would, that I saw Pompey before I came to Rome; for on the 27th of December, he overtook me at Lavernium. We came then to Formiæ, and we together had a private conference, which lasted from two in the afternoon till it was almost dark. In answer to your question, whether there are any hopes of a reconciliation? I must tell you that, as far as I could gather from Pompey's full and particular detail,

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detail, no disposition of that kind can be expected. For thus he reasons. "If Cæsar should be made consul even upon resigning the command of his army, public confusion will be unavoidable." He is farther of opinion, that when Cæsar shall hear of the earnest, mighty, preparations that are making against him, he will wave his claims to the consulate for this year, and adhere to his army and government. But, though he were to go to the extreme of rage and ambition, Pompey would still shew a hearty contempt for all he could do, and a complete confidence in his own forces, and those of the republic. In short, though the horrors of a civil war often recurred to my imagination, yet still I was made the more easy, when I heard a general of such courage, such experience, and authority, discoursing, like a statesman, upon the dangers that might attend an insincere accommodation[1].

We

[1] This conversation, between our author and Pompey, gives us a truer idea of the views of Pompey, than any thing we meet with in history. The friendship of Cicero was extremely material to him on this occasion, and as we cannot imagine that he would omit any argument that he thought could influence him, so we can have no doubt that our author is very sincere in his representation of this important conference to his friend Atticus. Upon the whole, it is plain, that Cæsar, had he been willing, could not, with any manner of safety, have avoided coming to extremities, and that nothing less than his ruin could satisfy Pompey.

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We are now perusing the speech which Antony made to the people on the 23rd of December, in which he reflects on Pompey from his first entering upon life; and complains of his cruelty towards some Roman citizens he has tried and condemned, and of the terrors with which his arms menace the republic[1]. Upon this, says Pompey to me, "What will not the commander in chief attempt to do, should he become master of the government, when a despicable inferior officer[2] under him presumes to throw out such expressions." In short, Pompey seemed rather to dread, than to desire, an accommodation, and it is my opinion, that he came to the resolution of leaving Rome, with a design to render all prospects of peace hopeless[3]. For my own part, it gives

[1] *Orig. Terror armorum.* It is not quite clear to me whether this expression is to be meant as I have translated, or of the troops with which Pompey overawed Rome, especially during the trials here mentioned.

[2] Antony was questor to Cæsar.

[3] *Orig. Ex illa autem sententia ira relinquendæ urbis movet hominem, ut puto.* I cannot think this passage to be so desperate as Monsieur Mongault and the commentators, have affirmed it to be. The former translates it *C'est peut êtreparce qu'il faudroit alors qu'il s'en allât en Espagne.* But this construction is warranted neither by the words themselves, nor by facts; for we have nothing to induce us to believe that Pompey could be so weak, as well as wicked, as to plunge his country into a civil war, merely because, in case of an accommodation, he must have gone to his government of Spain: though,

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gives me no small uneasiness to think that I must pay, to Cæsar, the money which was to defray the expences of my triumph; for you know it is not becoming, that I should be under obligations to one, whose interest I shall oppose. But we will talk over these, and many other particulars, when we meet.

EPISTLE IX.

"WHAT say you, am I to have a letter from you every day? Yes, every day, if I can find a sure hand to carry it." "But you are now present in person." But I promise you, when we meet, to leave off writing. I perceive that one of your letters to me has not been delivered, for, as my friend Lucius Quintus was bringing it, he was wounded and robbed near the monument of Basilus[1]. You are therefore to recollect whether there

though, in this last case, his antagonist must have resigned the command of his army. The truth is, Pompey knew Cæsar extremely well, and had a thousand reasons both of ambition and policy, for not patching up an accommodation at this time, and which he knew could be but of a very short duration: I believe the reader, therefore, upon consulting the original of this passage, will think that nothing can be more just than the sense I have given it, since Pompey's leaving Rome, according to all accounts and according to what our author has hinted before, was the readiest way, he could possibly have thought of, to bring on a civil war.

[1] He was a famous robber who was buried upon the Appian way.

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there was any thing in that letter material for me to know, and likewise apply yourself to discuss a point, which will require all your abilities as a politician.

The affair will terminate in one or other of the following cases. When Cæsar is continued in the command of his army by the senate, or by means of the tribunes of the commons, we must either oppose his coming to Rome to stand for the consulate, or persuade him to resign his government and his army, and accept of that office; or, on the other hand, to decline the consulship and remain in the undisturbed possession of the government. If, however, he refuse to accede to either of these proposals, the consequence will be, that he will either negative the proceedings of the election by means of the tribunes, and thus occasion an interregnum, or under pretence of not being received as a candidate, march his army against us, and reduce us to the necessity of fighting him. In this event, he will either attack us, before we are prepared, or in the time of the election, when he is refused the privilege, solicited by his friends, of being, though absent, a candidate for the consulship. Now the motive for taking arms, must be simply his not obtaining such a dispensation; unless, perhaps, a collateral pretext should occur

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cur from some tribune of the people[1], who, for putting a negative upon the proceedings of the senate, or exciting a popular commotion, may be censured or suspended by a resolution of the senate; or else, being overruled and expelled, may, under pretence of such expulsion, throw himself upon the protection of Cæsar. But however this may be, the question recurs, What are we to do when hostilities commence? Are we to keep possession of Rome, or are we to march out of it to intercept his provisions, and cut off his communication with the rest of his army?

Which of those inevitable calamities do you account the least? I know you will tell me, you wish he could be persuaded to resign his army, and to be made consul. If he were to follow that measure, I can see no opposition he could meet with; and I should not be at all surprised, if he should fail in obtaining the dispensation in question. But then again some are of opinion, that there

[1] I have taken great pains to be as explicit as possible in translating the whole of this paragraph, which does so much honour to our author's sagacity, and is so important to the history of that period. What he foresees here actually happened. For Antony and Quintus Cassius, who were then tribunes of the people, took refuge in Cæsar's army, upon the senate's attempting to force them to withdraw their opposition to a resolution which the house had passed, obliging Cæsar to resign his government by a certain day.

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there cannot be a more dangerous step taken than to make him consul. But, say you, I would prefer that he would become consul without, rather than with, his army. Of that there can be no doubt. But it may be thought, that even this alternative is itself a calamity; and a calamity irremediable; for we must live in subordination[1] to his will. Behold him again consul, and reflect upon his first consulship; even then, you will allow me (though weak to what he is now) he was too powerful for the whole system of our constitution; what do you imagine will he not now attempt? especially as, while he continues consul, Pompey must certainly reside in Spain. To what a wretched state are we reduced? If indeed that may be called wretched, to which we are voluntarily brought, and which, if he consent to bring us, would render him highly popular with all the patriots of Rome.

Let us, however, suppose, that, as the world believes, he will not rest satisfied with these terms; what can be worse than the other alternative? Shall we yield, to use Pompey's expression, to all his most impudent demands? For surely they are superlatively so. "You have

[1] The original as I read it is, *Sed istuc ipsum sic, O magnum! malum, putet aliquis.* All the commentators have agreed, that this place is corrupted, but I have endeavoured to reduce it into sense by a single stop, without altering the common reading.

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have had, for ten years, a government, given you not by the senate, but by yourself, through violence and faction. The time limited, not by law, but by your own ambition, is elapsed; but supposing by law; it is resolved to appoint you a successor; I will not suffer it, say you, and you must dispense with my absence. No, Sir, you ought to dispense with our compliance[1]. Are you to keep the command of your army longer than the senate has resolved, or the people have ordered? You shall either yield or fight," and, to go on in Pompey's strain, "we shall at least have the honest satisfaction of either conquering, or dying, in the cause of liberty."

Now, if war should follow, its success must depend upon chance, and its justification upon its success[2]. I shall not therefore puzzle you with that question. Let me know if you have any thing to offer, as to what I have here thrown out. For my own part I am upon the rack day and night.

EPISTLE

[1] *Orig. Habe mei rationem, Habe tu nostrum.*

[2] *Orig. Jam si pugnandum est, quo tempore, in casu; quo consilio, in temporibus situm est.*

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EPISTLE X.

I CAME all at once to a resolution to leave this place before daybreak, to avoid being seen or talked of, especially as I was attended by laurel-led Lictors[1]. As to what I am doing now, and what I shall do hereafter, I am at a loss to know. So much I am confounded by this rash, inconsiderate resolution. But how can I pretend to advise you, whose counsel I stand in need of myself? What steps our friend Pompey has taken, or may take, I know not; but as yet he is straitened in his quarters, by being shut up in towns, and looks like one bewildered. If he makes a stand in Italy, we will all of us join him. But if he retires from thence, I shall be at a loss how to determine myself. Either I am insane, or he acts with precipitance and insanity. I beg that you will write often to me, though it be only what comes first in your mind.

EPISTLE

[1] The reader is here to understand, that Pompey having abandoned Rome upon the approach of Cæsar, and having ordered all the magistrates and senators to follow him, under pain of being declared traitors; our author, who it seems had not yet entered into Rome, thought proper to follow him, though he disapproved his resolution. By his not having entered Rome, he still keeps up his title to a triumph and consequently his lictors carried their fasces bound about with laurel.

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EPISTLE XI.

WHAT is the cause of your silence? What are you doing? for I am left in darkness. We still possess Cingulum[1], say you,—yes—but we have lost Ancona. Labienus has left Cæsar. Do you mean Hannibal or the Emperor of Rome? Mistaken, wretched man! insensible to every idea of true glory[2]! He pretends that all he does is to maintain his dignity. But can dignity exist without virtue? Is it compatible with virtue to continue at the head of his army, without the voice of the people to authorize him, and to seize cities inhabited by Romans, that he may open himself a more easy passage to the heart of his country? Not to mention the cancelling of the national debts, the recall of the banished; and a thousand crimes that are yet to be perpetrated before he can rear the temple of tyrannic power, the only deity he worships. I do not envy his greatness, I had rather spend one day with you in the sunny walks of Lucretum

[1] This was a town in Picenum.

[2] *Orig.* τὸ καλὸν. *Honesti.* I need not point out the beauty of our author's sentiments on this occasion, or how much Mr. Addison has been obliged to him for all the fine sentiments, which he puts in the mouth of Cato.

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tum[1] than be a monarch over innumerable kingdoms acquired by guilt like his. I had rather die a thousand deaths than harbour such an idea at the expence of my country. You think, say you, for yourself. And is there a wretch who is not at liberty to think? But I repeat it, I think the man who acts in that manner is more miserable than the wretch who lies extended on the wheel. There is but one misery beyond it, and that is, succeeding in the attempt. But of this enough. In this melancholy situation, it gives me some relief to unbosom myself to you. But to return to our friend Pompey.

Tell me, I conjure you, by all that you hold dear, what you think of Pompey's conduct; I mean in leaving Rome? For my part, I can only say, that it was the most absurd of all measures. Would you have left Rome; you could have done no more had the Gauls been at her gates. It is public liberty, he may say, and private happiness, and not walls, that constitute our country. I did no more than Themistocles before me, when the walls of his Athens were too feeble to stand the shock of a barbarous inundation. But Pericles, almost fifty years after, followed another course, when he

[1] *Orig. Lucretino tuo sole.* Lucretum was a country seat belonging to Atticus, in the Sabines country, remarkable for its fine air.

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he did not possess a foot of ground that belonged to Athens without her walls. And our forefathers, when all Rome was lost, retired to and defended her citadel.

Such glorious Actions of our Sires are told,
How rich in Virtue were the times of old[1] *!*

On the other hand, if I may judge, from the resentment of the municipal cities, and the general talk, he will be able to extricate himself from the consequences of this measure. I do not know how it is at Rome, and I beg you will inform me; but here, every body complains bitterly, that the city was abandoned by her magistrates and senate, and the flight of Pompey himself made a wonderful impression upon the public. In short, it has had a very contrary effect to what we imagined; for now it is the general opinion that no concession ought to be made to Cæsar. Tell me what is likely to be the event.

My employment here is not very troublesome, for Pompey has appointed me to be an inspector of Campania and the maritime countries, on whom the levying of the armies, and the direction of affairs devolve there. I was therefore thinking to have no fixed abode. I make no doubt that you

[1] *Orig.* Ωιτω πυ των προσθεν εσσενθομεθα κλεα ανδρων. I have translated this verse out of the ninth book of Homer's Iliad.

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you are now perfectly aware of Cæsar's hostile designs and that you know the sentiments of the people, and the general state of affairs. I wish you would write to me upon all these heads, and that too very often, because they are things which constantly change; and indeed I feel repose when writing to you, or reading your letters.

EPISTLE XII.

ONLY one letter has come to my hand from you, dated the 19th, and intimating that you had written me another, which I have not received. But I beg you will write me very often, not only what you know or hear, but what you suspect, and above all your sentiments of what I should do, and what I should avoid. As to my informing you, as you desire, how Pompey intends to proceed; I do not believe he knows it himself, at least none of us do. I saw the consul Lentulus at Formiæ upon the 21st, and I have likewise seen Libo[1]; but all is full of consternation and confusion. Pompey himself has taken the rout of Larinum, in which place, as well as Luceria, Theanum, and in other cities, of Apulia, he has troops quartered. It is not determined, whether

[1] His daughter was married to Pompey's second son.

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whether he will make a stand somewhere in Italy or cross the sea. Should he remain in Italy, I am afraid his army will be too weak. Should he leave it, I shall be entirely at a loss how, where, or when to act. For as to Cæsar, whose usurpation[1] you so much dread, I think he will leave nothing bad undone. His progress is not to be stopped by the suspension of all public business, by the absence of our senates and magistrates, nor by shutting up the treasury. But as you write, the event will be soon known.

Having said this much, I ask your pardon for writing to you so often, and so fully. But by this my spirits are composed, and at the same time I am willing to induce you to answer me, and above all to advise me how I am to act, and upon what terms to proceed. Am I thoroughly to espouse the cause of Pompey? I am not deterred, by a sense of danger from doing this, but by resentment that all things are conducted without wisdom, and without my sanction; or should I hesitate to declare in Pompey's favour, and after amusing him by fair professions, side with the prevailing party? Alas! what would not the public then say! My character, not only as a Roman, but as a friend, deters me from this. Yet I am frequently overpowered by the anxiety

[1] *Orig.* Θαλαρισμον literally; *whose imitation of Phalaris you dread.*

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anxiety I feel for the interest of our young men. Distracted as I thus am, though perhaps you are not less so, write to me somewhat, and above all, your thoughts in what manner I am to proceed, should Pompey leave Italy. Both Manius Lepidus[1], for I have been with him, and Lucius Torquatus, are resolved, in that case to abandon his interest. As to myself, I am embarrassed with my Lictors, amidst many other things; and never did I know so perplexed a crisis. For this reason I do not expect from you certain conclusions, but conjectures, nay, doubts and perplexities respecting the state of affairs.

It is next to certain, that Labienus has left Cæsar. In that case, if he had gone to Rome, while the magistrates and the senate were there, he would have been of great use to our party. It would have intimated, that the best of his friends had condemned him as a traitor to his country. The fact is indeed so, but at the present juncture it is of less use, because our party cannot avail itself of it, and I believe that Labienus himself repents what he has done. Yet after all, it is possible that his having left Cæsar is false; we, however, depend upon it as a fact.

You

[1] He had been consul in the year of Rome 687, as Torquatus was the year following, and therefore both of them, like our author, were of consular rank.

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You write me, that you confine yourself to your family; yet still you may acquaint me with the sentiments of the town, whether Pompey is loved or Cæsar hated in it; and with your thoughts concerning my wife and daughter, whether they ought to live at Rome, or with me, or in some place of safety? Upon all these subjects, and upon any other that occurs, I beg that you will write, or rather that you will scribble to me.

EPISTLE XIII.

I AM entirely of your mind with regard to the affairs of Venonius[1]. I look upon Labienus to be a hero. We have not, for these many years, had so noble an instance of Roman spirit; had it no other effect, it has that of galling Cæsar; but I am in hopes of seeing it productive of more solid consequences. I am in love with Piso likewise, and I can foresee that the dislike he has signified of his son-in-law's[2] conduct, will

[1] He was one of our author's friends. The business here spoken of was of a private nature, and of no consequence to us.

[2] Cæsar was married to the daughter of Piso, who was the same Piso whom our author has so bitterly inveighed against in other parts of his works. It seems he had left Rome upon his son-in-law's approach, as not choosing to join with him.

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will make a great impression on the public. You may now form a judgment of the nature of this war, which is civil, not because it is occasioned by civil differences, but because one desperate bold citizen has attempted the overthrow of the civil constitution. But then we are to consider that he is master of a powerful army, and that many join him from hopes and promises; his ambition grasps every object. Such is the man to whom Rome, deprived of the means of defence, but stored with riches, has been surrendered. What have we not to apprehend from a man who looks upon Rome, with all her edifices public and private, not as his country, but his prey?

But what, or how, he will do without a senate or magistracy, I am at a loss to know, since he has abolished, not only the spirit, but the forms of the constitution[1]. But where, or when, are we to emerge, headed, as we are, by a general so uninformed, that he was a stranger to the important situation of Picenum[2]. His misconduct is a sufficient

[1] *Orig. Ne simulare quidem poterit quicquam* πολιτικως (*secundum statuta reipublicæ*).

[2] Cæsar had got the start of Pompey, by making himself master of the country of Picenum, which is at present part of the marquisate of Tovoncono and Abrudso, and lies between the Adriatic sea, Umbriæ, and the country of the Sabines; it, in a manner, covered Rome from Cæsar, especially as it was full of strong passes and towns.

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sufficient proof of his inability. Not to mention the faults he has been committing for these ten long years, what terms were not preferable to his shameful retreat from Rome? Even at this time I am ignorant of his designs, but I am incessantly endeavouring to be informed of them by letters. Nothing can be more unmanly or unmeaning than the whole of his management. I see no forces, nor any place where forces can be quartered or employed, though it was in order to raise forces, that it was thought proper he should remain near Rome, while all our hopes rest upon two legions that have been decoyed into our service, and are almost hostile to our cause; for our levies have hitherto been of men who have been pressed into our party, and dread nothing so much as they do fighting.

With regard to an accommodation, we have lost the opportunity. What will happen hereafter, I cannot foresee. Either we have, or our general has, been guilty of sailing out of harbour without a rudder, and committing ourselves to the mercy of the storm. I am therefore at a loss how to dispose of the two young men. Sometimes I am for sending them into Greece, that they may be out of the way. At the same time, I am filled with apprehensions concerning my wife and daughter, when I reflect upon the approach of barbarians;[1] but I am somewhat relieved when I

[1] Cæsar's army was full of Gauls.

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remember that Dolabella is amongst them. I beg you would consider in what manner I am to act in respect to them. In the first place, I am to provide for their safety; for I must take care of them whatever becomes of myself: In the next place, to guard against being censured by the public for leaving them at Rome, at a time when she was abandoned by all her worthy citizens.

The same consideration occurs with regard to yourself and Peduceus[1], who has written to me; for both of you rank so high, that as much will be required of you as of our most illustrious citizens. But that is a consideration I must leave to yourself, as I am now applying to you for advice concerning myself and my family. What I have farther to recommend to you is, that you will do all you can to discover and inform me of what is passing, and of what you apprehend will come to pass, which I cannot dispense with in you. Any one can tell me what is doing; from you, I expect to learn what is to be done. *He is the best prophet, who conjectures well*[2]. Pardon my loquacity, which, while I am writing to you, sooths my anguish, and at the same time, invites you to give me an answer.

P. S.

[1] Sextus Peduceus was a common friend to our author and Atticus.

[2] This is a verse of Euripides. Μαντις δ' αριστος ὁστις εικαζει καλως.—E.

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P. S. I did not for some time comprehend the riddle of the Opii[1] from Velia, for it is more unintelligible than Plato's Timæus; but I understand it now from what you have said in calling these Opii of Velia, Succones; this word gave me trouble, but furnished a key to all the rest of the passage, and it agrees in the main with Terentia.

I saw Lucius Cæsar at Minturne upon the 25th of January, in the morning. This cold clod, for I cannot call him a man, was charged with propositions so absurd, that I imagined Cæsar designed them as a ridicule upon all negociations, especially as he gave so important a commission to so inconsiderable a creature. I can account for his conduct no other way, unless (which may possibly be the case) the fellow has seized some random expressions of Cæsar, and interpreted them into a commission for himself.

Labienus, whom I think a truly great man, upon the 22d instant came to Theanum, where he had a conference with Pompey and the consuls. What the import was, and what the result, I will write you when I am better informed. On the 23d Pompey set out from Theanum, for Larenum, and lay that night at Venafrum[2]. Labienus seems to

[1] This is a private affair, and the reading in the original is so uncertain, that we can make little or nothing of it.

[2] This was a town in Campania, situated on the river Volturno.

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to have inspired us with some hope. But as yet I have nothing remarkable to write to you from this place. I give more attention to news from Rome; in what manner Cæsar carries himself with regard to Labienus[1], what Domitius is doing amongst the Marsi[2], Thermus at Iguvium[3], and Attius at Cingulum[4]; how the people of Rome stand affected, and what your conjectures are, as to the final event. I beg you to write to me frequently respecting these things, and give me also your opinion how I ought to dispose of my wife and daughter, and what resolutions you have adopted in regard to yourself. Had I written this with my own hand, it would have been longer, but the humour in my eyes obliges me to make use of an amanuensis.

EPISTLE

[1] He carried himself like a wise and a great man. He appeared so far from being disconcerted to Labienus leaving him, that he sent after him all his equipages, baggage and attendants.

[2] Their country lay towards the north of Campania Diroma in Italy.

[3] This was a town in Umbria, and was possessed by Curio for Cæsar, the troops of Thermus having disbanded upon Curio's approach.

[4] It lay in the country of Picenum.

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EPISTLE XIV.

I WRITE this on the 27th of January, (the humour in my eyes being abated,) as I set out from Calvi[1] to Capua. On the 25th, Lucius Cæsar delivered Cæsar's proposals to Pompey, while he was at Theanum with the Consuls. The terms were approved of, on condition, that he should withdraw his troops from all the towns seized by him, which lay beyond his own government. If he would do that, it was agreed that he should return to Rome, and that the senate should ratify the treaty. At present, I am in hopes we shall have peace; because Cæsar thinks he has gone too far, and Pompey that his own army is too weak. It was Pompey's pleasure that I should go to Capua to forward the levies, in which the Campanian planters are not a little backward[2].

I was misinformed as to what I wrote you upon the strength of Torquatus's intelligence with regard to Cæsar's gladiators at Capua. It must be owned, Pompey has quartered them very judiciously,

[1] *Orig. Cales.* This was a town in Campania near Capua.

[2] Cæsar, during his consulship, had established a colony at Capua. The original here is, *Parum prolixe respondent,* and alludes to the custom of enrolling soldiers, by calling over the names of those they wanted to enlist, to which the latter answered, when they entered the service.

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diciously, two in each family. There were five thousand Secuti[1] in the fencing school, and they threatened to break out. This was a measure very serviceable to the public. As to our ladies, of whom your sister is one, I beg you to take care that we do nothing unbecoming our character in keeping them at Rome, after all the other ladies of quality have left it. This is no more than I wrote both to them and to you before. I entreat you to give them your advice to leave the city; especially, as they can, for a season, be very conveniently lodged upon those estates by the sea-side, where I command. As to any offence my son-in-law may take at this, I am not to answer for it. It is of more consequence to me to consider that ours are the only ladies who have remained at Rome. I should be glad to know what resolution you, and Peduceus, have adopted in regard to your departure, and what you think of the present situation of affairs. For my part, I incessantly advise for peace, however unfavourable the terms, as more advantageous than the most justifiable war. But this must depend upon chance.

EPISTLE

[1] The Secuti were a species of gladiators. But it is ridiculous to think, that Cæsar, at such a time as this, would have kept such a number of Gladiators shut up in a fencing school. We learn, however from concurring passages in history, that the number of Gladiators, he had at Capua, was considerable.

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EPISTLE XV.

EVER since I left Rome, I have not omitted writing you a letter every day, not that I have any business of importance to write, but that I may converse with you in your absence, which, next to conversing with you in person, gives me the greatest pleasure in life. Upon my arriving at Capua yesterday, being the 21st of January, I had a meeting with the consuls and many others, of our house. All of them wished that Cæsar would draw off his troops, and stand to the terms he had proposed. Favonius was the only man who expressed his dislike of his imposing terms upon us. But he was very little regarded in the meeting, for Cato himself preferred submission to civil war[1]. He declares, however, that he intends to be present in the senate, when the terms of the accommodation are debated, if Cæsar can be brought to draw off his troops. Thus, he dislikes going to Sicily, where he might do great service,

[1] *Orig. Cato enim ipse jam servire, quam pugnare mavult.* Monsieur Mongault translates this, *Caton même prefera la servitude a une guerre civile.* This I think is too harsh upon Cato's character, especially as the words will admit the sense I have given them. *Servire* (*viz. Tempori*) is common with Cicero.

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service, and he intends to be present in the senate, where, I am afraid, he will do great harm. As to Posthumus, who, according to the senate's express resolution, was to have gone to succeed Fuffanus in Sicily, he refuses to stir without Cato, and lays great stress on the service he can do in the senate, by his interest and abilities. Thus the employment has devolved upon Fannius[1], who is sent to command in Sicily.

We have here a great variety of opinions as to public matters. It is generally imagined, that Cæsar will not stand to his proposals, which he is thought to have made to divert us from making the necessary preparations to oppose him in the field. For my own part, I am of opinion, that he will stand to them so far as to withdraw his troops from the towns not in his government. For he will have gained his ends, if he should be made consul, and the conclusion of his career will be less guilty than its commencement. But still we must endure his attack. For we are shamefully unprovided both as to troops and money, having left to his mercy not only the private property, but the public treasury of Rome. Pompey is set out to take upon him the command of the legions[2] under Attius

[1] Posthumus, Fuffanus, and Fannius, though very ordinary persons, made themselves men of importance about this time.

[2] These were legions in Picenum.

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Attius, attended by Labienus. I am impatient for your opinion in respect to all these matters. I am now thinking of departing immediately for Formiæ.

EPISTLE XVI.

I BELIEVE I have received all your letters excepting the first, in a regular order, according to their dates as they were sent by my wife. My letters dated from Capua the 27th instant, inform you of Cæsar's proposals, the arrival of Labienus and the answers returned by the consuls and Pompey, with other matters. We are now in great suspense concerning two points. The one is, how Cæsar will proceed upon the answer which Lucius Cæsar was charged with to lay before him. The other is how Pompey will act, who writes to me, that in a few days he shall be at the head of an effective army, and gives me hope, that, when he arrives in the Picenum, we shall be in a condition to return to Rome. He has with him Labienus, who takes it for granted, that Cæsar's army is but weak, and his desertion has put our friend Pompey in high spirits.

Having received orders from the consuls to be at Capua by the 5th of February, I set out in my way

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way thither for Formiæ on the 30th of January, on which day I write this at three in the afternoon, immediately upon the receipt of your letters at Calvi. I approve of your measures in respect to my wife and daughter, and have written to them to follow your directions. If they are not yet set out from Rome, there is no hurry until we see how matters are situated.

EPISTLE XVII.

Your letter was to me both kind and gratifying. I thought of sending the boys into Greece at that time, when I perceived arrangements were making for abandoning Italy. As to myself I should have gone to Spain, though that would not have been so convenient for the young men as for me. So far as I can judge, both you and Peduceus may now remain at Rome without molestation. For Cæsar has no reason to suspect you to be attached to the interests of our friend Pompey, who has left the city in a more defenceless state than was ever done by any other general. I cannot help still being sarcastic[1]. Now you doubtless know the answer which

1 *Videone me etiam jocare?* The point of our author's joke in this place has been little felt by the commentators, whatever

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which Pompey sent to Cæsar by Lucius Cæsar, and the letter he sent him by the same hand, for they were written and delivered with a view of making them public. I have blamed Pompey in my own mind, as he himself has a very perspicuous stile, for employing our friend, Sextius, in drawing up a writing of so great importance, especially as it is to be made public; nor, to say the truth, did I ever see any thing more in the stile of Sextius[1]. But from Pompey's letter it is plain, that Cæsar has been denied nothing, that he has obtained all, and more than he demanded; and, as he has obtained his demands, impudent as they are, he would be the worst of madmen should he break off the accommodation. For what right had he or you, or any man to say I will do so and so, if Pompey will go to Spain, and if he will withdraw his troops from Italy? Yet even this has been complied with, though I own

ever might have been its effect on Atticus. The sarcasm was simply this. Pompey behaved so ill to all his friends in Rome by leaving them in so defenceless a state, that they had sufficient reason to abandon his cause, and consequently had nothing to fear from his rival Cæsar. "Your friend, by deserting, has proved your enemy, and thus serves to make him, who has hitherto been an enemy, your friend." This remark was the more bitter, as Cicero knew Atticus to be still the friend of Pompey, and perhaps of his precipitate retreat.—E.

[1] *Orig.* σκοτιώδους. *i. e. more like Sextius more obscure and feeble.*—E.

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own the compliance does now come with so good a grace, after the government has been attacked, and hostilities commenced, as it would have done before, when he demanded the dispensation with his absence, while he stood for the consulate. After all, I am apprehensive, that even those terms will not satisfy him. It was no good symptom that he continued his operations during the discussion of the treaty, which he committed to Lucius Cæsar, and before he had any answer. At present, he is said to proceed more violently than ever.

Trebatius indeed writes me, that, on the 22d of January, Cæsar charged him to let me know by a letter, that he would take it as the highest favour if I would return to Rome, for such is the substance of his letter, which is very long; I understood, by what I could learn of every day's proceedings, that, from the moment Cæsar heard of our departure from Rome, he began to use his endeavours to induce the men of consular rank to return. I have therefore no doubt of his having written to Piso and to Servius[1]. I am surprised at one thing, that he has neither written to me himself, nor employed Dolabella or Cælius to treat with me. I am however far from disregarding the letter of Trebatius, who I know to

[1] This was Servius Sulpicius, who was thought to be in Cæsar's interest.

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to have a sincere regard for me; for I returned him an answer (as I had no mind to write to Cæsar, without his first writing to me) shewing him that what he requested was next to impractical at this juncture, but that I lived on my own farms, and concerned myself neither with public levies nor public business. The truth is, I intend to continue in this situation, till all hopes of peace are over. But should the war continue, I will begin by conveying our boys to Greece, and then I will act with a spirit suitable to my duty and dignity; for I hear that all Italy will soon be involved in the flames of war; Such calamities are brought upon us partly by profligate, and partly by envious, citizens! But we shall know what turn affairs will take in a few days, when we receive Cæsar's reply to our answer. If the issue should be war, I will write you more fully, and if a cessation of arms, I hope to see you in person.

On the 2nd of February, I write this letter from Formiæ, having come hither from Capua to meet the ladies. It is true, that upon the strength of your information, I had written them not to leave Rome: But I understand that the pannic is increased in the city. On the 5th instant I am to be at Capua, by order of the consuls. Whatever news Pompey shall bring us, I will instantly impart it to you by letter. Meanwhile,

I am

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I am impatient to know your sentiments upon all these matters.

EPISTLE XVIII.

On the 2nd of February my wife and daughter came to Formiæ, and informed me of all your very obliging behaviour, and good offices in their behalf. I am willing they should continue at Formiæ, together with the two young Ciceros, until we know whether we are to embrace a disgraceful peace or a destructive war. On the 3rd of February (the date of this letter), I set out with my brother to join with the consuls at Capua, where I am ordered to be by the 5th. We hear that the people were wonderfully pleased with Pompey's answer, and that it was approved of in an assembly. I always thought it would; and that Cæsar would lose his interest should he reject it. But should he accept it.—Alas, say you, which is the lesser evil? This is a question I cannot answer, unless I know in what forwardness our preparations are.

It was reported here that Cassius was driven from Ancona[1], and that our troops were in possession of the city. This will be an important service if a war should follow. It is certain, that

[1] This news was false.

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that Cæsar, even upon dispatching Lucius Cæsar with his proposals for an accommodation, has carried on his operations with greater vigour than ever, by seizing posts, and forming a strong line of garrisons. What a ruffian, what a robber he is? Can any peace compensate for this wound given to our country's honour? But let us leave off railing, I must temporize and go with Pompey to Spain. This is the only choice that is left me, amidst those public calamities which have befallen us for not guarding[1] our country, while it was in our power to have done it, against the second consulship of Cæsar. But of this enough. I forgot to write to you about Dionysius; but my scheme was to wait for Cæsar's reply, so that Dionysius

[1] The original here has divided some of the greatest critics. *Hæc opto in malis; quoniam illius alterum consulatum a republica, ne data quidem occasione, repulimus.* Manutius and Corradus think that Cicero here blames his party for wantonly opposing Cæsar, when all he sought was to be consul a second time. But this, though it agrees with the original, is said by Gronovius, not to agree with Cicero's expressions in the ninth epistle of this book, and with the political principles he lays down in his offices. It is, however, certain that our author never mentioned Cæsar's being a consul a second time, in any other light, but that of a lesser evil; and as to the political principles laid down in his philosophical writings, we are to look upon them only as so many problems, which he seldom or never carried into practice, or mentioned when writing to a friend like Atticus.

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Dionysius might attend me at Rome, if I should return to that city. But if that reply should be postponed for any time, I was to have invited him hither. I leave it to yourself to say how it becomes a man of learning and a friend to behave to one in my situation, especially when I request his attendants,—But this perhaps is expecting too much of a Greek. If I should be obliged contrary to my wishes to send for him, I will leave you to sound him, for I do not choose to trouble him against his inclination.

My brother Quintus does all he can to get money from Egnatius to pay you. Egnatius wants neither will, nor abilities, for this; but the circumstances of the time are such, that Quintus Titinius, who is frequently in my company, protests, that he cannot defray the expences of travelling, and is obliged to give notice to his debtors, that the interests of their principals shall run on at the same rate as before. Lucius Ligus is said to follow the same course. The truth is, my brother at this time has no money by him; he can get none from Egnatius, nor can he borrow any elsewhere; and he is surprised[1] that you have no regard to his distress, which is in common with that of the public. For my own part,

[1] This confirms what we have observed before of Atticus, that he knew very well the value of money, which he thought the first instrument of pleasure.

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part, though, (especially when you are concerned, whom I know to be considerate in all your steps,) I observe the maxim[1] erroneously ascribed to Hesiod, I mean, that of hearing both parties, yet I could not help being moved with his complaints. I thought proper to lay the whole of the matter before yourself.

EPISTLE XIX.

I REALLY am so far from having any thing to write, that I have withdrawn a letter which I was to have sent you, because it was so full of hopes for the best, founded upon my information of the dispositions of the assembly of the people at Rome, and upon my own suggestions, that Cæsar would never reject the terms that were granted him, especially as they were proposed by himself. Meanwhile, on the morning of the 4th of February, I received letters from you from Philotimus, and Furmius, with one to the latter from

[1] *Orig.* μηδε δικην. *Neque causam* supple *judicaveris, priusquam quid uterque dixerit, audieris.* This maxim appears to be the same in import with one in use among the Hebrews; which on one occasion was used by our Lord: μη κρινατε κατ' οψιν, αλλα την δικαιαν κρισιν κρινατε, *Do not judge from partial appearances but let your decisions be the result of cool unbiassed investigation.*—E.

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from Curio, ridiculing the whole of Lucius Cæsar's negociation. We are now reduced to a desperate pass. What to resolve upon I know not, I do not mean with regard to myself, but to the boys. I am, however, now setting out for Capua, where I can be better informed of Pompey's situation.

EPISTLE XX.

THE occasion requires but a few words. I despair of peace. We are unprovided for war. You cannot imagine two more despicable creatures than our consuls. After coming, as I was ordered, to Capua, through a deluge of rain, upon the 4th instant, in hopes of hearing and witnessing our preparations, they were not come here; and when they do come, they will come unprovided and unprepared. As to Pompey, he is said to be at Luceria, to put himself at the head of some cohorts of Atticus's legions, who are thought to be wavering. We are told, that Cæsar proceeds in a very rapid manner, and that he is advancing apace, not with an intention to fight, (for he has no body to fight with) but to cut off our retreat. For my own part, I am determined (nor will I consult even you upon that matter) even to die with Pompey in Italy. But should

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should he leave it, what am I to do? The approaching winter, the incumbrance of my lictors, the indolence and oversights of our generals, are so many arguments for my staying behind. My motives, on the other hand, for flying, are, my friendship for Pompey, the cause of my country, and the shame of following a tyrant, who leaves us at a loss to conclude whether he will propose Phalaris or Pisistratus[1] as the model of his conduct. I beg you to extricate me by your advice out of this labyrinth. I know, you are at a loss how to proceed yourself; but still give me what counsel you can. If to-day I hear any thing new, you shall know it, for the consuls will surely be here by the fifth, it being a day of their own appointment. You will write me an answer to this when it is convenient. I have left the ladies and the young gentlemen at Formiæ.

EPISTLE XXI.

BEING nearer the source of our misfortunes than I am, you must hear of them first. I can send you nothing from this to comfort you. I arrived at Capua, by the orders of the consuls, on the 5th

[1] Pisistratus overthrew the liberty of Athens, but ruled with great justice and humanity. Phalaris was a Sicilian usurper, and ruled with great inhumanity.

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5th of February, where Lentulus arrived late in the evening of that day. The other consul was not come on the 7th, on which day I left Capua, and lay at Calvi, from whence, on the 8th, I write this letter before daybreak. The accounts I picked up at Capua were, that we are to have no dependance upon our consuls, and that we have nowhere any levies. Our recruiting officers dare not shew their faces, as well on account of Cæsar's being near them, as of our general appearing nowhere, and making no efforts. No body has even enlisted, but this is not owing to want of attachment to the cause, but to the desperate state of our affairs.

Our friend Pompey[1] is now a contemptible thing, below all idea of wretchedness, without spirit, without resolution, without interest, and without industry. I shall not dwell on his dishonourable flight from Rome, his abject application to the towns of Italy, his ignorance, not only of his antagonist's strength, but of his own. But how can you reconcile to common sense what I am going to tell you? On the 7th of

[1] Our author has his cold and warm fits towards this great man, and he becomes, by turns, his admiration and his contempt. It is, however, but doing Cicero justice to distinguish between the person and the character of Pompey. All the littleness he here mentions might be true as to his person, but still as he acted in the character of his country's general, our author's attachment to him is very justifiable and very reconcileable to the duty of a wise and an honest great man.

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of February, the tribune Caius Cassius came to Capua, with Pompey's orders to the consuls to return to Rome, which they were immediately to leave, after carrying off the money which was in the sacred treasury[1]. Ruturn to Rome!—Under whose protection? Return from Rome?—How shall they obtain leave? One of the consuls wrote back word to Pompey, that he should first make himself master of Picenum. But

[1] There was somewhat extremely absurd in Pompey's conduct in leaving this treasure to Cæsar's mercy at Rome. It had been long collecting in the temple of Saturn, and was not to be employed but upon the last exigencies of the state, such as an invasion of the Gauls. This treasure had three sources, the first was the plunder of the conquered nations, the second was the twentieth penny which was paid *ad valorem* for every slave that was manumitted, and the third was the ordinary revenues of the public. Though Pompey, as I have observed before, was too apt to refine upon his conduct, and generally used a crooked path when a strait one lay before him, yet he seems to have succeeded beyond his expectation in his measure of abandoning Rome, which strikes our author with such amazement. For it awakened the public to a sense of its own danger, and the Romans were struck with horror, which brought them into action, when they saw the first man of their country hunted from place to place. His refinement, however, of leaving behind him his sacred treasure was not so happy. It is plain, that, either he thought Cæsar would not touch it, or if he did, that the detestation of the public would do him more prejudice than the treasure would do him service. But this was reasoning very weakly, as the event showed, and as Pompey found too late; for Cæsar, had by this time actually seized the money, and did more than Pompey himself intended to do.

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But all Picenum was by this time lost without our receiving any information of its loss, but by a letter which Dolabella sent to me.

I expect every moment to hear that Cæsar is in Apulia, and Pompey embarked. I am very doubtful what course to pursue. I could be in no such perplexity, but for their shameful conduct; nor indeed was I consulted in any one measure. I will, however, act as becomes my character. Cæsar himself advises me to set about an accommodation, but his letters were written before he had made his rapid progress: I am informed by Dolabella and Cælius, that I am greatly in his favour. My inability to determine is a torment to me. I beg you will give me all the assistance you can by your advice, without neglecting, so far as you are able, to mind my affairs at Rome. I have nothing farther to write amidst this general consternation. I am impatient to hear from you.

EPISTLE XXII.

Cæsar is now master of all Italy. I know nothing of Pompey, but I believe his retreat will be cut off unless he has already embarked. How incredibly rapid have been the movements of Cæsar! How dilatory those of our friend! But I am averse to reflect upon the man whose condition grieves and torments me. You have

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some reason to apprehend a proscription and a massacre, not that these are necessary to forward the conquests or establish the power of Cæsar; but I can perceive by whose counsels he is directed.[1] Let us hope, however, for the best.

I am of opinion that I must abandon these towns. I am at a loss what to do. Do you act as shall appear best to you for my interest. You may talk with Philotimus, and my wife will be at Rome by the 13th. But how am I to proceed? Through what seas, through what lands am I to follow a man, without knowing where he is? By land how can I overtake him, and how can I reach him by sea? Shall I then surrender myself to Cæsar? Supposing, as many assure me, I could do it with safety, can I do it with honour? By no means. What then am I to resolve upon? I fly, as usual, to you for advice. My difficulties

[1] Our author's judgment of measures seems all along to have been much more just than his judgment of men. He reasons very accurately, and his conjectures are generally verified; but his characters are neither true nor consistent, as we have observed on various occasions. Nothing could be more distant from the truth than what he hints of Cæsar, who the least of all mankind was susceptible of any sanguinary influence, and in public matters always judged for himself. It is true, he sometimes made use of very bad men under him; but they were generally such as could do his business, nor did he ever suffer them to be guilty of any excesses, and even his favourite Antony sometimes severely felt the effects of his displeasure for his extravagance.

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ties are inextricable. But still I beg you will let me know whatever suggests to you, and what you are resolved upon yourself.

EPISTLE XXIII.

THE evening of the 9th of February, Philotimus informed me by a letter, that Domitius was at the head of a strong army, which had been joined by the battalions from Picenum, under the conduct of Lentulus and Thermus; that Cæsar was apprehensive his communication would be cut off, which was very practicable to be effected; that the patriot party at Rome had recovered their spirits, and that the rebels were, in a manner, thunderstruck. Though I am afraid this good news is little better than visionary; yet this letter from Philotimus has brought to life Manius Lepidus, Lucius Torquatus, and the tribune, Caius Cassius, who are with me at Formiæ. For my own part, I am afraid they are not so well founded as the accounts of our being almost surrounded by the enemy, and that Pompey is retiring from Italy. We have received the mortifying news that Cæsar is in pursuit of him. Cæsar in pursuit of Pompey!—What! To put him to death! And shall we not all join to hazard our lives in his defence? This reflection I know,

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I know, causes you likewise, to sigh. But what shall we do? We are vanquished and undone; in short we must, yield at discretion.

Meanwhile, upon the strength of Philotimus's letter, I have altered my resolution which I mentioned to you of sending the ladies back to Rome. I reflected that it would occasion a great deal of talk, as if, finding the ruin of our country to be unavoidable, I had sent off the women beforehand, by way of preparation for my own return to Rome. With regard to myself, I am of your opinion, not to hazard a wandering perilous flight, which could do no service to my country, and none to Pompey, for whom it would be my pride, as it is my duty, to die[1]. I will therefore remain, even though I should be forced to live.

You ask me what are we doing. I tell you that we have lost all Capua, that there is an end of our levies, that our affairs are desperate, and that we are all upon the point of flight, unless a junction of Pompey's troops, with those of Domitius, should take place. But in a day or two we shall come to a certainty as to these matters. I have sent you, at your request, a copy of Cæsar's letter; I have received many intimations from different hands, that he is extremely desirous of obliging me. I shall not decline his favours, provided they are not inconsistent with the patriot conduct I have hitherto observed.

[1] Orig. *Pro quo emori cum pie possum, tum libenter.*

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE XXIV.

It is true, my spirits were not much raised by the letter I received from Philotimus, but it gave great joy to every body else in the neighbourhood. But behold, next day, Cassius received a letter from his friend Lucretius at Capua, with an account that Nigidius had been sent to Capua by Domitius, and gave out that Vibillus, with a few soldiers was making the best of his way through Picenum to join Pompey; that Cæsar was at his heels, and that Domitius was not three thousand strong. He adds, that the consuls had abandoned Capua. I make no doubt that Pompey is flying, and I wish he may escape. I think with you that I ought not to join in his flight.

EPISTLE XXV.

Cephalio arrived here, and put into my hand a letter from you, which in your manner was written rather to comfort, than to fortify me, just after I had sent off to you the melancholy, but I am afraid too well grounded accounts sent by Lucretius from Capua to Cassius. It is the last thing

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thing in the world I should believe, that (as all of you write from Rome) Pompey is at the head of an army. The reports here are very different, and the reverse of what I wish. How afflicting is the thought that the man[1] who has always succeeded in the worst, should now fall into the best of causes. How shall we account for this, but that he was skilled in the low and easily acquired arts of cunning and dishonesty, but possessed not those great abilities which are necessary to steer aright the helm of government[2]. But in a little while I shall know the event; I will then lose no time in writing to you.

EPISTLE

[1] Meaning Pompey, to whom he pays no great compliment. The truth is, Pompey had not so narrow a genius as our author generally represents him. He was certainly formed by experience, if not by nature, to be a great man and no other Roman had so great an art in balancing parties as he had. His ambition reached no farther than being the first man in a well regulated commonwealth; and though his power was perhaps a little unconstitutional, yet he did not so much court it, as it was forced upon him by the necessity ot the times, nor did he ever flagrantly abuse it. Perhaps he sometimes contributed to that necessity; but notwithstanding that, our author's censure of him here is certainly too severe, if it implies that he was never concerned in any other than dirty practices.

[2] The original here is very perplexed. I read it *Nisi, illud eum scisse; neque enim erat difficile: hoc nescisse.* This sentiment, as I have translated it, is a very fine and a very true one. *Scire* here signifies that kind of knowledge which rises from experience and practice, and Pompey was a stranger to the arts of command during a civil war.

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EPISTLE XXVI.

I CANNOT say the same thing happens to me, as you imply happens to you in your expression "As oft as I have a gleam of hope." At present however, I cannot say, that the hope, which as you say, dawns on you, shines upon me. My spirits begin to rise in consequence of the letter which came from Rome concerning Domitius and the Picentine battalions. For these two days every one has put on a more cheerful aspect, and no longer thinks of flying as was intended. Cæsar's menacing[1] Manifesto is despised. In short, our reports concerning Domitius give us comfort, those concerning Afranius, courage.

I take it very kind that you, in so friendly a manner, advise me to declare myself, as little as possible, for either party. "But above all, add you, take care not to seem to be biassed in favour

[1] In the original here is inserted a line of Ennius, as is thought, translated from Euripides,

Si te secundo lumine hic offendero, Sub. *cras moriere.*

Euripides seems to have put it in the mouth of Creon, threatening to kill Medea, if he found her at Corinth two days longer. Here it expresses the effect which Cæsar's menaces produced on the minds of the public.

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vour of the rebels." It is possible that I may be thought to be so. I refused taking upon me any command in a civil war, while an accommodation was on foot. Not but such a war would have been warrantable; but I had smarted before for being concerned in a measure much more warrantable. The truth is, I was unwilling to have for my enemy, a man to whom the greatest man of our party offered a second consulate with a triumph, "for his most glorious actions," to make use of the offerer's own remarkable expression. I know the man, and I know my own reasons for fearing him, if there should be an accommodation; but if war should take place, I will do my duty to my country.

My wife has written to you concerning the twenty thousand serteces. I did not choose to trouble Dionysius while I thought I should be obliged to be in motion. As to what you write of his profound regard for me, I have returned no answer to it, because I was every day expecting to come to some fixed resolution. I am now of opinion that our boys will pass the winter at Formiæ; I know not whether I shall do the same, for in case of a war I am resolved to be with Pompey. I will take care to acquaint you with every thing I can depend upon. I am of opinion that a foul and bloody conflict will be the

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the event; unless indeed it be averted by a sudden inroad of the Parthians, which, as you must be aware, will either separate or reconcile the contending armies.

CICERO'S

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CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK VIII.

EPISTLE I.

AFTER sending off my letter to you, I received one from Pompey, upon the subject of what has been done in Picenum, (according to his intelligence from Vibullius) and the levies of Domitius, with which you are acquainted. His hopes were not however so sanguine in his letters, as those of Philotimus were in his. I should have sent you a copy of the [1] letter itself, were not my brother's slave

Orig. Ipsam tibi epistolam misissem. But he certainly means no more than a copy of Pompey's letter, since the hurry the slave was in, could be no reason, why he could not send him the original.

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slave in a hurry to depart; but I will send it to you to-morrow. Pompey, however, towards the close of his letter, writes thus with his own hand. "In my opinion you ought to come to Luceria; "you can be no where in greater safety." Now, from this expression, I conclude, that he gives up the towns, and the sea-coast here, for lost; nor am I at all surprised that the man, who has abandoned the head should likewise sacrifice the members, of the empire. I immediately sent him in answer an express by one of my attendants, that I gave myself no concern, where I could be with safety, and that if I could serve either him, or my country, I would instantly repair to Luceria; but I admonished him, if he expected supplies of provisions from the provinces, that he should secure the sea-coast. I perceive my advice is to no purpose; but as I then declared my opinion for his keeping possession of Rome, so I declare it now for his not leaving Italy. By all appearances, he intends to make Luceria the general rendezvous of his forces; not that he is resolved to make good that post, but that he may the more readily escape, if he should be pursued by Cæsar.

You are, therefore, to be the less surprised at my backwardness in embracing a party, which never paid the smallest regard to the means, either of negociation or conquest; but have ever kept their eye upon those of a shameful, ruinous retreat.

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retreat. But it seems I must follow; that I may take my chance, whatever it may be, with men of worth, rather than seem to abandon them. And yet, I can perceive, that the city, already filled with men of wealth and fashion, will be crowded when they leave these municipal towns. I should be of their number, were I not encumbered with my troublesome Lictors; for I never shall be ashamed of the company of Manius Lepidus, L. Volcatius, and Servius Sulpicius; for I believe every one of them to be as wise as Domitius, and as determined as Appius.

Pompey is the only person who influences me on this occasion, and that not upon the principle of regard but of gratitude. For what regard is owing to a man who, loved Cæsar, when all others dreaded him; and, when he began to dread him, thought that the rest of mankind ought to go to war with him. I will go, however, to Luceria, though, I believe, I shall be no very welcome guest there to Pompey; for never can I make it a secret, that I am extremely disgusted with the conduct of the party. Could I sleep, I would not harass you with such long letters: But should you be similarly disposed, I give you leave to pay me in the like coin.

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EPISTLE VIII.

THE reports you have written me, the matters, which you have heard, but have disbelieved, because they were incompatible with my attachments, your own sentiments upon what occurs are all welcome to me. My first letter to Cæsar was from Capua, and was an answer to that which he sent me concerning his gladiators. It was short but civil; and so far from reproaching, it highly commended, Pompey; for I could not write otherwise, consistently with my wish to effect an accommodation between them. If Cæsar has parted with a copy of mine, I wish it may become as public as possible. I wrote my next letter to him this very day; and I could not avoid doing it, as both he and Balbus had written to me. I have sent you a copy of mine, and I believe you will be displeased with nothing that is in it. If you are, point it out to me, that I may know how to avoid the like for the future. Perhaps you will tell me, I ought not to have written at all: but would that have stopt the mouth of calumny and caprice? Well, I will do all I can to please you.

You desire me to call to mind what I have done, what I have said, and likewise what I have written. This, I am sensible, is the effect of

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of your kind, your friendly concern; but it is plain, that your judgment is very different from my opinion of the conduct, which upon this occasion, it becomes me to pursue. For my own part, I know of no leader or general, in any country, who ever acted more disgracefully than our friend has done. Sorry I am, that in abandoning Rome, he abandoned his country, though to fall in our country, and for our country, is of all deaths the most glorious. You seem to me to be insensible of the danger and distresses of our situation. For, at present, you are even enjoying yourself at home. But believe me, you hold it only during the will and pleasure of the most profligate of mankind.—Is it possible to figure to ourselves scenes of greater distress, of greater wretchedness, than this, to see us, like vagabonds and beggars, wandering about with our wives and children; our hopes reduced to the precarious life of one man, who, year after year, is brought by sickness to the gates of death; ourselves, not driven, but deluded, out of our country, which we have abandoned, not that it might be preserved for our return, but that it may be plundered and burnt in our absence. Many of us have forsaken their seats, their gardens in the vicinity of Rome, and even Rome herself; and those, who have not already adopted this measure, will soon be compelled to do it. We are driven to Luceria, even from Capua, and

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and we are now likewise giving up the sea-coast. We are impatient for the arrival of Afranius and Petreius, for the credit of Labienus has fallen very low[1]. "Others, you will tell me, say the same of you, and for the same reason."

Of myself I shall say nothing; let others before they censure me, view the dangers of my situation. You keep at home, and all of you are good patriots. What boast at one time did you all make? But who of you now appears against this rebellion, for I can call it by no other name? Vibullius[2] has made a glorious campaign as you may learn by the letter from Pompey. I will mark the passages most worthy of your observation. You will there see what the sentiments of Vibullius himself are concerning our friend Pompey.

And what means this declamation? I tell you, my friend, I could die with pleasure for Pompey, nor is there a man in the world whom I more regard. But, at the same time, I cannot be

[1] It is no new thing in history, to find a man of great use and authority in one party, of very little importance when he has left it. This happened to be the case of Labienus, and our author very finely applies his case to his own. I cannot here help, once for all, observing, that notwithstanding all the fine things Cicero says, at this critical juncture upon patriotism, public spirit, and the like, he is very much shaken by his own danger, and Cæsar's civilities.

[2] This is an irony. He was sent by Pompey to repossess Picenum, but found it wholly in Cæsar's hands.

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be brought to think, that the salvation of my country depends solely upon his person. You write me, (somewhat inconsistently with your former sentiments,) that if he would leave Italy, I ought to do the same. This is a step that could do no service to my country; it might be of prejudice to my children, and above all it is dishonourable in itself. *But will you then be able to look upon an usurper?* I answer, there is little difference between looking upon his person and hearing his actions. In proof of this I refer you to the example of Socrates, who never abandoned the city, though the government of his country was usurped by thirty tyrants. I have likewise another weighty reason[1] for not leaving Italy, and I wish I had an opportunity to impart it to you in person.

I write this letter by the same lamp at which I burnt yours on the 17th of February, being about to set out from Formiæ to Pompey, Should there be a treaty, I shall have a principal hand in it. But if there should be war, I know not what will be my fate.

EPISTLE

[1] This probably was on account of his wife's bad management of his private affairs, which he very much complained of.

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EPISTLE III.

HARASSED as I am with various distresses, I fly to your advice by writing, because I cannot consult you in person. The whole point is this. I suspect Pompey is to leave Italy, and if he should, what would you counsel me to do? That I may assist you in the opinion you shall form, I will lay before you, in a few words, the arguments on both sides, that suggested themselves in my own mind.

Pompey's services to me in my distress, and his friendship to me since, have been very great; his cause is that of my country, so that I ought to embrace his party, and to follow his fortune. Besides, should he leave Italy without me, I must then abandon the company of our best and most illustrious citizens, and become subject to one man. This man indeed gives me many intimations of his friendship, which you know I had made the proper dispositions beforehand to secure, forseeing the storm that was to happen. Now, upon the whole, we are to consider how far Cæsar is to be trusted in his professions; and, supposing them to be sincere, whether it is consistent with the character of a brave man and a worthy patriot, to live in a city dependent on the will of another, after having, in that very city,

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been vested with the highest honours and commands, managed her most important concerns, and borne the most illustrious of all offices, that of the priesthood. Must not he, in that case, expose himself to danger, perhaps to infamy, should Pompey again recover his importance in the government? So much on the one side, now for the other.

Our friend Pompey's conduct has hitherto been in all respects, imprudent, cowardly, and, let me add, the reverse of my public opinion and private advice. I shall not here touch upon his former misconduct in patronizing, strengthening, and arming Cæsar, against the government of his country, in moving for passing laws by force, and against the auspices; in joining the Transalpine Gaul to Cæsar's government, and taking Cæsar's daughter in marriage; in acting as augur upon the adoption of Publius Clodius; in being more zealous to repeal, than to prevent the sentence of my banishment; in continuing the term of his government; in assisting him in all his measures, during his absence; and the struggle he made, even in his third consulship, when he had begun to espouse the cause of the constitution, that the ten tribunes should bring in a resolution to dispense with Cæsar's standing for the consulship in his absence (which resolution he afterwards strengthened by a proviso of his own,) and lastly, in opposing, on the 1st of March, the consul

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consul Marcus Marcellus, who moved that the time of Cæsar's government should be limited.

But not to insist upon these matters, could any thing be more scandalous, more precipitate, than his last retreat, or rather, his cowardly flight from Rome. What terms of accommodation would not have been more eligible than the abandoning of his country? The terms were disgraceful, I grant you, but not so disgraceful as such cowardice. "But, say you, he may yet recover the constitution." Let me ask you, when? What steps has he taken for that purpose? Has he not lost all Picenum? Has he not thereby cleared the way for Cæsar to Rome? Has he not delivered over to our enemy both the public and private properties of the people? In short, Rome has now no party, no force; she has no place where her friends, who are willing to defend her, can dare to assemble. As to Apulia, which is now their rendezvous, it is the worst provided part of all Italy, and at the greatest distance from the burden and pressure of the war; and our desperate conduct makes it evident, that our main view is to fly, and to have an opportunity of escaping by sea.

It was with reluctance I undertook that commission to Capua, not because I was desirous to decline it, but because it was to no purpose. But I could see no declared, sincere, concern for their country, in any of our public bodies, nor, in

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in reality, amongst private persons. Our patriots had, indeed, some heavy, sluggish apprehensions as usual, and as I had foreseen, while the fickle populace discovered a manifest bias to Cæsar, and most of them were fond of a revolution. I have declared to Pompey himself, that I would undertake nothing without troops and money. I therefore, did not interfere, because I saw from the very beginning, that his sole intention was to secure his escape. Now, should I be willing to follow him in his flight, how can I do it? I cannot go along with Pompey; for, when I set out to join him, I understood, that Cæsar was in those quarters, so that I could not come with any safety to Luceria. I must undertake a voyage in the dead of winter, upon the Tuscan sea, without knowing how to steer my course. Should I, think you, take my brother along with me, or leave him behind me? Shall I carry my son; if not, where can I leave him? Both are attended with the greatest difficulty, and occasion me much anxiety. Meanwhile, in my absence, how will Cæsar vent his fury on all that belongs to me with more bitterness than upon others, because, he may, perhaps, think he will please the populace by oppressing me!

Let us now consider, how inconvenient it is for me to carry out of Italy these fetters, I mean, my triumphal badges. What place of safety can I find, even supposing my voyage to be favourable, until

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until I join with Pompey? But how, or where I am to do that, I know not. Now, supposing I should remain here, and that I should be at liberty in Italy, my condition will then be the same as was that of Philip, of Lucius Flaccus, and Quintius Mucius, under the tyranny of Cinna, however fatally it ended for the latter. But, foreseeing what happened, he said, that he preferred death rather than to march with arms against the walls of his country. The conduct of Thrasybulus was different, and perhaps, more virtuous. But Mucius acted, as well as Thrasibulus, upon a rational determined principle; and it may be as necessary to comply with the times, as not to lose an opportunity when it presents.

But supposing me to comply, there occurs the following inconveniency from my badges. I shall suppose, but only for arguments sake, that Cæsar will be my friend; if so, he will offer me a triumph. In that case, I must expose myself either to danger from him, or to resentment from our patriots. You must allow me, that this is a painful and inextricable situation, and yet I must determine upon some measure. But upon what? You are not, however, to imagine, that my inclination leads me to stay in Italy, because I have said so much in defence of that measure. In debates of this kind, it very often happens, that where the most words are employed, there is, on that

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that side, the least justice. I would therefore, ask your advice from a most disinterested dispassionate view, upon this important head. I have a vessel, in readiness, both at Cajetæ, and at Brundusium.

But while I am writing this at Calenum, a courier arrives with letters, that Cæsar is marching towards Corfinium, where Domitius is with a strong army, which is eager to be in action. I cannot imagine that our general would leave Domitius behind him, though he has sent Scipio on before him to Brundusium, with two battalions, and though he has sent his orders in writing to the two consuls, that one of them should go over to Sicily at the head of the legion raised by Faustus. But after all, it would be dishonourable to abandon Domitius, who calls upon him for assistance and relief. I have some faint hopes, though others are positive, that there has been an engagement on the Pirenæans, between Afranius and Trebonius, to the disadvantage of the latter, and that even your friend Fabius has come over to us with his battalions; but above all, that Afranius is advancing hither with a strong reinforcement. If those accounts should be true, we may perhaps still remain in Italy.

For my own part, as it was uncertain whether Cæsar would take the rout of Capua, or of Luceria, I have sent Lepta with a letter to Pompey, and for fear of falling into the enemy's hands, I

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am returned to Formiæ. I think it proper to send you this intelligence, which I write with a heart more at ease than it was, when I began this letter, yet without obtruding upon you my own judgment, but inviting yours.

EPISTLE IV.

DIONYSIUS, who is rather your friend than mine, is a man whose dispositions, though I was sufficiently acquainted with him, yet I was willing to be guided by your judgment, rather than my own; this man, I say, without fearing to contradict the high character you had often bestowed upon him to me, has looked down with contempt upon the state to which he thought I was fallen. I will, however, apply all the means that fall within human foresight, to direct the movements of my fortune by the conduct of reason. Was there a mark of honour, or regard, that I omitted towards that despicable man? This I did to such a degree, that I chose my brother Quintius, and my numerous acquaintance, should call my judgment of mankind in question, rather than suffer him to pass without my distinguishing approbation; and I preferred to assist him in teaching my son and my nephew, rather than procure them any other tutor. Good God! What letters did

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did I send him; how full of respect and affection! Indeed, had you read them, you would have thought I was inviting a Dicæarchus, or an Aristoxenus, and not a man, of all others, the most talkative, and the least fit to be a tutor. He has, however, a good memory, but he shall say that I have a better. Yet, he answered those letters in a strain that I would not have made use of towards any man, whose cause I had refused to undertake. For my excuse in such cases, always was, "If I can; if I am not prevented by some other indispensable business." Never in my life did I give so peremptory a denial to a person undergoing prosecution, however mean, however despicable, however guilty, however inimical, as he gave to me; for he gave me without the smallest ceremony, a flat denial. Never did I know a man guilty of so much ingratitude, a vice which implies all other vices. But I have said too much about him.

I have a ship in readiness. I am, however, impatient for your letters in answer to my doubts and difficulties. I hear, that Atticus of Peligni, opened the gates of Sulmo, though he had five battalions in the place, to Antony. You know, that Quintus Lucretius is fled from this place; that Pompey is marching to Brundusium after abandoning us. Our hopes are at an end.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE V.

My last letter was written before daybreak, upon the 22d, and in the evening of the same day. Dionysius, induced I suppose, by his respect for you, for I can put no other construction upon it, paid me a visit. Although he usually repents of any unadvised step he makes, he never in his life acted more consistently than he has done upon this occasion. For, I heard since I wrote to you, that he had not gone three miles, before he goaded[1] me, like a mad bull, with reproaches, which must all return upon himself.—But (see how forgiving I am) I had put into your packet a letter for him, which I desire you will send back to me, and I dispatch Pollux, one of my footmen, for that express purpose. I write you this letter at the same time, to beg you will send it back to my hand, if you have received it, without suffering it to be delivered to Dionysius. Had there been any thing new, I would have written it. I am anxious about the event of the Corfinian business, which will be critical to our country

[1] *Orig.* Ριψαι πολλα ματην κερασσιν εις περα θυμηναντα. Who the author of this verse is, remains uncertain. Literally rendered, it runs thus: *Furious he vainly tosses the dust with his horns in the air.*—E.

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country. I beg you will take care that the packet directed to Manius Curius, may be duly delivered; and that you will recommend Tyro to him, requesting in my name to supply him with what money he may require for his charges.

EPISTLE VI.

As I was making up my last packet, which I finished in the evening, and which I was to send off, as I did, before daybreak, the prætor Caius Sosius, came to our neighbour Lepidus, to whom he had been questor at Formiæ, with the following copy of a letter from Pompey to one of the consuls.

"I received a letter from L. Domitius on the "17th of February, of which I enclose you a "copy. Now, though I had not written to you, "I know you are sensible, how important it is "for our country, that as soon as possible, there should be a general muster, at one place, of all "our forces. Therefore, if you please, you will "make all possible dispatch to join me, and "leave at Capua, such a garrison as you shall "judge sufficient."

He then annexes a copy of a letter from Domitius, which I sent you two days ago. Immortal gods! how my blood runs cold with anxiety for

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for the event! I feel, however, a great confidence in the mighty name of our great general, and in the terror which his approach will strike into the enemy. I am even glad, as I have suffered nothing from his measures, that I have not altered mine.

I just now learn that your ague has left you; I feel most assuredly in your recovery, the same lively pleasure, which I should have experienced in my own. Tell Pilia from me, that it is improper for her to preserve her complaint any longer, and unsuitable to the sympathy that subsists between you. I understand that my secretary Tyro is also recovered. But, I perceive he has borrowed money from others, and not from Curius, on whom I gave him credit for what he should want. I hope this is owing to the modesty of Tyro, and not to the unkindness of Curius.

EPISTLE VII.

THERE remains but one measure to complete the sum of Pompey's disgrace, I mean, his not succouring Domitius. I am, it is true, almost single in thinking that he will not. Will Pompey,

[1] This with the following passages are miserably defaced in the original, and I have translated it from conjecture only.

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pey, then, when he is at the head of thirty battalions, abandon such a Roman, and the noblemen, who, you know, serve under him? If I am not entirely mistaken he will. His consternation is incredible, and he thinks of nothing but flying.

I know you think, that I ought to attend him. Alas! I know the man I ought to fly; but not the man I ought to follow. You mention with applause a saying of mine, which you think ought to be recorded, that I would rather choose to be vanquished with Pompey, than to conquer with Cæsar. I am still of the same mind. But it was with Pompey, such as he then was, and such as I took him to be, but not with this Pompey, who fled before he knew where, or whom, he was flying; who betrayed our interests, who has abandoned our country, and is now about to abandon Italy. If that was my choice, I have had it, for I am already vanquished. In short, I cannot bear to see things I never apprehended, nor, indeed, can I behold with patience, the man by whose means I am robbed, not only of the comforts of life, but of myself.

I have written to Philotimus, concerning my travelling charges, that he should receive the money for them, either at the mint, or from your guests, the Oppii, for there is no getting money where it is owing. I shall afterwards lay before you whatever may be proper for you to know.

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EPISTLE IX.

DISGRACEFUL, and therefore miserable, measure! for I am of opinion, that what is disgraceful is the last, nay the only, character of misery. —He[1] augmented the power of Cæsar; of a sudden, he begins to fear him; he discourages all advances for an accommodation; he neglects all preparation for war; he abandons the city; his misconduct loses Picenum; he pins himself up in Apulia, he prepares to withdraw into Greece; he abandons us without even taking his leave of us, or giving us any intimation of such important, such unusual measures. Behold a letter is unexpectedly delivered him from Domitius, and another from him to the consuls. You would then have thought him impressed with all that was honourable, and he appeared to exclaim in a language becoming his character, "Let my "enemies assail me with all their strength and "all their machinations; honour is on my side, "and I will abide by the event[2]." Of these honourable

[1] Meaning Pompey.

[2] *Orig.* Πρὸς ταῦθ' ὅ, τι χρὴ κ' παλαμασθων,
Και παντ' επ εμοι τεκταινεσθων.
Τα γαρ εν μετ' εμου.

These verses, with little variation, are taken from Aristophanes.

nourable sentiments notwithstanding, he soon takes his leave, and marches for Brundusium. We are informed, that when Domitius, and those under his command, heard of this step, they surrendered themselves. A catastrophe so deplorable, that my sorrow interrupts my writing.—I expect to hear from you.

EPISTLE IX.

I AM by no means uneasy at the information you give me, that my letter[1] has been made public. I myself parted with a great many copies of it. Past events, and our impending situation, make me desirous to bear my public testimony for the terms on which I wish an accommodation.

While I was doing all I could to bring a man, and a man too of Cæsar's character, into the same sentiments, could I take a more ready way to influence him than by insisting upon it, that what I proposed was a measure the most becoming his wisdom? Granting I might give it the epithet of "Admirable," it must be considered

[1] Meaning his letter to Cæsar, which the reader will find after the eleventh letter of the ninth book. I have not altered the usual arrangement of these letters, but this one is evidently misplaced, and in a regular order it ought to have been preceded by our author's letter to Cæsar here referred to.

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sidered, that I was speaking to serve my country; in such a cause I can disregard the reproach of servility; in such a cause, with pride could I throw myself at the feet of Cæsar. As to the expression, "Allow me some time;" that is not applicable to the accommodation, but to my own person, to induce him to have some regard to what becomes my character. As to my assuring him that I was against all violent measures; besides the notoriety of the thing, it was proper for me to write in that manner, that my private sentiments might have the greater weight with him; and for the same purpose I added, that I thought he had the better cause. But to what purpose is all this? I wish to heaven that the letter had taken effect.

I even consent that this letter should be read before an assembly of the people, since Pompey himself, in one of his letters to Cæsar, which he published, characterized his achievements as the most glorious that ever were performed; more glorious than those of Pompey himself, than those of Scipio Africanus. This was but using a language, which the exigencies of the time required. Even your friend and you, firm patriots as you are, proposed to meet Cæsar five miles out of town. From whence then is Cæsar coming? What is he doing? What is he about to do? What spirit, what resolution will it give him in pursuing his designs, when he shall see you,

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you, and others of your high quality, crouding to welcome his approach, with joy, not only upon your tongues, but in your countenances? Am I then in the wrong? I do not say that you are[1]. But the truth is, every criterion is now confounded, by which it is possible to distinguish what is sincere from what is disguised. Nay, let me appeal to the resolutions of the senate. But this is going farther than I intended. The last of this month I design to be at Arpinum, and then I will saunter round my little villas, with a design to bid them an eternal adieu.

I approve greatly of your measures, which are at once generous[2] and prudent, considering the times. As to Lepidus, who takes it very kind of me, that I generally spent the day with him, he was always against our leaving Italy, and Tullus was much more so. For the letters which Lepidus addresses to others, are often shewn to me; but I pay no regard to their sentiments. They have made to the republic fewer sacrifices than

[1] I have translated this somewhat different from Monsieur Mongault, as I think my construction is more natural, there being no occasion for introducing an apostrophe, rising either from the words or the sense.

[2] This probably was the beginning of another letter, and ought to have the precedence of what is before, as it seems to have been written at that time, when both Pompey and Cæsar were on their march to Brundusium, and the preceding part not till after Cæsar's return from thence.

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than I have. But your advice, has, indeed, made a strong impresssion upon me, as it presents me with the means of retrieving all that is past, and improving all that is present.

But think, my friend, what can be more wretched, than for one leader to acquire applause in the vilest, while the other incurs reproaches in the best, of causes; for the one to be esteemed as the preserver of his enemies, the other as a deserter from his friends. Though Pompey shall ever receive from me the tribute of sincere affection, as justly due to him, yet I will acknowledge, that his desertion of his illustrious friends, has, with me, forfeited every claim to praise. What could be more scandalous, if he was afraid, or what more cruel, if he believed, as many think he did, that their blood would prove the strongest cement to his interest? But no more of this subject, reflection upon it gives me pain.

On the evening of the 24th, the younger Balbus called on me in his way to Lentulus the consul, to whom he brought secret dispatches from Cæsar, by the cross road to me, with great haste, and with the promise of a province, if he would return to Rome; but all, I believe, will be to no purpose, without a meeting on both sides. Balbus told me, at the same time, that Cæsar wished for nothing more than to overtake Pompey, and to regain his friendship. The former I readily believe, but cannot help discrediting the latter; and

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and I am afraid, that he has shown all this clemency to make the dreadful blow the more secure. It is true, the elder Balbus writes to me, that Cæsar's highest ambition is to give Pompey the preeminence, and to live with him in peace. You may, perhaps, believe this.

Pompey might have left Brundusium by the date of this letter, which is the 25th of February, for he had marched with great expedition, having left his legions at Luceria. This man is a frightful prodigy of vigilance, dispatch, and application. Where all this will end, I am utterly ignorant.

EPISTLE X.

When contrary to my expectation, Dionysius came to wait upon me, I gave him my sentiments with great freedom. I laid before him the necessity of the times, entreating him to tell me what he had resolved upon; and told him, that I desired nothing of him against his inclination. His answer was, that he was quite a stranger to the state of his own affairs; that some people did not pay him, and that the notes of others to him were not yet due; and he spoke somewhat concerning some slaves he has, as a reason why he could not attend me. I acknowledged the justice

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tice of these reasons; and parted with him, not with pleasure, as he is the tutor of our boys, but not with reluctance, as he is an ungrateful man. I was willing you should know my opinion of his behaviour.

EPISTLE XI.

You imagine that my mind is much agitated. I am, indeed, distressed, but not so much as you may suppose. There is an end of care, when our resolution is fixed, or when our concern is unavailing. We have still freedom enough to lament, and lamentation consumes all my days, and that without effect, to the reproach, I am afraid, of my studies and learning. I therefore, waste the time in dwelling upon the idea of that man, whom you allow, I have drawn so happily in my writings. Are you quite master of the character of that patriot, in whom should be vested the highest powers of the state? For if I remember right, Scipio thus speaks in the 5th book, "As "a happy voyage is the purpose of the pilot, "health of the physician, and victory of the ge- "neral, so the purpose of a chief magistrate "ought to be the happiness of his countrymen, "that their power may be well founded, their "interests

"interests extensive, their renown noble, and "their courage virtuous. Such is the office, "the best, the most glorious of all human offices, that I allot for my patriot prince.

Never did our friend Pompey, and on this occasion less than ever, think upon this character. Both are rivals in power, but not for making this a flourishing and virtuous government. Pompey did not abandon Rome, because it was untenable, nor Italy, because he was driven out of it; but his original design was, to move earth and sea, to rouse barbarous monarchs, to introduce the troops of savage nations into Italy, and to levy numerous armies. He wishes to renew the tyranny of Sylla, and in this wish many concur with him. Do you imagine, that these two rivals can come to no accommodation? That they can enter upon no agreement? They may, but now or never is the time; though neither of them has our happiness ultimately in view, for that is inconsistent with the interests of both. Thus I comply with your desire in giving my opinion on the afflicted state of the republic. And this, I deliver, my friend, not like the prophecy of Cassandra, when none believed, but as probabilities, which, though calamitous, are likely to be realized. A ruin hangs over us equal to the destruction of Troy; and another Iliad will be requisite to describe

scribe it[1]. They who are gone beyond sea, are, I assure you, in a much better situation than we who stay behind. They have only Cæsar to dread, but we both Cæsar and Pompey. Then, you will say, why did not you follow them? I have three answers to this; compliance with your advice, my not meeting with Pompey, and the rectitude of the measure. I tell you again, that by next summer, you will see the bosom of our wretched country trampled under feet, you will see it sinking under the oppression of the vilest slaves. No, I do not so much apprehend a proscription, with which we were so often threatened at Luceria[2] as an universal massacre. So great, I foresee, will be the conflict of the contending parties. This is my opinion. You, I suppose, imagined I should send you some comfort. No, that is all over; our situation is wretched, desperate, and shameful beyond description.

You

[1] It is not practicable to give a tolerable translation of the original in this place without deviating considerably from the letter of it. I subjoin the author's own words, of which the above version only exhibits the general spirit. Προφητεύω, igitur, noster Attice, non ariolans, ut illa cui nemo credidit, sed conjectura prospiciens, *Jamque mari magno.* Non multo inquam, secus possum vaticinari: tanta malorum impendet. Mant.—E.

[2] Pompey often declared that he would consider all the Romans who did not join him, as so many traitors to their country, and Cæsar, that he would consider all who remained neutral, as friends to himself.

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You ask me concerning the contents of Cæsar's letters to me. The purport of them is the same with what he has often repeated. He expresses his satisfaction that I take no active part with Pompey, and begs me to continue in the same disposition. The commission given to Balbus was much to the same purpose, but his chief errand was to carry Cæsar's letters to the consul Lentulus, with mighty promises, if he would return to Rome. I calculate, however, that Lentulus must have set sail before Balbus could reach him.

I think it proper you should be acquainted with two cold letters, which Pompey wrote to me, and the very particular manner in which I wrote to him. I therefore enclose you copies of the whole correspondence. I am impatient to know the consequences of Cæsar's hasty march through Apulia, towards Brundusium, and wish it may terminate, like the inroads of the Parthians, in a repulse. I will write to you, as soon as I know any thing for certain. I desire you will let me know the sentiments of our patriots, who are said to swarm at Rome. I know that you do not appear in public, yet for all that, you must have a great deal of intelligence. Now that I think of it, you have received a treatise from Demetrius Magnes, concerning public unanimity. I know it was sent to you, and I beg you will let me have it.

You

You understand what is the subject of my present studies.

THE LETTERS ENCLOSED FROM CICERO TO ATTICUS, ARE AS FOLLOW.

Cnæus the Great, Proconsul to Marcus Cicero, Commander in Chief.

On the 29th of January, I learned from Quintius Fabius, who came to me, that Lucius Domitius was marching to join me with eleven cohorts of his own, and fourteen cohorts, which were brought him by Vibullius; that he intended to march from Corfinium on the 14th of February, and that he was to be followed by five cohorts under Caius Hirrus. My opinion is, that you should meet me at Lucetia; for there, I think, you will be in the greatest safety.

Marcus Cicero, Commander in Chief, to Cnæus the Great, Proconsul.

On the 15th of February I received your letter at Formiæ, by which I learned that what had happened in Picenum, was much more to our advantage, than what we were made to believe, and it is with pleasure that I give you joy of the courage and conduct of Vibullius.

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Hitherto, I have always had a ship in readiness upon the coast where I command. I thought this precaution necessary, because, by what I heard, and what I feared, it was proper to follow you in whatever course you determined to pursue. At present, as your authority and wisdom have inspired me with fuller confidence, I will remain where I am, if you think Terracina and its coast can be defended; but the towns at present are without garrisons. For there is in the neighbourhood, none of our order besides Marcus Eppius, whom I had stationed at Minturnæ, a vigilant active person. For Lucius Torquatus, a brave and a wise man, is not now with us at Formiæ. He has, I suppose, joined you.

I actually came to Capua that very day you wished for, I mean that on which you left Teanum Sidicinum[2], for you had a strong desire that I should take upon me the management of affairs there, with the propretor Marcus Considius[3]. When I came thither I saw that Titus Ampius was active in recruiting, and that Libo received from him his new levies, and was at great pains to serve

[1] He was probably the same senator whom Cæsar pardoned, after his victory over Scipio in Africa.

[2] This town lay in Campania, and is called to this day, Teano.

[3] He was named to succeed Cæsar in his government of the Cisalpine Gauls.

serve him with all the interest he had in that colony. I remained at Capua as long as the consuls did, and by their orders, I returned to Capua on the 5th of February, where I staid for three days, before I returned to Formiæ.

I am ignorant of the measures which you have determined, and of the manner in which you intend to conduct the war. If you think this coast tenable, as I believe it to be, as it is both convenient and honourable, and contains many illustrious Romans, some person must necessarily be appointed to command it. But if all our forces are to be collected into one point, I will join you, without farther delay, with the greatest pleasure; and, I think, I told you so much the day on which we left Rome together. Should any imagine me too tardy on this occasion, it would give me no concern so long as you are not of that opinion. Meanwhile, if, as I expect, war will be unavoidable, I hope to give you and all others full satisfaction. I have employed Marcus Tullius[1], who lives with me, to be the bearer of this, and, if you please, you may return by him your answer to me.

Cnæus

[1] He was so active an enemy to Cæsar, that he was called the trumpeter of the civil war notwithstanding which, Cæsar generously pardoned him.

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Cnæus the Great, Proconsul to Cicero Commander in Chief.

YOUR letter gave me pleasure, and I hope that this will find you in good health; for I perceive you still retain your former virtue, even at this juncture so critical to our country. The consuls have repaired to the army, which I had in Apulia. I conjure you in the most earnest manner, by your constant, your matchless, zeal for our country, to repair to me, that, by our joint counsels, we may administer some relief, and assistance to our languishing government. My advice is, that you come by the Appian road, and make what speed you can to Brundusium.

Marcus Cicero, Commander in Chief, to Cnæus the Great, Proconsul.

WHEN I dispatched that letter, which you received at Canusium [1]; I had no suspicion, that the public service was to carry you beyond sea; and I was in great hopes that Italy was the most proper country, either for effecting an accommodation, which, in my opinion was the most desirable

[1] This town lay upon the confines of Apulia.

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ble measure, or for defending our country with the greatest glory. Meanwhile, before you could have received my letter, perceiving from the order which you charge Decius Lælius[1], to communicate to the consuls, what your resolution was, I did not think proper to wait for your answer, and I instantly set out with my brother Quintus, and the children to meet you in Apulia. When I came to Teanum Sidicinum, I understood from your friend Caius Messius[2], and many others, that Cæsar was marching towards Capua, and that he would lay that very night at Esernia[3]. This, I own, disconcerted me a good deal, foreseeing, if this intelligence were true, that my journey not only must be stopt, but that I must fall into his hands should I advance farther. I therefore went to Calvi to reside there, till I could learn some certainty from Esernia, concerning his motions.

While I remained at Calvi, I saw a copy of the letter you wrote to the Consul Lentulus. I thereby learned that you received a letter (a copy of which you subjoined) from Lucius Domitius, dated the 17th of February, and you wrote that it was of the utmost public importance, that all your troops should rendezvous, as soon as possible,

[1] He afterwards commanded a fleet upon the coast of Asia.

[2] He is mentioned, vol. i. p. 274.

[3] This town lay in the country of the Samnites, near the source of the river Volturno.

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sible, at one place; leaving a sufficient garrison at Capua. On reading those letters I fell in with the general opinion, that you were to march to Corfinium with all your forces; to which place I thought I could not safely repair, as Cæsar was encamped before that town.

While we were greatly at a loss how to proceed, we heard at once, and at the same time, both what had happened at Corfinium, and of your marching to Brundusium, and when both I and my brother were resolved to go to Brundusium, we were cautioned by those who came from Samnium and Apulia, to take care lest we should be intercepted by Cæsar, who was upon his march for the very same places to which we were bound, and who would reach them much sooner than we possibly could. Matters being thus situated, neither I, nor my brother, nor any of our friends chose, through rashness, to endanger either ourselves or the public cause, especially as we knew, for certain, that, supposing the road to be quite open, we could not come up with you. Meanwhile we received your letter from Canusium, dated the 20th of February, requiring me to make the best of my way to Brundusium. As I did not receive this letter till the 27th, we concluded that you were before that time at Brundusium, and consequently that our communication with that place, was entirely cut off, and that we were as much prisoners as they who went to Corfinium; for we did not think that a

state of captivity is confined to the condition of those who are actually in the hands of armed enemies, but that it extends to those who are in the heart of a country, surrounded by the garrisons and the posts of an enemy, and thereby prevented from the possibility of escape.

This being our case, my chief wish was, that I had always been in your company. A wish which I intimated to you when I declined the command of Capua, which I did not to avoid trouble, but because I was sensible that that city was not tenable without an army. Now I was unwilling to undergo the fate, which I am sorry has happened to some of our bravest countrymen. However, as I had not the good fortune to be with you, I wish I had known your resolution. For I could have no manner of suspicion, and it would have been the last thing I could have thought of, that the cause of our country could not have been maintained in Italy under your command. In this I do not reproach your conduct, but I bewail the fate of our government; neither do I think your conduct to be the less admirably wise, because I am unacquainted with it motives.

I have always been of opinion, and I believe you may remember it, that we ought first to have attempted an accommodation, even on disadvantageous terms; and next to use all means for the security of the city. Of your intention to withdraw

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into Italy you never gave me the least intimation. But as I was not vain enough to think that my opinion ought to have prevailed, I followed yours, and that not for the sake of our country, of which I despaired, which now lies in ruins, and which cannot be raised again without a most destructive civil war. But I was attached to you; I desired to be with you, nor shall I omit any opportunity, if any presents, for that purpose.

During this emergency, I obviously perceived that I gave great offence to men who delight in blood. For my open profession, and first wish was peace, not but that I apprehended the same consequences from it, as they did, but still I thought that those were preferable to a civil war. After this, when hostilities commenced, and when you had answered punctually and honourably the terms of accommodation that were offered to you, I took a review of my own conduct, which, honoured as I was by your partiality for me, I thought I could easily justify to you; I recollected that I was the only person whose signal services to our country, had exposed him to a melancholy and cruel punishment; that I was the only person who must again be exposed to the like conflicts, should I exasperate the man to whom, even when we were in arms against him, a second consulship and the most glorious triumph were offered. Thus the profligate citizens appear to have always hoped to

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to find in me a commodious subject of the popular fury.

No sooner did I apprehend this danger than it was openly announced to me; nor was I so fearful of encountering these difficulties, if encounter them I must, as I was anxious to avoid them, if I could avoid them with honour.

You now see the plan of my conduct during our short prospect of peace. Since then our situation has put it out of my power to engage in active service. To those whom I disgust, I have a ready answer, that I never was a greater friend to Caius Cæsar than they are, nor are they better friends to their country than I am. The difference between them and me is, that as they are sincere patriots, and as I have some pretensions to that character, I was for embracing the terms to which I understood you inclined, but they chose to appeal to the sword. As their sentiments have prevailed, believe me, my conduct shall be such, that my heart shall never be wanting to my country as a patriot, nor to you as a friend.

EPISTLE XII.

The humour in my eyes incommodes me now more than ever. Yet I chose to dictate this letter, rather than not entrust our very good friend Gallius

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Gallius Fabius with a letter for you. It is true, I wrote, the day before, in the best manner I could, the prophetic letter which I earnestly wish may not be verified. But I write this letter, not only because I am resolved not to omit a day without writing to you, but for a much better reason, that I may prevail with you to take a few moments, (and I know it will not cost you more) for laying before me your undisguised sentiments, so that I may fully understand your plan of conduct.

I am as yet under no engagements to either party. I have hitherto taken no steps but what are, not only plausible, but prudent. I cannot surely be blamed for declining the command of Capua in its defenceless condition, because I wished to avoid not only the tardiness of the new forces, but the suspicion of treachery. Neither was I to be blamed, after an accommodation was proposed by L. Cæsar and Fabatus, for not exasperating the man, to whom, after the commencement of mutual hostilities, Pompey offered the the consulship and a triumph. Nor is even the last part of my conduct in not abandoning my country justly reprehensible. For though it was a measure that required consideration, yet it was out of my power to pursue it. I could not have supposed that Pompey designed to pass the sea, especially as by his own letters, you, as well as I, made no doubt of his marching to relieve Domitius.

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mitius. Upon the whole, I frankly own, that I wanted farther time for considering the conduct that was most honourable in itself, and most prudent in me, to follow.

In the first place then, though you have slightly given me your sentiments, yet I require them more fully upon these matters. In the next place, I desire that you would look a little forward, and form to yourself some idea of what is most becoming for me to do; where or how I can do most service to my country; whether the pacific disposition of a mediator may still be availing, or whether all hopes rest only in the abilities of a warrior. For my own part, my duty is my only standard of conduct; but yet well do I remember your counsels, and had I followed them I should have escaped the embarrassment of these times. I remember, and I remember often with anguish of spirit for neglecting the advices you gave me by Theophanes and Culeo. Well then, let us turn back to the pages we then overlooked, let us adopt salutary as well as honourable measures. But I leave you to your own thoughts, which I desire you to write me very particularly.

I beg likewise that you will inform yourself, and I know you have the proper agents, what my friend Lentulus, what Domitius are doing, or about to do; whether they blame, whether they are angry, and reproach a certain person; —I mean,

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mean, whether they reproach Pompey, who lays the whole blame of the miscarriage upon Domitius, as you may perceive by his letters of which I send you copies: These are the particulars I recommend to your care; send me the treatise of Demetrius Magnes upon unanimity, of which he made a present to you.

Cnæus the Great, Proconsul, to M. Marcellus and Lucius Lentulus, Consuls, wisheth Prosperity.

BEING persuaded, that while we remained scattered, we could neither serve our country nor defend ourselves, I wrote to L. Domitius, that he should make all haste to join me with his whole force; and if he had any apprehensions with regard to himself, that he should send me the nineteen cohorts, which were upon their march, to join me from Picenum. It happened, as I dreaded, that Domitius was surrounded, without having with him forces sufficient for a regular encampment; my nineteen cohorts, and his own twelve, being quartered in three different towns, for he had quartered some of them at Alba, and some at Sulmo; nor, indeed, could he escape should he attempt it. This event you may easily imagine fills me with the greatest alarm. At the same time, that I earnestly desire

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desire to deliver so many illustrious Romans from the danger of being besieged, it is impossible for me to relieve them; because I judge it unsafe to march the two legions I command here into those quarters; and of these two legions, I can bring together no more than fourteen cohorts, having thrown a garrison into Brundusium, and taken care of Canusium, which I did not think proper to leave without a sufficient force to defend it.

As I was in hopes that our army would grow stronger, I charged Lælius, with a request, if you thought proper, that one of you should repair to me, and that the other should go to Sicily with the troops you have raised at Capua, or in its neighbourhood, and with the levies of Faustus; and that Domitius, should join them with his twelve cohorts; that the rest of the troops should assemble at Brundusium, and conveyed in transports from thence to Dyrrachium. Now, as things are circumstanced, I am no more able than you are to relieve Domitius, who cannot escape by the Mountains. We are to take care, that the enemy shall neither come up with those fourteen wavering cohorts, nor overtake me in my march. I therefore think proper, and I am joined in sentiments by Marcellus, and the other noblemen of our rank in this place, to march the troops I command here to Brundusium. I therefore request you, to make all possible dispatch to join

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join me there, with as many troops as you can get together. My opinion is, that you give to the troops you have with you, the arms you proposed to send to me, and if any remain, it will be advisable to send them in waggons to Brundusium. I beg, that you will give our friends advice concerning the matter. I have sent you to require the prætors P. Lupus and C. Coponius to join me, and to resign to you the command of their forces.

Cnæus the Great, Proconsul, to Domitius, Proconsul, wisheth Prosperity.

I AM surprised at my not hearing from you, and that all my public intelligence comes through other hands than yours. With forces so disunited as ours are, it is impossible for us to be a match for our enemies; but were they united, I am in hopes we may yet be the means of saving our country, and our own persons. Therefore, as Vibullius wrote me, on the 9th of February, that you was about to march from Corfinium to join me with your army, I cannot comprehend why you have altered your resolution. The reason Vibullius intimated to me, namely, that you had intelligence of Cæsar's march from Firmum to the castle of Truentum, was by no means satisfactory

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factory. For the quicker the enemy's advances towards you were, your dispatch ought to have been the greater to join me, before Cæsar could have the means of either obstructing your march, or of cutting off my communication with you. I therefore, in the most earnest manner, repeat to you my former orders, to take the very first opportunity of marching to Luceria, before the troops, which Cæsar proposes to draw together, can intercept our communication with one another. Should any endeavour to persuade you to remain as a guard to their properties, you cannot in justice refuse to send me the cohorts which came from Picenum and Camerinum, and which have left behind them all their fortunes.

Cnæus the Great, Proconsul, to Domitius, Proconsul, wisheth Prosperity.

M. CALENIUS brought me a letter from you the 16th of February, informing me, that you intended to observe Cæsar's motions; and should he direct his march to me by sea, that you would speedily join me in Samnium; but should he tarry in this neighbourhood, that you would resolutely oppose him, in case he should attempt to extend his quarters. I am sensible this resolution proceeds from your courage and magnanimity; but we

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we must be upon our guard, lest our being divided may give the enemy a superiority, as his army, which is already strong, is hourly increasing. It is inconsistent with your wisdom, to have an eye only to the number of cohorts, which Cæsar at present commands against you, without reflecting upon the great force both of cavalry and infantry, which he will in a very short time assemble. The letter I received from Bussenius, is an evidence of this fact; for he tells me, and his intelligence is confirmed by my other correspondents, that Curio has drawn all the garrisons out of Umbria and Tuscany, and is marching at their head to join Cæsar. Now, should all those troops join, so that part should be detached towards Alba, and part of them defile towards you, the consequence will be, that you will not be able to attack, and the enemy, in order to succeed, need only to act on the defensive; neither can you singly, in the face of such forces, send out parties to maintain or to forage your army. I therefore, again, earnestly conjure you, speedily to march all your troops to this place. The consuls have come to the same resolution.

I ordered Metuscilius to acquaint you, how necessary it was for me to take care, that the two legions should not, without the Picentine battalions, come in sight of Cæsar's quarters. You are, therefore, to give yourself no concern, if you

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you shall hear, that I retreat, upon Cæsar's advancing against me. I must take care not to be surrounded; for, both the season of the year, and the disposition of my soldiers, render it impracticable for me to form a regular encampment; nor would it be advisable for me to draw all our garrisons from the fortified places, lest I should be cut off from all retreat. I have, therefore, assembled no more than fourteen cohorts at Luceria. The consuls are either to join me with the troops they have drawn from the fortified towns, or they are to go to Sicily. For we must either have an army strong enough to force our way through the enemy, or we must take possession of such passes as they cannot force. Now, neither of these expedients is practicable for us at this juncture, both because Cæsar is master of great part of Italy, and because our army is neither so well provided, nor so numerous as his. We are therefore to be the more cautious of exposing our country. I again and again conjure you instantly to join me with all your troops. We may yet restore the government, if we act in concert with another; but by being dissipated, we shall become weak; such are my sentiments.

P. S. When I had finished this letter, Sica delivered to me your letter and commission, exhorting me to march towards Corfinium. But that, I think, is what I cannot venture to do, especially as

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as I put no great trust in the fidelity of the legions I command[1].

Cnæus the Great, Proconsul, to Domitius, Proconsul, wisheth Prosperity.

YOUR letter of February 17th came to my hand, informing me of Cæsar's having encamped before Corfinium. I foresaw, and forewarned you of what has happened; that as things now stand, he would not venture to fight you, and that he would draw together all his force, to surround you, and to obstruct the communication between you and me, and to prevent your joining the well affected troops you command, with my suspected legions[1]. Your letter alarms me the more, because I cannot stake the whole fortune of our country upon the loyalty of the troops that serve under me, nor am I yet joined by those the consuls have levied. I therefore recommend it to you, to do all you can, if it is now possible, to disengage yourself, and immediately to join me before the enemy's junction can be completed: for our new recruits cannot march time enough to this rendezvous, and though they were already come up,

[1] These were the two legions we have already taken notice of, which Pompey obliged Cæsar to part with under pretence of serving against the Parthians.

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up, you are sensible how little dependence there is upon raw men who are strangers to one another, against veteran legions[1].

EPISTLE XIII.

THE assistance of my amanuensis, and the shortness of this letter sufficiently intimate, that the deflux of my eyes still continues; and yet, indeed, I have, at present, nothing material to write you. All my hopes rest upon the accounts from Brundusium. If Cæsar has had an interview with our friend Pompey, I shall still entertain faint hopes of an accommodation; but if the latter has passed the sea without seeing him, I am apprehensive of a most destructive war. Are you not now sensible, what a discerning, what a vigilant, what a resolute leader the commonwealth has to contend with. Indeed, if he were to abstain from massacre and rapine, he would become the favourite

[1] If we are to form a judgment of Pompey's conduct by what our author writes of him to Atticus, he must have been a very bad as well as a dastardly soldier. But in fact, he was neither. If he had not so great a genius as Cæsar had, he shewed himself to have a true judgment in the mechanical part of war. The reasons which he gives in this letter for his conduct, are undoubtedly very solid, and must have been admitted to be so by our author, had he not been unreasonably prepossessed against Pompey's person.

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favourite of those who dreaded him most. I have had a great deal of talk with the townsmen, and a great deal with the country gentlemen in these quarters; and take my word for it, they have no concern but about their lands, their farms, and their money. You see to what a pass things are reduced. They fear the man they trusted; they love the man they feared. It is with anguish, that I recollect the miscarriages and misconduct that have brought us to this. Thus have I given you my sentiments upon what we are to expect; and I am now impatient for your answer.

EPISTLE XIV.

The letters I daily send you are, doubtless, irksome to you, as they give you no fresh matter of information, and as I have now no new sources of reflection. But it would be ridiculous in me to send you couriers with blank letters, finding, after all the pains I take for information, that I have no subject to write upon. Now I cannot bring myself to omit the opportunity, offered by my own servants going to Rome, without sending you a letter. And let me tell you, I find some ease amidst my trouble, in conversing, as it were, with you; and much more in reading

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your letters. The truth is, ever since all this hurry and consternation began, we have not had a period so destitute, as this is, of all matter for writing; both because there is nothing new at Rome, nor here, though we are two or three days journies nearer Brundusium than you are. As to Brundusium, the success of these first operations will depend upon the blow that is to be struck there. I am tortured with anxiety about the event; but we shall have more early intelligence than you.

For, I perceive, that Pompey set out from Canusium the morning, and Cæsar from Corfinium the afternoon, of the same day; that is, on the anniversary of the Feralia[1]. But Cæsar marches with such rapidity, and quickens the movements of his soldiers with such bounties, that I am afraid he will reach Brundusium sooner than we could wish. Then, you will say, to what purpose should you anticipate uneasiness about an event, that you must be certainly informed of in three

[1] This was a feast in honour of the infernal gods, or the Dii Manes, and in our author's time, it was celebrated on the 21st of February. It seems to have obtained so universally amongst the ancients, that the custom of carrying dishes of victuals to the graves of dead friends, (from which custom the feast took its name) continued in the times of christianity; and I am not sure, that it is, even at this time, quite abolished in some parts of Christendom.

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three days? Why, that is true; but as I have already said, I love to converse with you.

You must know, at the same time, that I am now wavering in the resolution which I thought had been entirely fixt. The precedents which you approve of, have not weight enough to determine me. Shew me a bold action performed by any one of the men you quote for their country hitherto; and how are we to look for any glorious resolution from them hereafter? Nor, indeed, do I think those men are to be mentioned with applause, who, in order to carry on the war, have crossed the sea, though, it is true, Cæsar's proceedings are intolerable. For, I foresee, what a dreadful, what a pernicious war this will prove. But there is one man who influences me, the man whom it becomes me to attend in his flight, or to join in his attempts to retrieve the constitution. What say you, will you never fix to one point? Indulge me my friend; I commune with you, as I do with my own heart, and is it not natural for every man in so critical a situation, to be irresolute and fluctuating? I am desirous at the same time to elicit your sentiments; if they are still the same, they will fix me; if they are changed, I will agree with you.

It is absolutely necessary for me, before I can come to a fixed resolution, to know what measures Domitius and our friend Lentulus will take. We have different accounts concerning Domitius.

Sometimes that he is at Tiburtum, the house of Lepidus[1], and that he is to set out with Lepidus from thence; but this too I perceive to be a false report. For Lepidus reports, that Domitius has retreated along bye-roads, though he is uncertain whether to conceal himself or to escape by sea. He knows nothing of the younger Domitius. To this he adds another grievous event, namely, that the elder Domitius had a considerable sum of money seized at Corfinium, which never was returned him[2]. As to Lentulus, I hear nothing concerning him. I beg you would inquire after these matters, and write to me what you can learn.

EPISTLE XV.

On the 3d of March, Egypta delivered to me copies[3] of several letters from you. The first was dated the 26th of February, which you say, you gave to Pinarius, and which I have not seen. In

[1] The original here is irretrievable, so that I must supply it by conjecture.

[2] This seems not to have been true; for Cæsar himself assures us (in Bello Civili, Lib. i. cap. 22.) that he restored to Domitius all his money, though he knew it had been given him by Pompey, for paying his soldiers.

[3] *Orig.* Epistolas mihi tuas. They seem however only to have been copies.

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In that you tell me, that you are impatient concerning the success of the commission with which Vibullius[1] is charged; but is certain, that Vibullius was not even seen by Cæsar, (I perceive, by your next letter, that you know this last circumstance to be true) and that you are impatient to know in what manner I shall receive Cæsar upon his return. I am, you must know, by all means, determined to avoid him. I think you are in the right in your resolution[2] to retire to your estate in Caonia, and to alter your sphere of life. You say, you are ignorant whether or not Domitius[3] has declined his badges of authority. When you do, let me know.

So much for your first letter; your two next, which came to my hands, both of them dated the last of February, have quite unhinged my former resolution, which, as I wrote you before, was then wavering. I am not moved by your expression, *that Pompey is so enraged, as not to spare even*

[1] He was one of those who were taken prisoners at Corfinium, and, notwithstanding what Cicero says here, Cæsar certainly saw him (Vide Bell. Civ. Ibid.) and very probably charged him with such a commission as is here mentioned for Pompey.

[2] The original here is incorrigibly corrupted.

[3] He was entitled to have lictors, and the badges of authority, by being named to be Cæsar's successor in the government of the Transalpine Gaul. If he dismissed that distinction, it was a sign that he approved of Cæsar's pretensions, and would have been an excellent excuse for our author to have done the same.

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even Jupiter himself. For our danger is equal from the resentment of either party. Victory does not incline to the side of justice, but to Cæsar, whose superior promptitude commands success. Even the conduct of the consuls makes no impression upon me; for they are as easily moved as a leaf, or a feather. What I owe to myself and my country, is the consideration that gives me, and has given me, all my pangs. Caution clearly requires my remaining in Italy, but the voice of honour seems to call me to leave it; and I am sometimes inclined to prefer, that the many should reproach me for want of caution, than that the few should blame me for want of honour. As to what you inquire concerning Lepidus and Tullus, they have agreed without any hesitation, to be at Cæsar's devotion, and to assist in the senate.

Your last letter is dated the 1st of March, and in it you wish for an interview, and do not despair of an accommodation between Cæsar and Pompey. But, in my present way of thinking, I cannot believe that there will be any interview, or if there is, that Pompey will agree to any terms. You make no doubt that I can be at no loss, in what manner to determine myself, should the consuls abandon this country; that they will do this is beyond all doubt, and it is probable they are already gone. But you are to remember, that, excepting Appius, every great officer

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officer of the republic who attends him, has the right of leaving the country. For every one of them has either a command that authorizes him to do so, such as Pompey, Scipio, Setenas, Fannius, Voconius, Sestius, and the consuls themselves, (whose commissions, in the terms of our ancestors, allow them to visit any province in the empire,) or they are lieutenants to those who bear such commissions. But on this I will be silent; I understand your sentiments, and I am now at little or no loss concerning my own duty. This letter should be longer were I able to write with my own hand; but I am in hopes of recovering in a few days. I send you a copy of a letter from Balbus Cornelius, which I received the same day with yours, in which you will see how much I am to be pitied, when he thus presumes to insult my understanding[1].

Balbus to Cicero, Commander in Chief, wisheth Prosperity.

I CONJURE you, my dear friend, to undertake the important office so suitable to your talents and virtue, of reconciling Cæsar and Pompey, and, divided as they now are by the treachery of evil

[1] In endeavouring to make him believe, that Cæsar was well disposed to an accommodation with Pompey.

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evil disposed persons, of uniting them in their former harmony and friendship. Cæsar, believe me, will not only submit to your decisions, but will even own himself indebted to you in the highest degree, if you will attempt this reconciliation. Had Pompey but the same disposition. —But it is rather my wish than my belief, that, at this juncture, he can be brought to any accommodation. But should he suspend his retreat, and recover from his consternation, I should then begin to hope that he would be greatly influenced by your counsels.

With your opinion, that the consul Lentulus ought to remain in Italy, Cæsar is well pleased; to me, I aver, it affords the highest pleasure. For my respect and affection for that consul equal those I feel for Cæsar himself. Had Lentulus indulged me in my usual familiarity with him, had he not again and again avoided conversation with me, I should, this hour, have been less unhappy than I am. For you are not to imagine that any thing gives me greater pain at this time, than to see the man I love beyond myself, a consul without the badges of that office. But should he incline to your admonitions, should he trust me concerning Cæsar's sentiments, should he pass the remaining time of his consulship in Rome, then should I begin to hope that the authority of the senate, your motions, and his mediation, might effect a reconciliation between Pompey and

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and Cæsar. Were this to take place, I should no longer feel anxious to continue in life.

I know you will approve of Cæsar's behaviour[1] at Corfinium. Nothing surely could give him greater advantage upon such an occasion, than to prevent the smallest effusion of blood. I am extremely pleased to think that the visit of our common friend Balbus was so agreeable to you. I know that he will substantiate every thing he has said concerning Cæsar, and every thing that Cæsar has written, whatever may be the event.

EPISTLE XVI.

I HAVE now got every thing ready, excepting a secret, and a safe, passage to the Adriatic sea; for it is impossible for me, at this season of the year, to pass by the Tuscan. But, by what means shall I arrive at the place to which my wishes and my circumstances point? For my dispatch must be quick, lest some incident should distract and impede me. It is not Pompey, as is generally supposed, who influences me: he is a man whom, for a long time, I have judged to be void of all political,

[1] *Viz.* The unparalleled clemency with which he used his conquest.

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political, and I judge him now to be no less void of all military accomplishments. It is not, I say, he who influences me, it is the public talk of which Philotimus informs me in his letters. For he tells me, that I am reprobated by the men of rank, who, indeed, have no claim to this longer distinction, as having flocked around Cæsar, and sold to him their lives and fortunes.

The municipal towns regard him as a divine being, but without the insincerity they shewed, when they offered up public prayers for Pompey's recovery. But as much merit has been made of the mischief, which the second Pisistratus has not done, as if he had prevented its being committed by another. People hope from the clemency of Cæsar; they fear from the wrath of Pompey. What concourse from the towns to meet Cæsar! What honours they pay him! They fear him, you tell me. I believe they do, but not, indeed, so much as they do Pompey. They are charmed with the insiduous clemency of the one, and daunted by the implacable resentment of the other. I, every day, see some one or other of the eight hundred and fifty judges[1], who were devoted to our friend Pompey, and

[1] These judges had been named by Pompey. Three hundred of them were of the senatorial order, and the rest were knights, or commissioners of the treasury.

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and who are terrified by some fulminating edicts at Luceria, of which I have no knowledge[1].

Let me therefore ask you, who these men of quality are who are for forcing me away, and yet can remain quiet in their own homes? But, whoever they are, I am afraid of public censure.[2] Yet I am sensible what I am to hope from those to whom I am going, and that I am about to join a man who bids fairer to plunder than to conquer Italy. What then do I look for? On the 2d of March I look for some news from Brundusium. But what kind of news? The shameful manner in which Pompey has fled from thence, and the progress and marches of his conqueror. When I shall hear any thing certain, if Cæsar should come by the Appian road, I will retire to Arpinum.

CICERO'S

[1] He publicly declared that he would hold all neutral persons to be traitors to their country.

[2] *Orig.* αἰδοῦμαι Τρωας. *I fear the Trojans.* Cicero here intimates, that the censure of the aristocratic party, in the peace and security of their own houses, was as unreasonable as that which the Trojans, who were secured within the walls, would have passed upon Hector, had he, in compliance with the entreaties of his wife, declined any longer to exert himself in behalf of the city.—E.

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CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK IX.

EPISTLE I.

THOUGH, by the time this letter came to your hand, I imagine I may know what has past at Brundusium, (for Pompey went from Canusium the 2d of February, and I write this on the 7th of March, the fourteenth day after) yet I am tortured by impatience to know the event of every hour. I am surprised that I have not heard so much as a rumour from that place,—Surely this silence is very unaccountable. But perhaps I now torture myself to no purpose. But it cannot be long before the pains of suspense terminates.

There is another thing which gives me pain. I can,

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can, by no means, learn where our friend Lentulus, and where Domitius are. I want to know, that I may the more easily learn how they intend to proceed; whether they are to join Pompey; and if they are, which way, or when? At present I hear that the city is crowded with men of quality; and that Sosius and Lupus, whom our friend Pompey thought would be at Brundusium before himself, act upon the Prætorian bench at Rome[1]. The people flock from this place to Rome, and even Manius Lepidus, with whom I used to spend the day, thinks of repairing thither to-morrow. As to myself, I shall, that I may be nearer the source of information, remain at Formiæ, and then I design to go to Arpinum, from thence to set out for the Adriatic by the most private road, having first quitted, or entirely dismissed, my Lictors. For I hear that a great many men of honour, who now serve their country, and who have often greatly served her before, are disgusted with my lingering here, and that they reflect with severity upon my conduct, especially when they sit down to their seasonable meals[2].

We

[1] This news appears to have been false.

[2] *Orig. Multaque in me, et severe in conviviis tempestivis quidam disputari.* The whole passage appears ironical. These worthy patriots censured his conduct, while they did their country no other service than talking of political measures over their feasts,

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We will then go. To merit the character of Patriots, I will invade Italy by land and sea, and rekindle, against myself, the hatred of the wicked, which was before extinguished. In short, I will be guided by the counsels of Lucceius and Theophanes[1]. For Scipio can excuse himself either by his appointment to go to Syria, or by the honourable plea of standing by his son-in-law, or by fear, for avoiding Cæsar. As to the Marcelli, they would have staid in Italy, but for the dread of Cæsar's arms. Appius is influenced by the same motive, and by some later causes of disgust he has given to Cæsar; and all the rest, himself, and Caius Cassius excepted, are lieutenants; Faustus is proquestor; and I was the only one who have the liberty of choice.

My brother will attend me, though it is hard that he should be the companion of my fortunes, as Cæsar will be more particularly incensed against him. But I cannot prevail with him to stay behind. Well, we will repay Pompey all that we owe him; for no consideration, but that of his person, influences me; not even the talk of

feasts, which came always *in its season*, without reflecting on the hardships of those, who without sufficient food and clothing were engaged in the actual services of war.—E.

[1] These were two great confidents of Pompey. The reading here is rather extraordinary, for our author puts Theophani as the genitive of Theophanes. Several instances of the like kind occur.

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of those who are patriots only in name; nor the cause itself, the conduct of which is as marked with cowardice, as its end must be ruinous. Such is the sacrifice I make to Pompey, and to Pompey only, and that without solicitation, though he says that he fights, not for himself, but for his country. I am impatient to know whether you are determined to remove to Epirus.

EPISTLE II.

THOUGH I looked for a long letter from you, on the 7th of March, which, if I mistake not, is the day of your confinement, yet I write this in answer to the short line which you wrote me the 5th, some time before your fit. You tell me you are very well pleased at my remaining in Italy, and you continue still in your former sentiments. Now I understood, from your former letters, that you were positive as to my sailing, if Pompey should carry any considerable force out of Italy, and if the consuls should attend him. Can this be owing to your forgetfulness, to my misunderstanding, or to a change in your opinion? But I shall either know your real meaning, by the letter which I expect from you, or learn it by a subsequent one.

We have yet no news from Brundusium. How

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How difficult, how desperate, is my situation? How very minute you are in laying its particulars before me; but how vague in explaining your sentiments as to the conduct I ought to follow? You compliment me upon my not going along with Pompey, and yet you hold forth the disgrace of being present in the senate, where I could not, with decency, approve of any measures which shall be proposed against him. Then surely I must throw myself into the opposition. May heaven, say you, guide you. What then can be done if the one measure is attended with guilt, and the other with punishment. You will obtain, say you, from Cæsar, a liberty to be absent, and to live at your ease. Must I then petition him for such a liberty? How wretched! What if I should not obtain it.—

You will tell me likewise, that I shall thereby preserve my claims to a triumph. But, what if Cæsar should press me to accept of it. Shall I accept of it? That would be disgraceful. Shall I refuse it? He will then think that I have an aversion for all he does, more than he formerly did in the case of the twenty commissioners[1]. In exculpating himself, he usually throws on me all the errors of those times, and tells me, that I had such an aversion to him, that I would not even

[1] See vol. i. p. 113.

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even accept of a place of honour under him. But how much more will he now be exasperated as the honour of a triumph is more glorious, and he himself more powerful!

You tell me, that you make no doubt that I am out of all favour, with Pompey, at this time. I can see no reason for that, at least, if we consider circumstances. After he had lost Corfinium, he imparted to me his resolution; and will he blame me for not coming to Brundusium, though Cæsar lay between me and that town? In the next place, he is conscious that it very ill becomes him who is so much in the wrong to reproach others, and he knows that I saw farther, than he did, into the weak state of the municipal towns and the newly raised armies; that I was right in the advice I gave on the subjects of accommodation, the city, the public money, and gaining the possession of Picenum. But if, when I am at liberty, I should not attend him, then is his time for being my enemy. That, however, would give me no pain on account of what I might suffer. For what evil is it in his power to do me?

He can have no slavish fear of man, who stands not in fear of death[1].

But

[1] *Orig.* Τις δ' εστι δηλος, τω θανειν αφοβητις ων. This fine verse is preserved by Plutarch, and ascribed to Euripides. Virgil alludes to the same sentiment in the following words of Dido, *Quem timui moritura.*—E.

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But the charge of ingratitude fills me with horror, I therefore hope that, as you write, he will gladly receive me, whenever I shall determine to join him.

You tell me, that you would be more cautious in giving me advice, if Cæsar should proceed with moderation. But how can he proceed otherwise than in a desperate manner? Think upon his life, his manners, his past conduct, his present proceedings, his associates, and how he will be exasperated by the power, and even by the inflexibility, of our patriots.

Scarcely had I read your letter, when Posthumus Curtius came to me, in great haste, on his way to Cæsar, with nothing on his tongue, but the victories of Cæsar by land and sea.—Cæsar has conquered Spain, he possesses Asia, Sicily, Africa, and Sardania, and now he is pursuing his enemies into Greece.—If this is true, and should I follow Pompey, it would not be to assist him in fighting, but in flying. And indeed I cannot bear the talk of those—what shall I call them?—For surely they are not patriots, as they affect to be called. And yet I cannot help being curious to know what they say, and I beg you, in the most earnest manner, to learn what it is, and to inform me of it. As yet, I am an absolute stranger to what has happened at Brundusium. I shall be determined by that event, and

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the circumstances of the time. But I will do nothing without consulting you.

EPISTLE III.

The younger Domitius, on the 8th instant, went by this place to Formiæ, in haste, to see his mother at Naples; and, upon Dionysius, one of my slaves being importunate with him for news, he ordered him to acquaint me, that his father was at Rome. Now, I had intelligence that he was gone either to Pompey or to Spain. I wish I knew the truth of this. For it is of importance to my present difficulties, if Domitius is not yet gone, that Pompey should know that it is no easy matter for me to leave Italy, especially in the winter time, and, filled as it is, with Cæsar's armies and garrisons. For if the season were more favourable, I would pass over by the Tuscan sea, whereas now I can only go by the Adriatic, and my passage to it is shut up. You will therefore inform yourself both as to Domitius and Lentulus.

I have as yet no news from Brundusium, though this is the 9th of March, and by my calculation, either this day or yesterday, Cæsar arrived at Brundusium; for, on the 1st of this month, he lay at Arpi. If we are to believe Posthumus,

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Posthumus, he is gone in pursuit of Pompey, who he thinks, by all he can guess from the wind and the weather, is already sailed. I cannot think that Cæsar will be able to man his transport-vessels. Posthumus is confident he can, on account of Cæsar's great character of liberality amongst the seamen. But it is impossible I can be long ignorant of every thing, be what it will, that is past at Brundusium.

EPISTLE IV.

THOUGH I am relieved from pain, while I am writing to you, or reading your letters, yet all my subject is now exhausted, which I believe is the case with you likewise. As to writing on private familiar subjects, the times preclude it, and we have exhausted all that can be said upon public matters. But that I might not become the prey of indolence and ennui, I have taken in hands some topics of a political nature, but relating to the times, which may soften the bitterness of complaint, and at the same time contribute to my improvement. The topics I mean, I will propose to you in the form of queries.

Whether a man ought to continue in a country that has fallen under the power of a tyrant? Whether in such a case, the downfall of the tyranny is not

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to be attempted, even at the risk of the very being of the state? Whether it may not be proper to watch the ambition of the man, who overthrows an usurper? Whether it is not the duty of a citizen, when his country is oppressed, to assist her by his wisdom and address rather than by arms? Whether it is consistent with the character of a good patriot, to retire, and to be at his ease, while his country is enslaved? Whether any danger is too great to be hazarded for our country? Whether, when she is enslaved, we ought not to march in arms against her and even attack her walls? Whether the man who disapproves of resisting tyranny by arms, ought to be numbered in the list of patriots? Whether we ought not to risk all dangers for our country, in common with our benefactors and friends, though they be fundamentally wrong in their measures? Whether the man who has greatly served his country, and has thereby incurred the severest penalties and hatred, is bound in duty to offer her his services in her succeeding dangers? Whether it is lawful for him out of regard for himself and his family, to decline joining in the opposition made to usurpation.

Such are the subjects in which I exercise myself, disputing on both sides, sometimes in Greek, sometimes in Latin, and thereby gradually weaning my mind from its uneasiness, by applying the whole to my present case. But I am afraid, I shall

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I shall become burdensome to you. For, if the bearer of this letter proceeds directly, you will receive it on the very day in which your fit returns.

EPISTLE V.

The letter which you wrote me upon your birth-day, was full of sound wisdom, tempered with great affection and true prudence. I received it from Philotimus the day after he had it from you. The matters you touch upon are of the most difficult nature. To get to the Adriatic.—To sail on the Tuscan sea—My going to Arpinum—The danger of appearing to fly from Cæsar—Of throwing myself in his way, to compliment him, should I remain at Formiæ.—But the most wretched circumstance is, that I have lived to this sad day, in which I witness what I cannot help, the miseries that thicken every hour. Posthumus has been with me. I wrote to you before, what an air of importance he wore. Fusius likewise came to me, with strange looks, in high spirits, and in great haste to reach Brundusium, sometimes railing at Pompey's treason, and sometimes at the Senate's want of resolution and wisdom. If I cannot bear such insolence in my villa,

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villa, can I bear it of Curtius[1] in the senate. But suppose I were to bear this with patience, what will be the event, when my sentiments are formally demanded in the senate? I shall not here speak of the cause of our country, which I think to be irretrievable, not more from her wounds, than the remedies that has been applied to them. But I ask you, how I am to conduct myself in respect to Pompey?

It signifies nothing for me to deny to you, that I am angry with him. For the causes of events always affect us more than the events themselves. When I reflect, or rather when I perceive, that those calamities (than which none can be greater) happened through his misconduct and obstinacy, I blame him more than I do Cæsar. Our ancestors held the day, on which the battle of Allia, was fought, to be more fatal than that on which their city was taken, because the one calamity was the necessary consequence of the other. For this reason, the one day is marked out in the calendar, though the other day is not so much as known to the public. Agreeable to this maxim, when I reflect upon his misconduct, for ten years, including the year in which my banishment happened, without his endeavouring to prevent it, when I reflect upon his misconduct, not to give it a harsher name; when I see his rashness, his

[1] Curtius Posthumus was a kind of dependant upon Cicero.

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his indolence, and his negligence, at this period. I cannot help giving vent to passion. But I have now got the better of all these reflections. I now look back only to the services he has done me, I look back to his dignity in the state. The letters, and the language of Balbus, prevented me from understanding so soon as I wish I had done, that Cæsar has nothing, that he had nothing, in view, even from the very beginning, but to destroy Pompey. You remember that Homer introduces Thetis, the mother of Achilles, as telling him,

When Hector falls, thou dost,—Let Hector die,
And let me fall, Achilles made reply.
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and falling, wish'd my aid in vain.

In like manner, I ask you, how I am to behave towards a man who has been not only my friend but my benefactor, to a man of his rank, at the head of such a cause. For my own part, I am of opinion that such obligations ought to be recompensed only by life itself.

As to your pretended patriots I have no confidence in them; I no longer feel attached to their cause. I see they are going over to Cæsar, and will soon be devoted to his interest. Do you think that the acts of the municipal towns for public prayers, in behalf of Pompey's recovery, were more extraordinary than their congratulations

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tions for Cæsar's victory? This, you tell me, proceeds from fear; but they tell you, they were afraid of Pompey likewise. But let us see what has been done at Brundusium. That may, perhaps, give rise to my pursuing other measures, and writing more letters.

EPISTLE VI.

Not a word as yet from Brundusium! Balbus writes me from Rome, that he is of opinion, the consul Lentulus had sailed before the younger Balbus could reach him; that he received this intelligence at Canusium, from whence his nephew wrote to him. He adds, that the six cohorts stationed at Alba, had gone over to Curius upon the Munician road; that he learned this by a letter from Cæsar, who, in a short time, was to be at Rome. I will take your advice in not removing to Arpinum at this trying period. And yet, as I intended to have given my son his manly robe at Arpinum, I might have left that as an excuse to Cæsar for my departure. But, perhaps, that very circumstance may give him offence; for why, did I not rather perform that ceremony at Rome? And yet, if meet him I must, I choose to meet him here. As to the place, the manner, and the time of meeting him, these I shall determine hereafter.

Domitius,

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Domitius, I hear, has reached his house at Cosa, and is said to be in readiness to sail. If for Spain, I am against the voyage; if to join Pompey, I am for it. But let him go any where, rather than see Curtius. I who am his patron, cannot bear to see him; what then must be the case with others? But, I believe, I ought to be quiet, for fear of exposing my own miscarriages; since my love for Rome, that is, for my country, and my hopes of an accommodation were so strong, that by my conduct, I find myself actually enclosed and imprisoned.

Having written thus far, I received from Capua a letter in the following words, "Pompey has "put to sea with all his troops, to the number "of thirty thousand men, and is attended by the "two consuls, the tribunes of the commons, "and the senators who were along with him, "with all their wives and children. He is "said to have embarked the 4th of March [1], and "the winds ever since have been northerly. It "is reported he has broken up, or burnt all the "ships he did not make use of. This intelli-"gence came in a letter to Capua to the tribune "Lucius Metellus, from his mother-in-law Clo-"dia, who is likewise gone to sea."

Hitherto I was anxious and perplexed, and no wonder, considering my situation, because it was

[1] Pompey did not embark till the 15th.

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was impossible for me, with all the address I had, to disengage myself. But now, that Pompey and the consuls have left Italy, my anguish rises to agony; my heart fails within me, and my brain turns round; I have not, believe me, the command of my feelings, so sensible am I of the disgrace which now shades my character. That I should not at first have followed Pompey, however, he might have been mistaken! That I should not have been amongst the friends of my country, however rashly they may have proceeded! Especially, as the very persons for whose sake I was so unwilling to trust myself to fortune, I mean my wife, my daughter, and my two boys, were for my joining him, and thought my conduct in not doing so, dishonourable and unworthy of myself. As to my brother, he always said, that he would be guided by my wishes, and submit to them with the most perfect resignation.

I now feel some comfort in reading over your letters from the beginning. In those which you first sent me, you admonish, and beg me not to throw myself away. In the succeeding letters, you express your joy for my having remained in Italy. During the moments in which I read them, but no longer, my sense of shame, in some degree, subsided, but my grief and the fear of disgrace, again overwhelm me. I conjure you, therefore, my dearest friend, pluck these sorrows from

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from my soul, or at least, diminish them by your consolations, by your counsels, or by some other means. But I am too deeply entangled for you, for any man, and almost, for any divinity, to extricate me.

I will endeavour to follow your advice, (which you think practicable) to obtain of Cæsar, leave to be absent from the senate, when any measures against Pompey are in agitation. But I am afraid, I cannot obtain that indulgence. Furnius (that you may know what kind of men are to direct us) came from Cæsar, and he tells me, that the son of Quintus Titinius is with him, and that Cæsar is more profuse than I could wish him, in owning his obligations to me. But you will effectually learn from his own letter, which is but short, what he asks of me.

How unhappy it makes me, that you have been indisposed! Were we together, we surely should discover some means of extricating me. Two heads, you know, as the poet[1] says, are better than one.—But let us not review the scene, let us look forward. Hitherto I have been deceived in two circumstances. I flattered myself at first with the hopes of an accommodation, and if that had happened, I might then have retired to a private life, and passed my old age in quiet. In the

[1] This is only the general sense of a verse in Homer.—Συντε δυ ιεχομενω, και τε προ ὁ του ενοησεν. Il. x. 224. *Of two men who join together, one aids the other in counsel.* Aristotle, in citing this verse, adds, και γας νοησαι και πραξαι δυνατωτεροι.—E.

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the next place, I saw that Pompey was about to kindle a bloody, and a destructive war. I imagined, indeed, that a worthy patriot, and a good man, would submit to the most dreadful punishment, rather than be a director, or even a party, in such scenes of misery. I thought death was preferable to the company of such men. Find out, or rather, invent, my Atticus, some remedy of these evils. Nothing can happen so insupportable to me as is my present anguish of spirit.

Cæsar, Commander in Chief, to Cicero, Commander in Chief, wisheth Prosperity.

HAVING but just seen our friend Furnius, without being able conveniently to speak with him, as I was upon a hasty march, and as my legions were gone before; yet, I was unwilling to lose an opportunity of writing to you by him, and returning you my thanks, as I have often done before, and, so well, in my opinion, do you deserve from me, that I shall ever feel obliged to you. In the first place, as I am in hopes of being very soon at Rome, I beg that I may see you there, where I may be directed by your advice, interest, authority, and assistance in all things. I return to the object I am pursuing, and I beg

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I beg you will pardon the hurry and shortness of this letter. I refer you to Furnius for the rest.

EPISTLE VII.

I WROTE you a letter, which I delivered for you upon the 12th, but the person to whom I ordered it to be given, is not yet set out. The courier came with such speed, as to arrive on the very day that was mentioned by Sallus, and brought me your letters, which were so full of information, and which reanimated the little spirit yet remaining in me, with some degree of comfort; for I cannot say, that it has quite restored me, and yet you have made me the next thing to it. Believe me, I do not now flatter myself with any happy event, for I can foresee, while Pompey and Cæsar are alive, or even Pompey himself, that the constitution never can be re-established. I therefore, do not so much as dream of any ease to myself, for I calculate upon the worst. I am now under no apprehensions, but lest I may do, or may have done, something that is unworthy of me. You are therefore to be assured, that your letters have restored me to life. I do not only mean your long letters, which are at once so extremely particular and elegant, but even your short

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short ones, which gave me the very great pleasure to understand, that my conduct was approved of by Sextus; an intelligence, the more agreeable to me, as I am sensible, not only of his great affection to me, but of his being a thorough judge of what is right.

As to your longer letter, it not only relieved me, but my friends and family, from our uneasiness. I will therefore, follow your advice, and remain at Formiæ, lest too much notice should be taken of the meeting between Cæsar and me at Rome, and lest he should think, I purposely shun him, if I should see him in either of these places. As to the favour you desire me to ask of him, that I may act with regard to Pompey, in the same manner I did with regard to him, you may perceive by the letters from Balbus and Oppius, of which I send you copies, that I made that request some time ago. I likewise send you Cæsar's letter to them, which, considering the ardour of his ambition, is written with great coolness. But if Cæsar will not indulge me in this, you advise me publicly to declare myself a mediator for an accommodation. No danger shall deter me from that. For, surrounded as I am with dangers, act how I will, if comply I must, why should it not be in the manner that shall do me the most honour? But I am afraid lest this should gall Pompey. I am afraid

Lest

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Lest he should shake his Gorgon Locks at me[1].

For you cannot believe how much our friend Pompey wishes to renew the domination of Sylla. I know what I say, and he never made a less secret of any thing in his life, than he does of this. If such, you will say, is his disposition, would you follow him? Believe me, my friend, I follow him for the kindnesses he has done me, not as he is the head of a party. I befriend him as I did Milo;

[1] Μη μοι γοργειην κεφαλην δεινοιο πελωρου. This is a very happy quotation from Odyss. xi. 33. For, as Pliny (Lib. viii. 12.) asserts, Pompey was a man of a stern and terrific aspect, though, from motives of popularity, softened with affected affability. Very similar to this is a very eloquent passage, in a speech of Mr. Burke. "How came Junius to have broke "through the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontroled "and unpunished through the land? The myrmidons of the "court pursue him in vain. They will not spend their time on "me or you; they disdain such vermin, when the mighty boar "of the forest, that has broke their toils, is before them. When "I saw his attack upon the king, my blood ran cold; not that "there was not in that composition many bold truths, by which "a wise prince might profit: it was the rancour and venom "with which I was struck. When I expected from his daring "flight, his fall and final ruin, I behold him soaring higher, "and coming souse upon both houses of parliament. Nor has "he dreaded the *terrors of your brow*, Sir; king, lords, and "commons, are the sport of his fury." Sir Fletcher Norton, the speaker, whom Mr. B. then addressed, was a man of a stern countenance.—E.

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Milo; as I did[1],—But where have I got—Then, you will say, you disapprove of his factious principles. No, these are excellent. But, mark what I say, their proceedings have been most scandalous. They set out with a design to starve Rome and Italy, then to plunder and burn the country, and to seize the properties of monied men. But, as I am afraid of the same consequences from the other party, if I meet with no kindness there, I think it would be more eligible for me to suffer all extremities at home. But I conceive my obligations to Pompey to be so great, that I dare not stand the reflection of being ungrateful, and yet, what you urge even upon that head, has in it a great deal of force.

With regard to my triumph, I entirely agree with you, and I resign all thoughts of it with ease and pleasure. You rightly hint, that while I am acting in this manner towards Cæsar, the fine weather for sailing is insensibly approaching. But, you will say, that will only be, if Pompey is at the head of a sufficient army. His army, let me tell you, is greater than we looked for. You need be under no apprehensions for him; though I promise

[1] Nothing renders these letters so agreeable to a reader, as passages of this kind. We here see the sentiments of our author, stript of all party and personal considerations. Who, after reading his pathetic oration for Milo, can think, that he knew him to be guilty, and that all the concern he took for his defence, was merely a matter of interest and party?

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I promise you, if he should prevail, he will not leave in Italy one stone upon another. Then, you will ask, will you attend him in proceedings so inhuman? If I do, it is, most assuredly, against my own judgment, and against the full current of precedents from our ancestors. But I wish to be gone, not so much to assist Pompey, as to avoid being the witness of Cæsar's measures. For you are not to imagine that the fury of his party will either be tolerable or bounded. But you are sensible of all this, that when the laws, the courts of justice, and the authority of the senate, are ruined, neither the private nor the public revenues of the Romans, will be sufficient to supply the lusts, the presumption, the excesses, and the wants of so many needy persons.

Let me therefore be gone from hence, embark where I will. But even that shall be as you advise me. But I must go. We shall certainly receive what you wait for, I mean news from Brundusium. You tell me, that our best patriots approve of my conduct hitherto, and know that I have not left them; and this gives me joy, if there is yet any room left for joy. I will make the most strict inquiry concerning Lentulus; I have committed that charge to Philotimus, who is a man of courage, and a most furious patriot[1].

Now

[1] This is irony.

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Now that I am finishing, it occurs to me, that you will perhaps be at a loss for farther subject upon which to write. For we can now write upon nothing but public affairs, and the subject is actually exhausted. But, as your invention is fruitful, and affection (I speak, indeed, from my own experience, and from the effects it has upon my own capacity) is communicative, go on in writing to me as oft as you can. I am somewhat piqued, as I should be no unpleasant companion to you, at your not inviting me to go with you to Epirus. But adieu, for the rest is as necessary to me, as walking and rubbing[1] is to you, and believe me, your letters have restored me to my natural rest.

Balbus and Oppius to Cicero, wish Prosperity.

MANKIND in general are apt to judge of the counsels, not only of humble persons, such as we are, but of those of the highest rank, according to events, rather than motives. Relying, however, on your sincerity, with regard to the business about which you wrote to us, we will give you what, in our opinion, is the soundest advice: it may not, perhaps, be the most prudent, but we can assure you it proceeds from honest

[1] This was one part of the regimen prescribed to Atticus.

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nest sentiments and faithful hearts. Were we not perfectly well assured from Cæsar himself of his doing what we think he ought to do, by entering upon a treaty, as soon as he comes to Rome, for accommodating all matters between him and Pompey, we should not continue to press you to concern yourself in that negociation, which must be the less embarrassed, and proceed with the greater dignity, if the whole of it shall pass through your hands, who are a friend to both. On the other hand, as we have always earnestly dissuaded you from fighting against Cæsar, so we never would give our advice for your taking arms against the man, who has so highly obliged you, as Pompey has done, if we knew that Cæsar was determined to stand out, and to push the war against Pompey. But as for all that has happened, we write from opinion, rather than knowledge of Cæsar's intentions. All we can say is, that we cannot conceive how either your rank or your honour, which are so universally acknowledged, can permit you to take arms against either, as you are under such obligations to both: and we make no doubt, Cæsar's good-nature is such, that he will approve of your neutrality. However, if you think proper, we will write to Cæsar, to let us know positively what he intends to do in this matter; and if we receive his answer, we will instantly communicate to you our sentiments upon the same; and we give our word of

honour,

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honour, that our advice to you shall be suited not to Cæsar's views, but to your dignity; and we know Cæsar's indulgence to his friends too well to fear, that he will be offended at our freedom.

Balbus to Cicero, Commander in Chief, wisheth Prosperity, and offers his Compliments.

AFTER sending off to you the joint letter[1] I wrote with Oppius, I received one from Cæsar, of which I enclose you a copy. You may perceive by it, how earnest he is for restoring public tranquillity, and of accommodating his differences with Pompey, and how very averse he is to all cruelty. It gives me, as it ought, great pleasure that he entertains such sentiments. I am, my dearest friend, as sensible as you are, of what you owe to yourself, your engagements, and your gratitude; and, indeed, I think it incompatible with your duty and your character, for you to take arms against a man to whom you own yourself to be under so strong an obligation. I have experienced the unrivalled humanity of Cæsar in so great a degree, that I know he will approve of my sentiments in this matter, and

[1] I have, after Monsieur Mongault, restored those letters to their proper order, they being misplaced in the common editions of our author.

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and I know also, that you will give him the most entire satisfaction, by taking no concern in the war against him, and by not joining with his enemies. This is an indulgence he will not only shew to a person of your great rank and abilities, but he has, of himself, been pleased to dispense with even my serving in the camp, that was to act against Lentulus or Pompey, to whom I own myself to be under great obligations. He added, that he should require no more of me than, at his desire, to do him some services at Rome, and he left me at liberty to do as much for them. In consequence of this indulgence, I now manage and inspect the private affairs of Lentulus at Rome, and perform to him and Pompey, all I owe them upon the footing of duty, honour, and gratitude.

The hopes of an accommodation have been again dropt, but, really, I cannot see for what reason, since Cæsar evinces no disposition but such as we could wish him to display. You ought, I think, if it is agreeable to you, to write to him, and to ask him for a guard [1] as you formerly did (and, as I thought, very properly) from Pompey,

[1] Balbus here artfully puts our author in mind of Pompey's overawing the trial of Milo with his guards. Dr. Middleton, in his Life of Cicero, is of opinion, that the offer of this guard was insinuated to make him Cæsar's prisoner. But I can see no reason for that supposition, when we consider the open manner in which Cæsar acted to all his enemies.

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Pompey, in the case of Milo. I am so sure of Cæsar, that I will answer for his respecting your dignity, rather than his own interest. I know not how unguardedly I express myself here, but I well know that every thing I write to you, flows from my entire esteem and friendship for you, and may I die, which I would willingly do for the preservation of Cæsar, if there are many in the world, whom I esteem equally with yourself. I beg you to write to me, as soon as you have come to any resolution upon this matter. For I am in great pains to put you in the way of expressing the affection which you bear, and which, I am confident, you express to both. Farewel.

Cæsar to Oppius and Cornelius[1]*, Health.*

I AM, be assured, extremely glad that you expressed by letters, your very great approbation of what has passed at Corfinium. I will follow your advice with the greater pleasure, as it was always my own disposition to act with the utmost lenity, and to court an accommodation with Pompey. Let us try whether it be possible, by this means, to regain the confidence of the public, and to make our successes durable; since others,

[1] Though Balbus was a Spaniard, yet he took the name of the family of his patron Lentulus.

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others[1], by cruelty, fell into detestation, and none of them, excepting Sylla, whom I do not choose to imitate[2], enjoyed his successes long. Let us shew the world a new method of conquering, and let clemency and munificence be my only guards. I have already formed some schemes, and many more may be formed, for effecting this. I desire you to turn your thoughts to the same subject.

I took prisoner Cnæius Magius, one of Pompey's commanding officers; but, according to the plan I laid down, I instantly dismissed him. He is the second general officer who has fallen into my hands, and whom I have dismissed. If they want to shew their gratitude, they will exhort Pompey to prefer my friendship to that[3] of those men

[1] This letter is a noble testimony of Cæsar's wisdom and magnanimity, and as his actions answered the sentiments he lays down here, there is no room to doubt of his sincerity. The persons he means in this passage, are Marius and Cinna, and he was related to both. For Marius married his aunt, and he married Cinna's daughter. Notwithstanding that, he blames their cruel politics.

[2] Sylla was always the enemy of Cæsar, and pretended to have restored the nobility, and the senate, in the state, to their proper rank and authority; and this he did by deluging the commonwealth with blood. Cæsar was professedly the friend of the commons, but no enemy to the senate, and what he says here is a tacit reproach upon Pompey, who always publicly declared he would imitate Sylla.

[3] It is a great short-sightedness in authors who take up the commencement

men who have ever shewn themselves his, and my inveterate enemies; and by whose practices the republic is reduced to its present state.

EPISTLE VIII.

WHILE we were at supper, the night of the 14th instant, Statius brought me a short letter from

commencement of the civil differences in Rome, which ended so fatally for her liberty, only at the time when the breach between Pompey and Cæsar was declared. The best patriots of Rome, viz. Cato, Bibulus, Domitius, and even our author, as we have seen in the foregoing part of these letters, foresaw, and foretold, the miseries that followed from the time of Pompey's intimacy with Cæsar, and they equally opposed the growth of the power of both. But Pompey's popularity, and Cæsar's interest amongst the commons, and with the Marian faction, which was still very strong, bore down every thing before them; because, in effect, they formed a kind of coalition of parties, especially, as by means of Crassus, it was supported by the monied interest, viz. the knights. Notwithstanding this, as the real patriots had great weight, they often found means to open the eye sof their countrymen so effectually, that they went near to overthrow all the power of Pompey and Cæsar, Vide vol. i. p. 143, 144, 145, &c. We are not, therefore, candidly speaking, to imagine, that Cæsar, with all his plausible declarations, ever meant to restore the constitution of Rome, to that equal balance between the people and the senate, which the true patriots desired to effect. This very passage is a proof, that this was not in his thoughts, and that all he wanted was to compromise matters with Pompey, at the expence of Cato, and the rest who had opposed both of them in their growing power.

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from you. As to Lucius Torquatus, whom you inquire after, both he, and Aulus[1] are gone; the latter has been gone many days. I am greatly alarmed at the news you write me from Reate, as if a proscription was about to take place in the country of the Sabines. I had, as well as you, heard that a great many senators were at Rome. Pray can you guess why they are leaving[2] it? An opinion, founded rather upon conjecture than information or intelligence, prevails here, that, on the 22d of March, Cæsar will be at Formiæ. I wish I had with me here that Minerva, who, in Homer, appears under the figure of Mentor, to whom I might address myself,

Say how shall I approach, and how embrace him.

Never was I, in my life, so much at a loss to determine how to behave. I am, however, determined; nor shall I encounter the evils unprepared. I wish you well; for, if I mistake not, you had a fit yesterday.

EPISTLE

[1] Lucius Torquatus had been consul, and Aulus Torquatus had been prætor.

[2] *Viz.* To welcome Cæsar, who was then returning to Rome.

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EPISTLE IX.

ON the 16th, I received three letters from you, dated the 12th, 13th, and 14th, I will therefore answer them in the order of time. I agree with you, that it is best for me to remain at Formiæ, and, likewise as to what you write of the upper sea; and, as I wrote before, I will do my best to try, whether I cannot reconcile Cæsar to my standing neutral in public matters. You commend me for my writing to you, that I have overlooked the miscarriages and demerits of our friend. It is true, I have, and even to such a degree, that I have even forgotten his unkind proceedings, which you mention against myself. So very willing am I, that my sense of favours should prevail over my resentment of injuries. Let me, therefore, pursue what you recommend, and be myself again. For, in my rural walks, I am incessantly reasoning with myself, and conning over my queries; but some of them are extremely difficult to resolve.

Let our great men be what you will have them to be; but you know the proverb, *Dionysius lived at Corinth*[1]. The son of Titinius is with Cæsar.

[1] *Orig.* Monsieur Mongault, with very great justice, rejects the common application which critics have made of this proverbial

Cæsar. You seem apprehensive, lest your counsels should be disagreeable to me; so far from it, that my only joy in life is in receiving your advices and letters. Fulfil, therefore, your purpose of continually writing to me, whatever comes into your

verbial expression, to our author's person, as if he had reproached himself for leading a life unbecoming his character. But I cannot agree so well with that gentlemen in thinking, that Cicero means here to put Atticus in mind of the mutability of fortune, and that it was possible Pompey might one day or other get the better. There is nothing in the words here, as he supposes, that determines them to that sense, though I own, it is difficult to find out a better. If I were to hazard a conjecture, I would apply it to that thirst of tyranny which led Dionysius to tyrannize over school-boys after he was expelled from his throne. It is in this light that the occupation of Dionysius chiefly strikes our author, rather than in that of the melancholy reverse of fortune. He therefore, perhaps, hints, that the nobility of Rome, were willing to live under either Cæsar or Pompey, provided they still continued to enjoy the power of oppressing slaves, as they had formerly done freemen. *Est autem*, says he, (*Tuscul. Disput. Lib.* 3. *Cap.* 12.) *impudens luctus mœrore se conficientis, quod imperare non liceat liberis. Dionysius quidem tyrannus, Syracusis expulsus, Corinthi pueros docebat; usque eo imperio carere non poterat.* "Now it is a "most impudent grief for a man to languish with sorrow, be- "cause he cannot command the free. Dionysius the tyrant, "was so unable to live without power, that he taught boys at "Corinth, when he was driven from Syracuse." This passage, I think, goes far to determine the words in question, to the sense I have hinted at. He mentions this circumstance of Dionysius, (*Epist. Eam. Lib.* 9. *Ep.* 18.) in pretty much the same light, with regard to himself, but jocularly.

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your thoughts; you cannot lay me under a greater obligation.

I now come to your second letter. You are in the right, in not believing the number of Pompey's soldiers to be as you have heard. Clodia's letter mentions it to be greater by half. The account of the ships being burnt, is likewise false. As to your commending the consuls, I too commend their motives, but not their measures. For, by their separation, all negociations concerning peace are at an end; at least, upon the plan which I had projected[1]. I have therefore, sent you back by Philotimus, the treatise of Demetrius concerning public unanimity.

For my own part, I perceive a most destructive war, ready to terminate in famine; and yet I lament that I am not concerned in this war, a war so detestable, that though it is the highest crime against nature not to support our parents, yet the leaders of this war have taken their measures for famishing the most venerable, the most sacred of all parents, I mean their country. My apprehensions do not arise from what I conjecture, but from what I heard. For all this fleet from Alexandria, Colchis, Tyre, Sidon, Aradus, Cyprus, Pamphylia, Lycia, Rhodes, Chios,

[1] This happened to be true in effect, for Pompey rejected Cæsar's last propositions, on pretext that the consuls were not with him.

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Chios, Byzantium, Lesbos, Miletus, Smyrna, and Coos, is getting ready to intercept the provisions of Italy, and to seize the coasts of the corn-countries. But in what a passion will Pompey return! especially with those who wanted most to save their country, as if they had abandoned him, and not he them, which was the case. My friendship, therefore, for Pompey, goes a great way in determining my doubts, as to my future conduct; for, were it not for that friendship, I should choose to die in my country, rather than to ruin, under the pretext of saving, it.

The north wind, as you conjecture, has certainly conveyed away the consuls. I am afraid, that Epirus will have its share in the public troubles. But do you imagine, there is a place in Greece, that will not be plundered? For, Pompey publicly avows, and demonstrates to his soldiers, that he will out-do Cæsar himself in liberality. Your advice is excellent, that, when I shall see Cæsar, I should speak to him rather with authority, than with mildness. I am determined to do this. I think of going to Arpinum, but not till I have seen him, lest I should chance not to be in the way when he comes hither, or be obliged to ramble after him through very bad roads. I hear, as you write me, that Bibulus is arrived, and that he returned on the 14th.

In your third letter, you tell me, that you expected

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pected Philotimus; but he left me only on the 15th, for which reason, my answer, which I instantly wrote to yours, is longer than it ought in coming to your hands. I agree with you in believing Domitius to be at his house in Cosa, and that it is not known how he will proceed. Of all base men he is the basest[1], who maintains, that a consular election may be held by a prætor. But that is in unison with his former behaviour towards his country. This, however, explains Cæsar's expressions in his letter, of which I sent you a copy, that he would *be directed by my advice*, which is a vulgar compliment,—*By my interest*, which is absurd; but, I suppose, he passes that compliment to me, in regard to the opinion of the senators,—*By my authority*.—Perhaps, he means, the weight which the opinion of a consular carries along with it in the house;—At last, he says, *by my assistance in all things*[2]. When I read

[1] This probably was Lepidus, who was afterwards a Triumvir, and was then prætor. Concerning the affair mentioned here, See Aulus Gellius, Lib. 13. Cap. 14.

[2] Monsieur Mongault has not evinced his usual accuracy in translating this passage. It plainly refers to Cæsar's letter to our author, *Vide* p. 68. And the identity of the expression in Cæsar's letter, ought to have been preserved here, which Monsieur Mongault has neglected to do. I have been the more minute in this observation, because the political sense of the words, *Consilium*, *Gratia*, *Dignitas*, and *Opes*, which often occur in our author, are very happily determined by this comment of our author upon Cæsar's words.

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read your letter, I began to suspect he meant this, or some such thing. For it is of great importance to him, that there should be no interregnum, which he may prevent, if a prætor can elect the consuls[1]. Our statute-books, however, tell us, that a prætor cannot lawfully elect the consuls, nor even prætors, and that no such thing ever was done. They cannot by law appoint the consuls, because the higher magistracy cannot lawfully be obtained from the inferior nor the prætors, because they are, with regard to the rights of election, on a footing with the consuls, whose power is supreme. Cæsar will likely desire my decision in his favour, without depending upon that of Galba, Scævola, Cassius, or Antony[2], than which I should rather be buried alive[3]. Thus you see what a dreadful storm is hanging over us. I will write you what senators have gone beyond the sea, as soon as I have more certain intelligence. You are right in your apprehensions, concerning the subsistence of Pompey's army, which

[1] He found another way of preventing it, by being named dictator, in right of which office he presided at the consular elections.

[2] These were all creatures of Cæsar, and perhaps augurs, as well as our author.

[3] *Orig.*—τοτε μοι χασοι ευρεια χθων. literally, *then may the earth swallow me up.*

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which can be furnished only by extraordinary imposts; nor, is it without good grounds, that you are afraid of those who are about Pompey, and of a dreadful civil war. I am very desirous to see our friend Trebatius, though he is, as you write, always in a state of despondency. I beg you will desire him to make haste to come to me, for it is very requisite I should see him before Cæsar comes this way.

As to Lanuvinum[1] as soon as I heard that Phameas was dead, I wished that some of my friends would buy it, I mean, provided our country should continue to exist; and yet, though you are the best friend I have, you did not so much as come into my mind. For, I know how much interest, or how much ground you require for your money, and I saw your books of accounts, not only at Rome, but at Delos[2]. But, though it is a pretty estate, I now value it less, than I did under the consulship of Marcellinus, when the gardens that belonged to it, would have greatly improved the house I then had at Antium, and when the whole might have cost less than the repairing of Tusculanum. I offered him security for five hundred thousand serteces, and that the money should be advanced to

[1] This seat lay near Aricea.

[2] The original here is very obscure. I have translated it according to the best authorities.

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to Phameas, when he came to Antium to sell it. But he refused it; yet, I suppose, the price of estates is now fallen, on account of the scarcity of money. If you should buy it, it would be extremely convenient for me, or rather for us. I would not, however, have you to reject it on account of the immense expence, as it is very beautiful; though in my opinion every edifice of this kind will soon become the devoted victim of plunder. I have thus answered your three letters. But I am impatient for more, since hitherto your letters have been my only support. March the 17th.

EPISTLE X.

I HAVE nothing to write to you, as having received no news, since I answered yours the day before yesterday. But, as fretting not only keeps me from sleeping, but gives me the greatest pain, while I am awake, I set myself down to scribble somewhat or other, in which I have no manner of meaning, but to converse as it were with you, who are my only comfort. I now see, that I have been a madman all along, and I am tortured by this single reflection, that I did not, as a soldier follows his colours, implicitly follow Pompey. While he was tottering, or rather rush-

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ing into ruin, I saw him on the 11th of January, under such visible consternation, that I knew that very day, what he intended to do. I approved of none of his measures, as he continued to heap one misconduct on another, without writing in the meantime to me, and without thinking of any thing, but how to fly. To tell you the truth, as in the affairs of love, we are disgusted with a senseless, inelegant mistress, so my affection towards him was alienated by the meanness of his flight, and the carelessness of his behaviour. He did not make one step that could induce me to attend him in his flight. But now my love-fit returns, and I am unable to bear the absence of him; books, reading, philosophy, are now altogether destitute of interest and charms to me. Night and day my heart flutters like a bird, as soon as I cast my eyes on the sea, with eagerness to fly over it. I am punished, indeed I am, for my rashness. But what do I talk of rashness? What have I done, but upon the most mature deliberation[1]? Had flight

[1] The whole of this paragraph is inexpressibly beautiful, and the manner of it is an infallible proof of its being dictated from the heart. Notwithstanding which, I know nothing in the human system so unaccountable as the passion which our author here pretends to have for Pompey. For my own part, I cannot help frankly owning, that I believe, he mistook the object of his passion, and that all he says here of Pompey, is no other than the result of the tenderness, the delicacy, and the soreness, which

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flight been the only question, I would have accompanied his flight with the greatest pleasure, but I was struck with horror when I reflected that this was only the prelude to a war, the most dreadful and cruel that can be imagined, and its consequences impossible to be foreseen. What menaces were thrown out against the municipal towns, and especially against the best of our patriots, and against all who staid behind? How frequent was that saying in Pompey's mouth, "If Sylla had power to do so, shall I be unable to do it?" I own, these things adhered to me. Tarquin

which he was perpetually feeling for his own character. His whole reasoning, in this letter, turns upon the same principles, and he ingeniously justifies himself to himself, and to his friend from his friend's letters, and from prudential considerations. But to say the truth, if Pompey was that low, mean-spirited wretch, that pitiful politician, and that despicable general our author represents him to be, how can we account for the preference he always affects to give his person, especially as he tells us, his views were more bloody and destructive than those of Cæsar? The truth is, a great part of our author's patriotism sprung from the confidence he assumed from the lenity of Cæsar. He was extremely cautious, while he thought that Cæsar would proceed on the same bloody plan as Sylla, Marius and former tyrants had done, of coming to extremities with him, by leaving Italy to follow Pompey. But when he found, that it was impossible for him to offend beyond the measures of Cæsar's forgiveness, he then resolved to follow Pompey, because, he hereby reconciled patriotism to safety. I should not have been so bold in this observation upon our author's conduct, did it not naturally rise from the whole tenor of these letters.

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Tarquin acted unnaturally, when he armed Porsena[1] and Octavius Mamilius against his country; Coriolanus was a traitor, for soliciting assistance from the Volsci; Themistocles behaved like a patriot, who preferred death; Hippias the son of Pisistratus, was a rebel, for carrying arms against his country, when he fell in the battle of Marathon. But Sylla, Marius, and Cinna, acted under great provocation, and perhaps, with some colour of justice[2]; but what could be more cruel, what could be more fatal, than their victories were?

I wanted to avoid a repetition of the same kind of war, especially as I saw measures of a still more cruel nature in agitation, and in forwardness. Shall I march at the head of Goths, of Arminians, of Colchians, against the city, of which I was called the preserver, of which I was hailed the father? Shall I bring famine upon my countrymen? Shall I introduce desolation into Italy? It first occurred to me, that Pompey was mortal by nature, and that his death might be occasioned by many accidents, but that it

[1] The persons mentioned here, are so well known in ancient history, that I shall not describe them. It may, however, be proper to inform the reader, that Hippias was a Greek, and upon his brother's being killed, he fled to the king of Persia, and persuaded him to make war upon his country.

[2] *Orig. At Sylla, at Marius, at Cinna recte, immo jure fortasse.* The words *recte & jure* here, are too strong to be translated literally into English.

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it was our duty to do all we could, that our city and our country should remain immortal, and still I entertained the flattering hopes of an accommodation, before Cæsar should so far advance in treason, or Pompey in blood.

The whole scene is now changed, and so are my sentiments. The sun, to make use of an expression in one of your letters, seems to be extinguished in the system of the world. As there are hopes while there is breath in the body of a sick man, so I continued still to hope, while Pompey remained in Italy. Here, here I was mistaken; and, (to speak candidly) in this decline of life, after incessant toils, my age seeks to glide into the endearment of domestic repose. At present, should the experiment cost me my life, yet I will try to fly from hence. I perhaps, make this experiment when it is too late, but I was detained by the reasons I wrote you, and chiefly by your opinion.

For, when I came to this place, I perused a bundle of your letters, which I preserve most carefully under seal. Now, in that which you wrote me the 23d of January were these words: "But let us see how Pompey will proceed, and what his views are. Should he leave Italy, I think he will act very wrong, and in my opinion, very absurdly. But we cannot, before then, change our measures." This is written the fourth day after I left Rome. Afterwards on the 25th of

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of January, you write me, "Provided our friend Pompey do not abandon Italy, as he has most absurdly abandoned Rome." There is another of yours of the same date, in which you give this direct answer, upon my asking your advice. Your words are, "But I come to that concerning which you consult me; if Pompey should leave Italy, I think you should return to Rome, for there would be no end of travelling after him in foreign countries." This I own to you, impressed me. And now, I see that an endless war is to attend my wretched flight, which you soften by the term of "travelling in foreign countries."

Now follows your prediction on the 27th of January. "Should Pompey remain in Italy, and should there be no accommodation, I am of opinion, the war would last a long time. But should he abandon Italy, I fear, that its miseries will rage beyond our days." Such then is the war, in which I am forced to partake, to act, and to assist, an endless civil war. Afterwards on the 7th of February, after seeing a little farther into Pompey's views, you conclude your letter thus: "I, for my part, would not advise you to leave Italy, and to follow him in his flight; for that would expose you to the greatest danger, without doing any service to your country, which you may hereafter serve if you should stay in Italy." Show me the patriot or the citizen of public spirit, who would not be swayed by such an admonition, by such

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such an advice coming from a man of sense, and a friend?

Afterwards on the 11th of February, upon my again applying to you for advice, you write me as follows, "As to this, you ask me, whether I think a flight in which I am to adhere to Pompey[1], or my remaining here, by which I abandon the cause of our patriots, the most advisable. For my own part, I think at present, that your sudden and precipitate departure, would do no service either to you or to Pompey, and would expose you to danger. I think it more safe, that you disperse, and be on the watch for awhile. But I judge it at any rate, truly shameful to think of flying. Yet this is a shame which our friend Pompey has been meditating for these two years past. So much has his mind indulged in the proscriptions of Sylla[2]. After this, if I remember right, after writing me somewhat in general terms, from which I imagined, I could gather some hints, that you wanted me to leave Italy, you shew your detestation of that in more express terms, on the 19th of February: "For my part, I never gave you the least intimation, that if Pompey should leave Italy, you ought to leave it likewise. Or, if I have given such a hint, it is inconsistent, not only with my own sense, but with common

[1] The original here is corrupted, and can be restored only by conjecture.

[2] Orig. *Ita sullaturit animus ejus et proscripturit diu.*

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common sense." In another passage of the same letter, you say, "Pompey has now no shift but to fly, but as to your leaving Italy, with him, I am still against it, and ever was against it." But you discuss all the difficulties that can occur on this subject, more accurately in your letter of the 22d of February: "If Manius Lepidus and Lucius Volcatius should stay, I think you ought to stay likewise. But still, if Pompey can preserve himself, and make a stand somewhere; I think you ought to abandon the inanimate crew around you[1], and prefer to die sword in hand with Pompey, rather than to reign with those harpies, who shall flock together in the government of Cæsar. After expatiating a great deal to the same purpose, you say in the close of your letter, "But if Lepidus and Volcatius should leave Italy, I am at a loss how to advise you. Even in such an event, I think that what you have done is right, whatever the consequence may be." If you were then at a loss how to advise, you surely can be at none now, as they have remained in Italy.

Afterwards, on the 25th of February, when Pompey was flying, you tell me, "Meanwhile, you will, I doubt not, remain at Formiæ, where

[1] Νεκυιαν. Literally *carcases*, meaning, as it appears to me, those idle, vain dependants, whom Cicero had now about him, as *Imperator*. Others, however, take them to be the profligate and needy, who flocked to the standard of Cæsar.—E.

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where you can most conveniently hear what happens." On the 1st of March, when Pompey had been five days gone from Brundusium, you write me, "Then we can deliberate, not that I say you are quite free from engagements, but surely you are less involved than you would have been, had you precipitately gone after Pompey. Afterwards on the 4th of March, when you had a fit of the ague, you write me a few lines to the following effect. "To-morrow I will write you more fully as to every thing. Meanwhile, I do not at all repent advising you to stay in Italy. You must, indeed, feel great anxiety, but much less than if you had left Italy. I therefore, am still of the same sentiments, and I am glad you have not changed yours." Afterwards, while I was fretting and alarmed, lest I had exposed myself to disgrace, you write me on the 5th of March. "And yet I am not at all uneasy at your not being with Pompey. If it is necessary afterwards, you will have no great difficulty in joining him, and you will be most welcome to him, join him when you will. But this must be understood with limitation. For should Cæsar proceed in the same sincere, moderate, wise manner, he sets out with, I see we shall have great reason to advise farther upon what is proper for us to do." On the 9th of March you write me, that my remaining inactive is greatly approved of by our friend

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friend Peducius, whose opinion has a great weight with me.

These expressions comfort me, with the thoughts that I have hitherto done nothing that is disgraceful. I leave it to you to support your own opinion, not that I require to be satisfied, but that others may be satisfied likewise. If I have not erred hitherto, I will take care of what is to come. Exhort me to persevere in this, and assist me with your thoughts on that head. We have heard nothing concerning Cæsar's return. I am rewarded for writing this letter, by the satisfaction I have had in perusing all yours.

EPISTLE XI.

You must know that our friend Lentulus is at Puteoli. I no sooner learned this, which I thought an improbable piece of intelligence, from a traveller, who said that he saw and knew him upon the Appian way, while the windows of his carriage were open. I then sent some slaves to Puteoli, to find him out with a letter from me. It was with difficulty that they found him skulking about his country-house; and he returned an answer to my letter, in which he greatly magnifies his obligations to Cæsar, and adds, that he

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he has entrusted Caius Cæcius to inform me of what he intends himself to do. I expect him this day, which is the 20th of March. Yesterday Matius paid me a visit. Upon my honour, I think him a discreet, wise man, and he has always been reckoned an adviser of peaceable measures. He expressed strong disapprobation of Cæsar's present proceedings, and his dread of the vultures around him, as you term them.

As we have had a great deal of conversation together, I showed him Cæsar's letter to me, of which I sent you a copy, and I begged to know of him what he meant by the expression, that he was willing to be directed by my advice, interest, authority, and assistance in all things. His answer was, that he made no doubt Cæsar applied to me for my assistance and interest in bringing about an accommodation. I wish to heaven, that in the present distressful state of the country, it were practicable to serve it by my wisdom, or my exertion. As to Matius, he was very positive that Cæsar's sentiments were pacific, and he promised himself to recommend pacific measures to him. But Crassipes had paid me a visit the day before, who said, that he had left Pompey, upon the 6th, at Brundusium, and they who came from thence on the 8th, say the same thing. All of them and Crassipes amongst the rest, agree that Pompey's followers, very imprudently, you must be sensible, throw out

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out threatening speeches, avow themselves foes to the nobility, and enemies to our municipal towns; that they breathe proscriptions, and profess themselves to be so many Syllas! This is the language of Lucceius, of all Greece, and especially of Theophanes!—Yet, upon such men, depend all the hopes of our country's preservation. On their account my eyes are strangers to sleep, and my soul to rest, and yet I am impatient till I associate with men so unlike myself, that I may avoid the public pests that form the other party. Into what seas of blood, do you not think Scipio, Faustus, and Libo will embark, now that their private affairs are entirely ruined: should they prevail, what cruelties will they not inflict upon the citizens of Rome?

What pusilanimity they impute to Pompey! He has given up the thought of going to Spain, and intends to seek concealment in Egypt, Arabia Felix, and Mesopotamia. But there may be nothing in these wild reports. It is however, certain, that the schemes of Cæsar are desperate, and those of Pompey dangerous; I am impatient for a letter from you. Ever since I left Rome, I have not permitted a day to pass without writing to you: I have sent you a copy of my letter to Cæsar, and I imagine that it will have some effect.

Cicero,

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Cicero, Commander in Chief, to Cæsar, Commander in Chief, wisheth Prosperity.

HAVING read your letter, which I received from our friend Furnius, in which you propose I should return to Rome; I was not surprised at your desiring to avail yourself of my advice and authority, but I was at a loss for your meaning in requiring my interest and assistance. I however, flattered myself, that, consistently with your admirable and matchless wisdom, you were willing I should co-operate with you for re-establishing the happiness, the peace, and the tranquillity of our country, for which I am qualified both by my disposition and character. If this be your wish, if you are concerned for the safety of our friend Pompey, and for a reconciliation with him, and with the country, you can, indeed, find no man more proper than I am, to be employed in such a cause. I took the most early opportunity of recommending pacific measures both to him and the senate, nor have I taken the least concern in the war ever since hostilities commenced, as judging you to be injured by a war, which was kindled by those enemies, who envied you the honours decreed you by the people of Rome. But, as on that occasion, I not only promoted your pretensions

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pretensions to those distinctions, but likewise solicited others to join your party, so, at this time, I am sensibly concerned for the dignity of Pompey. For it is several years since I singled you both out as the objects of my chief regard, and as my most particular friends, which you still are.

I therefore desire, or rather, I most earnestly beseech and conjure you, that, in the midst of your important proceedings, you will bestow a moment's attention to this thought, how I may acquit myself through your indulgence, as an honest, grateful, worthy man, towards a person whom I remember to have imposed upon me the greatest obligation. Had this request regarded only my own person, I flatter myself you would grant it. But I am of opinion, that the sincerity of your professions, and the interest of our country, require that you should select me out of those few, whose situation fits them to endeavour to reconcile you and Pompey, and to restore the public tranquillity.

I already returned you my thanks for your kindness to Lentulus, and for thus saving the man who had saved me. But when I read his letters which he wrote me with a heart full of gratitude for your generosity, I thought that the favour done to him was done to myself. If you approve of my gratitude to him, I beg that you will

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will give me an opportunity of shewing the like to Pompey [1].

EPISTLE XII.

WHILE I was reading your letter of the 20th of March, I received one from Lepta, with an account that Pompey was surrounded, and that the

[1] This is the celebrated letter for which our author has apologized before. Notwithstanding all he says in that apology, it can scarcely be denied, that he goes too far when he says, that he thought Cæsar had the juster cause, if he was sincere in what he says at other times, of his abhorrence of Cæsar's proceedings. The whole letter, however, gives us a most beautiful picture of the goodness of our author's heart, and at the same time, of his exquisite delicacy and good breeding. The worst that can be said of it is, that it is not written in the spirit of a severe patriot, and that it is not such as Cato, Brutus, Bibulus, or any of the high republicans, would have dictated. It was, however, conceived in the most proper terms for conciliating Cæsar. Our author was indeed mistaken, and so have all his apologists, and none more than Dr. Middleton, in imagining that either Cæsar, or the patriots, had any great opinion of our author's integrity or wisdom, I believe they despised and distrusted both, but that did not prevent his being of great importance to either party, and, in fact, he was of a character very proper for acting as a mediator, if either party, was sincerely disposed to peace, perhaps much more so than he could have been, had he been less pliable.

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the entrance of the harbour was occupied by armed boats[1]. My tears, I protest, prevent me from thinking or writing any farther. I send you, therefore, the copy of his letter. What wretches are we who did not, all of us, hazard ourselves along with Pompey! And now the same melancholy news are confirmed by Matius and Trebatius, who met Cæsar's couriers at Minturnæ. My misery now is such, that I wish for the fate of Mucius[2].

But how generous, how clear, how well digested were your advices concerning my journey, my voyage, my meeting, and my conversation with Cæsar. What you proposed was at once honourable and prudent. But as to the invitation, you give me to Epirus, it is the act of a friend, of a generous friend, and a brother!

I am surprised at the behaviour of Dionysius; Scipio did not entertain Panætius more honourably that I did him, and yet he basely neglects me in my present degradation. I hate, and ever shall hate the man. I wish I could be revenged upon him, but I will leave him to be his own tormentor.

Now, now, my friend, is the time for your considering what I am to do. An army of Romans besiege

[1] We have a full account of those operations in Cæsar's first book of the civil war, to which I refer the reader.

[2] Quintus Mucius Scævola was killed by order of the younger Marius.

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besiege Pompey. He is blocked up by a ditch and a rampart; he is cut off from flying. Yet are we alive? Does Rome still stand? Do her prætors sit in judgment? Are her Ediles preparing their sports? Are her men of worth laying out their money at interest? But what am I doing? Shall I madly run about? Shall I rouse the loyalty of our municipal towns? The great will not follow me, the mob will deride me; they who aim at a revolution, now (especially that they are successful and in arms) will lay violent hands on me. What then is your opinion? How would you advise me to put an end to the miseries of such a life? My sorrows, my torments are redoubled, now that some people will think me either prudent or happy, for not having followed Pompey. My sentiments are the reverse, for I have always wished to be with Pompey, not to share in his victory but in his distress. Let me now implore your letters, let me have recourse to your wisdom or your kindness—All is now desperate.—We are not without remedy.—I have not now even a wish to form, but that Pompey may be delivered by the clemency of his enemy.

The report concerning the blockade[1] I believe not

[1] *Orig.* ουκ εστι στυμος λογος. This seems to have been the beginning of another letter, written by our author

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not to be true. Dolabella indeed, writes me, upon the 18th of March, from Brundusium, that Pompey was upon the point of sailing, and the day of his flight would be fortunate for Cæsar. But this account is very different from that contained in the letters, of which I have before sent you copies. Here indeed, it is rumoured that Cæsar is determined to pursue and exterminate him; but the intelligence is neither later, nor is the authority better, than that of Dolabella.

EPISTLE XIII.

On the 22d instant, I received your letter, in which you postpone the giving me any advice, until we can know what has been done. You are certainly in the right of it. For, indeed, at present, I cannot bring myself to think, far less to resolve, upon any thing. And yet Dolabella's letter invites me to resume my former thoughts. For the wind was very fair on the 18th, and Pompey, I suppose, availed himself of it. The quotations I collected from your letters, were not meant

author after receiving one from Dolabella. The Greek here is an hemistic of the first line of a poetical recantation written by Stesichorus, after he was struck blind in consequence of composing some abusive verses upon Helen, and is mentioned by Plato in his Phædrus.

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meant in the way of complaint of you, but of comfort to myself. For I was not so much vexed by my distresses, as by an apprehension that my ill conduct, or rashness, may have given offence. But now, my apprehension has subsided, because my proceedings and conduct have been agreeable to your advices.

You write me, that the obligations, I seem to be under to Pompey, are magnified by my own sense of gratitude, beyond his real merits. It is true, I have always exaggerated them, and the rather, that he may not think I retain the smallest memory of former grudges. But, supposing I did remember them, yet still his behaviour towards me, at that critical juncture, ought to be now my guide with regard to him. When it was in his power he gave me no assistance, but he was afterwards my friend to an excess, for what reason I know not; I therefore ought to befriend him in my turn. In one circumstance our fortunes are alike, that both of us have been deceived by the same men[1]. But I wish that it were in my power to do as much service to him, as he could have done to me; I have, however, the most grateful sense of what he did. But at present, I know not how I can serve him in any respect, and if I could, I think I ought to assist

[1] Meaning the optimates, or men of quality, such as Bibulus, Hortensius, and Lucceius, whom Cicero bitterly complained of in the preceding letters.

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assist him in his preparations for this destructive war. All I mean, is not to give him umbrage at my remaining in Italy. But, by heavens, I cannot at the same time, be an eye witness to, I cannot bear a part in, those calamities which you may now figure to yourself.

But I have been the more dilatory in my departure, because it is no easy task for a man to resolve voluntarily to leave his country without the smallest hopes of seeing it again. For I perceive Cæsar to be very strong in infantry, in cavalry, in shipping, and in auxiliaries from Gaul; but Matius, I believe, exaggerated their number, when he said they had engaged to maintain for him at their own expence, ten thousand foot, and six thousand horse. But, supposing this to be a boast, yet it is certain that he is very strong, and he will not, like Pompey be obliged to maintain them by extraordinary contributions, for he will have the riches of all Rome at his command. And add to this, the enterprizing spirit of Cæsar; the weakness of our patriots, who are enemies to the war, for no other reason, but, as you write, because they have given him just cause of disgust. Yet I wish you had pointed out the persons you meant by this hint. Cæsar, however, has been more moderate than he appeared to be at setting out, and the common people have lost the great affection they had for Pompey. As to our corporations and country gentlemen, they dread Pompey, and

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and hitherto they seem to be fond of Cæsar. The situation therefore of the latter, is such, that supposing he is unable to conquer, yet I cannot see how he can be defeated.

For my own part, I dread not so much the enticing persuasion, so much as the coercive power which this man possesses. For, as Plato says, the requests of princes always carry the necessity of complying with them. I perceive, you are against my remaining any longer in an inland situation. This indeed, I do not myself like, but I am here undiscovered, and I was faithfully served. Could I have the same conveniences at Brundusium, I would choose to go thither. But I could not there remain without being discovered. However, as you write, we can come to no positive resolution till we are farther informed.

I am not very anxious about apologizing for my conduct to the patriotic party. What a description did Peduceus give me of the long entertainments they gave and received! What elegancies, what luxuries were there! Well, I will allow them to be patriots, but not better than myself; they would give me uneasiness were they in reality better.

I was mistaken with regard to the house of Phameas at Lanuvinum; I was dreaming of that

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at Troy[1], for which I formerly offered five hundred thousand serteces, but that is worth more. I could, however, wish that you would buy it, if you have the smallest hopes of being able to enjoy it. You perceive from this long letter which is swelled into a pamphlet, what strange things we see every day. Our friend Lentulus is quite inconsolable at Puteoli, as Cæcius tells me. He knows not how to proceed. He is afraid of incurring infamy from what happened at Corfinium. He thinks he has done as much as he ought for Pompey; he is impressed with the generosity of Cæsar, but when he knows the whole truth, the impression will be more lively.

Here I have a piece of news that will surprise you. This is the worst of all our miseries. Pompey has sent N. Magius to treat of peace with Cæsar, and yet he continues to be besieged. I would not believe this, had I not yet received letters from Balbus, of which I send you copies. Read them, I beg of you, and especially the last paragraph from Balbus, that most deserving person[2], whom our friend Pompey presented with the ground for building his country house, and whom he treated with more distinction than he did any of us. It is on that account the poor gentleman

[1] This was a place in Italy, between Ardea Laurentum, and Antium, so called from a colony established there by Æneas.

[2] This is irony.

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gentleman is tormented. But, that you may not read the same thing twice over, I refer you to the letter itself. As to an accommodation, I have lost all hopes of it. Dolabella's letters of the 15th of March, breathe nothing but war. Let me, therefore, remain fixed to my resolution, wretched and desperate as it is; for nothing can be more wretched than my present situation.

Balbus to Cicero, Commander in Chief, wisheth Prosperity.

CÆSAR has sent me a very short letter, of which I transmit you a copy. From its shortness, you may perceive how very much he is hurried, as he has used so few words upon so weighty a subject. I will inform you farther when I receive any fresh intelligence.

Cæsar to Oppius and Balbus, wisheth Prosperity.

ON the 9th of March, I arrived at Brundusium, and have invested it, Pompey is within the place. He sent N. Magius to me to treat of peace. I answered him as I thought proper. I was willing you should be instantly informed of this. When I shall have any prospect of an accommodation,

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dation, I will let you know without loss of time.

Now my dear Cicero, it is impossible for you to conceive, how much I am tortured, now that I have again hopes of an accommodation, lest some accident should happen to prevent it. All I can do at this distance, is to express my wishes. Were I there in person, I might, perhaps, be of some use. At present, I am on the rack of impatience.

EPISTLE XIV.

On the 24th, I sent you copies of the letter to me from Balbus, and from Cæsar to him, and the same day I received a letter from Q. Pedius, at Capua, informing me, that Cæsar had written to him on the 14th of March, in the following terms.

"Pompey keeps within the town. I am encamped before the gates. We are attempting a great and a tedious work, on account of the depth of the sea; but I had no choice left me. We are casting up mounds from both points of the harbour, in order to force Pompey to pass beyond seas, with the troops he has at Brundusium or to block him up in the harbour."

Where is now the accommodation, which Balbus said had put him upon the rack of impatience?

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ence? What can be more bitter, what more cruel, than this intelligence? It is even given out for certainty, that Cæsar says, he will avenge the blood of C. Carbo, of M. Brutus[1], and of all who were butchered by Sylla, in conjunction with Pompey; that Curio does nothing by his orders which Pompey had not done by Sylla's, that he had restored[2] to their rights of standing for public offices, those who could not by the old laws have suffered banishment; but that Pompey had restored traitors from exile. That Cæsar farther complains of Milo's being banished[3] by force, but that he will offer no violence to any who are not in arms against him. One Bæbius,

[1] Carbo was killed in Sicily by Pompey's order; and Marcus Brutus, father of the famous Brutus, who headed the conspiracy by which Cæsar fell, was killed by the same orders, after surrendering Modena to Pompey.

[2] The original here is desperate, and I have translated it according to the most probable conjecture I could form. It is however necessary for the reader to know, that Pompey was under a kind of a necessity of proceeding severely by some new laws, which had passed against those who were guilty of public corruption, which was then excessive at Rome.

[3] It has been objected to Cæsar's character, notwithstanding his complaining of Milo's banishment, that he did not recall Milo when it was in his power to have done it. But I cannot see how this affects Cæsar, since Milo might have been guilty, and a very dangerous citizen, and yet the measures taken by Pompey to over-awe his trial, might have been very unjustifiable; and in fact, our author thought, and knew them to be so.

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bius, who was sent hither by Curio, on the 13th, and is a fluent speaker, talks of Cæsar in a quite different strain, but nobody knows any thing of this same Bæbius. I am absolutely at a loss how to proceed. I am convinced, Pompey is embarked before this time; but we shall know all in two days. You have sent me no letters, even by Anteros; but, I am not surprised at that, for what can we write? and yet, I write to you every day.

P. S. Since writing the above, I received, before daybreak, a letter from Lepta at Capua, with an account, that Pompey embarked the 15th, and that by the 26th, Cæsar would be at Capua.

EPISTLE XV.

After writing you the letter which brought you the account, that Cæsar was to be at Capua by the 26th, I received a letter from Capua, that he was to be at Curio's house, in Alba, on the 28th. As soon as I have seen him, I will go to Arpi. Should I obtain the indulgence I ask for, I will comply with his terms; otherwise, I will follow a course of my own. He writes me, that he has posted one legion at Brundusium, another at Tarentum, and a third at Sipontum; and the whole

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whole seem to me to be disposed in such a manner, as to block up every passage by sea; while his own motions point towards Greece rather than Spain. But those are distant events. At present, I am uneasy about the manner of my meeting with him; for the time is at hand, and I tremble with the dread of his first proceedings. I suppose, he will endeavour to obtain a resolution of the senate; and a sentence from the Augural college in his favour. I shall be either hurried with him to Rome, or plundered in my absence. He will authorize a prætor, to create the consuls, or name a dictator; both which proceedings are unconstitutional. If Sylla, however, could from a regent procure himself the appellation of dictator, why may not Cæsar do the same? I can conclude upon nothing, but that I am in danger of being treated as a Q. Mucius by the one party, and as a L. Scipio by the other.

By the time you have read this letter, I shall perhaps, have had a meeting with Cæsar; You will perhaps reply, *you have suffered heavier trials than these;* No, not by my banishment. For then I was supported by the hopes of being speedily recalled; and by the discontent of the public. At present, I intend to leave Italy, without the smallest encouragement to hope, that I shall ever return. Our corporations, and country gentlemen, so far from being discontented

ted with Cæsar, are afraid of Pompey's cruelty and resentment. Notwithstanding all this, to stay with Cæsar is what I most dread, and to be with Pompey is what I most desire; to be his companion, not in fighting, but in flying. Meanwhile, you delayed giving me any advice, till we should know what had happened at Brundusium. We know it now; and yet I am as undetermined as ever.

I can scarcely flatter myself that Cæsar will give me the indulgence I am to solicit, notwithstanding all the strong reasons I shall urge to obtain it. But I will instantly send you a most exact and verbal account of our conversation, as soon as it shall happen. Do you, my friend, exert all your affection to assist me, by your concern and wisdom. Cæsar comes on so fast, that I cannot have a previous meeting with T. Rebilus, as I proposed. I must proceed, without the smallest preparation! and must speak what my own wisdom may dictate without the dread of that Nestor. Whatever I shall do you shall forthwith know. I have no copy of the proposals you ask for, sent by Cæsar to the consuls, and to Pompey. While I was upon the road, I sent you those brought by Egypta, by which, I suppose, you may gather the substance of the others. Philip is at Naples, and Lentulus at Puteoli. Endeavour to learn where Domitius is, and what he intends to do.

You

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You tell me that I have written in a harsher strain of Dionysius, than is usual with my natural temper; but you see by this how much I retain in me of the old Roman. Indeed, I thought that you would have been more sensibly affected, than I was, by his behaviour. For, not to mention that I imagine you ought to resent every injury offered to me; that fellow, in some measure, insulted you by behaving with so much insolence towards me. But how far that may be any concern of yours, I leave to yourself; for I will not impose on you the burden of resenting my quarrels. For my own part, I hardly thought him in his senses, but now believe him a base rascal: And yet he has done more harm to himself than he has done to me. You have managed very well concerning Philargirus[1]. The cause you defended, had truth and justice to support it, for he abandoned me rather than I him.

After sending off my letter, of the 25th, the servants, whom I had sent to Matius and Trebatius brought me a letter from them, of which the following is a copy.

EPISTLE

[1] This person seems to have been one, to whom Dionysius had complained of our author's treatment of him, and was set right by Atticus.

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Matius and Trebatius to Cicero, Commander in Chief, wish prosperity.

UPON our leaving Capua, we understood on the road, that, on the 17th of March, Pompey sailed from Brundusium, with the remaining part of his forces; that, next day, Cæsar entered that town; that he made a public harangue; that he set out from thence to Rome, where he will arrive some time this month, and, after staying a few days, will proceed to Spain. As we have this account of Cæsar's march from undoubted authority, I have thought proper to send back your servants, with the most early information of it to you. I have what you recommended to me very much at heart, and I will solicit it when opportunity offers. You will see Trebatius Scævola, before you see Cæsar or me.

P. S. Since writing what is above, we understand that Cæsar will be at Beneventum on the 25th; on the 26th, at Capua; and on the 27th, at Sinuessa. You may depend upon the truth of this.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE XVI.

THOUGH I have nothing new to write you, yet I write this, that I may not let a day pass without sending you a letter. I heard that Cæsar was to spend the 27th at Sinuessa: I received a letter from him, the day before, in which he tells me, he hopes to be assisted not by my property but by my influence[1]. After I had written him a letter of compliment upon his generous behaviour at Corfinium, he sent me the following answer.

Cæsar, Commander in Chief, to Cicero, Commander in Chief, wisheth Prosperity.

YOU know me too well to be mistaken in the judgment you have formed of my hating nothing so much as I do cruelty. Now, besides the great pleasure, which I take in clemency as a virtue, it gives me triumph, it gives me joy, that you approve of my conduct. I am not in the least concerned at the report, that they, whom I restored

[1] There is a low jingle in the original. *Jam opes meas, non, ut superioribus litteris, opem expectat.*

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tored to liberty, have gone off, that they might renew the war against me. For I wish for nothing more than that both they, and I, should act like ourselves. I earnestly desire you to be at Rome, that I may continue, in all my measures, to make use of your counsels and your aid. You must know that I hold in high estimation Dolabella your son-in-law. I hope he will comply with me in this request, and indeed such is his politeness, his good sense, and his kindness for me, that he cannot do otherwise[1].

EPISTLE XVII.

On the 28th, the date of this letter, I expect the arrival of Trebatius. I will determine upon the manner of addressing Cæsar by what I shall learn from him, and from the letters of Matius. Mortifying situation! for he doubtless will press me to come to Rome. For when he was at Formiæ, he publicly intimated his pleasure for a full senate, to assemble by the 1st of April. Shall I then refuse him?—But why should I anticipate matters.—I will not lose a moment in writing

[1] It is hard to say whether the magnanimity, or politeness of Cæsar, in this letter is most conspicuous, or whether our author's criticism, which we observed in the last note, or his distrust, if he did distrust Cæsar, is most absurd.

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writing to you. I will resolve, according to my conversation with him, whether I shall go to Arpi, or to some other place. I intend to give my son the manly robe at that place. I beg you to turn your thoughts to what I shall do afterwards, for vexation has rendered me quite stupid. I want to know whether Curius has written any thing to you concerning Tyro. For, according to what Tyro writes to me himself, I am apprehensive of his health. They who have seen him give me little satisfaction; and let me tell you, that even this is no small addition to my other great afflictions; for his care and assiduity would be extremely useful to me in my present situation.

EPISTLE XVIII.

I HAVE followed your advice[1], in both points. For my conversation with Cæsar, was such as might

[1] The reader cannot but observe, from this letter, how much our author's stile is influenced by his situation. He speaks as one out of breath, after a terrible fright in half broken, short sentences. Meanwhile I am still confirmed in my former opinion, that though his attendance at Rome, would have been of use to Cæsar, yet that Cæsar did not think him of so much importance as he seems to imagine himself to be. Even our author's firmness,

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might rather induce him to have a high opinion of my integrity, than to return me thanks for my compliance. I remain firm in declining to go to Rome. I was, however, mistaken in thinking he would be compliable[1]. Never did I see a man less so. He told me, that my refusal was a condemnation of his conduct, and that my not going to Rome would keep others back. My answer was, that my case and theirs differed widely. After much talk; Then come, said he, and set on foot an accommodation. What, upon my own terms? You are sure, replied he, I will not prescribe to you. Then, I will endeavour, said I, to persuade the senate to oppose your going to Spain, and your transporting your army into Greece. I will enlarge, continued I, in the most pathetic

firmness, and Cæsar's behaviour to him, confirm the suspicion. For if he talked in the steady manner he here represents, and if it was of such importance for Cæsar to have him at Rome, and not to join Pompey, we cannot imagine he would have suffered him to depart at liberty. The truth is, there is a wide difference between the compliments, and the sentiments, of so great a man as Cæsar was. It is possible Pompey would have been a little more serious with our author; but Cæsar, who had a passion for that true glory which descends to posterity, wanted to win Cicero, rather than make him his enemy, if it could be done without prejudice to his ambition.

[1] *Orig. Facilis.* If Cæsar was so very incompliable, how came he to leave our author at liberty to act as he pleased, after he had so frankly declared his sentiments to be against all his measures.

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pathetic manner, upon the fate of Pompey. These are matters, says Cæsar, which I will not have mentioned. So I thought, answered I; but I will not be present, because I must either mention these matters, and many others, which I shall indispensably be obliged to do, if I should appear at Rome, or I must not go thither. At last, to get rid of the subject, he desired me to take time to consider. I could not refuse that, and thereupon we parted. I am, therefore, convinced, that Cæsar does not love me. But I love myself, and that is more than I have been used to do for a long time [1].

But to change the subject, what a train accompanies him. In the deadly band, as you used to call his adherents, was the freedman of Eros Celer. In what a ruinous cause is he embarked! What desperate troops he heads! There might be seen the son of Servius, here the son of Titinianus. What a crew was there in the camp which blockaded Pompey! Cæsar was there at the head of six legions; he is vigilant he is daring, I see no end of our calamities. Now, if ever, you are to

[1] This is one of the many beautiful reflections which arise from nature and the honesty of the heart, and distinguish our author's letters to Atticus beyond any epistolary compositions, either ancient or modern. For my own part, I cannot help wishing that he had oftener than he did, laid aside the man of learning, and the statesman, for he is always the great man, when uninfluenced by fear or vanity.

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to give me your advice, for this is the last crisis. Cæsar threw out, however, at the close, an alarming situation, I had almost forgotten "if he was debarred from the advantage of my counsels, he would take *advice from others* where he could get it, and that he would hesitate at nothing.

You will ask me, have you then seen the man? I have seen him just as you had described him. Did you not sigh? I certainly did. Well, tell the rest of the sequel. I have nothing farther to add. He instantly went to Pedum[1], and I to Arpi. There I will wait for the return of the swallows[2]. Meanwhile, you will say, you ought not to harass yourself with what cannot be helped. But alas! I am about to follow a leader who has committed many gross blunders. Well, I wait for your letters. We have not now the resource we used to have, of examining *how things will turn out*. My meeting with Cæsar, was to be the period of our deliberation, and as I doubt not of his being much dissatisfied with it, we are, consequently,

[1] This was a city of Latium, lying between Tybur, Præneste and Tusculanum.

[2] *Orig.* Χελιδονισαι. *Garrientem* sup. *hirundinem*. There is some ambiguity in the Greek phrase, and uncertainty in the reading. I have translated it according to the most probable opinion, that Cicero means, he would take the advice of Atticus in waiting till summer was pretty far advanced, that is, till the swallows began to chatter, before he went to join Pompey.

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consequently, to be the more speedy in resolving and acting. As you love me, therefore, you will write me a letter, and that too upon what ought to be my conduct in regard to the commonwealth. I am extremely impatient for a letter from you.

EPISTLE XIX.

I HAVE chosen to invest my son Cicero at Arpi, with the manly robe, because we were absent from Rome, and indeed, my neighbours of that corporation regard this as a high compliment; but yet I felt great sorrow and dejection, both amongst them, and in all the places through which I passed; so dismal, so gloomy is the prospect of the impending convulsion. Levies are raising, and taking up their winter quarters. If such proceedings are burdensome, even when occasioned by true patriots, when the war is just, and its prosecution moderate, how intolerable must they be, when carried on by the most furious ruffians, and in the prosecution of a most unnatural civil war.

Now, you are not to imagine, that there is in all Italy one unprincipled man, who has not joined Cæsar. I saw the general rendezvous of them

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them at Formiæ. I was well acquainted with them beforehand (nor, indeed, did I ever look upon them as any other than beasts of prey,) but I never before saw them in one group—Let me be gone then, go where I will—Let me bid adieu to all my concerns—Let me be gone, I say, to Pompey, who will be more thankful for my having joined him, than if I had fled with him. We had then great hopes; at present (I speak for myself) we have none[1], and I am the only man of the party who has not left Italy, because he was afraid of Cæsar. And yet, I call heaven to witness, I do not act thus for the sake of my country, which I take to be entirely ruined, but to avoid the imputation of ingratitude, towards a man who relieved me from the misfortunes which, indeed, himself inflicted, and because I cannot be a witness to the present or future measures, that must certainly be in agitation at Rome.

I suppose, by this time, some resolutions have passed

[1] Orig. *Tum enim eramus in maxima spe; nunc, ego quidem, in nulla.* Monsieur Mongault translates this, *Car alors nous avoins de grandes esperances, & il ne nous en reste plus.* I have in another place observed, (*Vide* translation of the orations, Vol. II.) that no translator or commentator has attended to the meaning of the particle *quidem*. And this passage, from so excellent a translator as Monsieur Mongault, is a fresh proof of it.

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passed the senate; I wish Volcatius[1] may have had the direction of them, but that will be of no avail. All will be compelled to be of one mind. Servius, however, will be the most untractable, for he sent his son with Pontius Titinianus to the army, in order to kill, or at least, to take Pompey. Titianinus was, indeed, influenced by fear. But as to Servius—But let me desist from passion—Let us come to some resolution, even though it were burdensome, and to me the most forlorn of all, that of continuing to breathe[2],—As the ports of the Adriatic sea are shut up, I will embark at a port from the Tuscan sea; if I find difficulty at Puteoli, I will go to Croto, or to Thuriæ[3], and thus we, excellent citizens, and eminent patriots, must act as professed pirates.

[1] He was of a moderate character, and one of the most ancient amongst the consulars.

[2] I cannot see, admitting the reading laid down by Grævius, and followed by Monsieur Mongault himself, why both of them should look upon this passage as irrecoverable and irreconcileable to sense. I imagine, that whoever compares it, as I have translated it, with other passages of our author's works, will think it contains a sentiment very agreeable to Cicero's manner. It was no new thing in our author, when pressed by misfortunes, as he is in this place, to deliberate both with himself and his friends, whether or not he should live. The reader may consult Vol. I. page 191, 183, 184, 196, and almost the whole of the third book of these epistles.

[3] This sea-port lay upon the gulf of Sarentum, and is likewise called Cybaris.

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rates[1]. For I can see no other method by which we can carry on this war. We are now skulking to Egypt; we are not in a condition to face our enemy, and there is no depending upon the prospect of an accommodation; but I have already sufficiently bewailed these melancholy circumstances.

I beg you will inform me in your letters by Cephalio, of all that is done or spoken at Rome; if, indeed, I can suppose people there still to retain the use of speech. I followed your advice, especially as to the dignity I kept up in my interview with Cæsar, and in my continuing firm, not to go to Rome. Finish what you have begun. Write me punctually (for matters are now come to a crisis with me) all that you want, and all that you wish to have done. And yet I see no choice that is left.—Write to me, if any thing of consequence occur to you; write to me even things of no consequence.

CICERO'S

[1] We have already seen, that he accused Pompey of a design to famish Italy, by cutting off all provisions by sea.

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CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK X.

EPISTLE I.

On the third of April, after coming to my brother's house at Laterium[1], I received your letter, which soothed my sorrow more than any other circumstance since these troubles began. It is of great consequence to me, that you approve of my firmness of resolution, and the manner of my behaviour. As to the approbation which you say I have received from our friend Sextus, it gives me as much joy, as if I had received it from the judgment of his father, of whom I always had the greatest opinion. Well do I remember,

[1] This place lay near Arce.

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remember, on that day, it was the 5th of December, what he said to me when I was conversing with him on a certain subject. His words were,

Yet in a mighty deed, I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire[1] *!*

His authority therefore is still alive with me, and his son, who is his express image, succeeds to my regard for him. I desire that you will remember me to him most sincerely.

Though the time you mark out for my coming to some determination, cannot be far off (for that venal speaker[2] has, I suppose, before now, closed his harangue, and something I suppose, has been done in the convention of the senators, for I cannot call it a senate), yet still you hold me in suspense; though I am the less so, as I am perfectly convinced that you are fixed in your opinion how I ought to proceed. What else can be the meaning of your telling me, that Flavius is to go for Sicily at the head of a legion, and that he

[1] *Orig.* Μη μαν ασπουδει γε κ' αχιλευς απολοιμην,
Αλλα μεγα ῥ' εξας τι, κ' ισσομενοισι πυθεσθαι.

This is a verse taken from Homer, who puts it in the mouth of Hector when he saw that his death by Achilles was inevitable. The translation is Mr. Pope's.

[2] Several characters in Rome answer to this expression, but we are not certain who the particular person was, whom Cicero meant.

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he has entered upon his commission; that many wicked schemes are in readiness or in agitation, and that more will follow? For my own part, I pay no regard to the law of Solon, our countryman[1], which made it death for any person in a civil commotion, not to take one party or the other; and unless you differ in opinion from me, both I, and the young men, will retire from this scene of tumult. But I am more inclined to the other resolution. However, I will do nothing with precipitation, but wait for your advice, and (unless you may have written another letter before) for the letter which I desired you to send me by Cephalio.

You write me not, as a thing you have heard, but as a suggestion of your own, that I must be drawn to Rome, if an accommodation should be set on foot. For my part I cannot see what room there can be for any such proposal, since Cæsar appears to be entirely determined to strip, if he can, Pompey, both of his army, and his government, unless the same venal orator can persuade him to be quiet, while the mediators are passing and repassing. I see nothing now to hope for, or that can be done. It is a political question of moment, whether a good patriot ought to deliberate with a tyrant, even when virtuous

[1] Alluding to his own fondness and that of his friend for Athens.

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virtuous measures are the subject of deliberation. Should I therefore, chance to be invited (which, indeed, is very improbable, after his disgust at the freedom with which I spoke my mind respecting an accommodation); but, I say, should it so happen, write me in what manner you think I should behave; for this will be one of the most critical periods in my whole life. I am extremely glad, that you are pleased with what you hear from Trebatius who is a worthy man, and a good patriot, and your repeated exclamation of *most excellent*! gives me a satisfaction, that is unsual to me in my present situation. I am extremely impatient for your letter, which, I suppose, by this time you have sent off.

Your[1] friend Sextus and you, have preserved the same dignity of behaviour which you recommended to me. Your cousin Celer is not so wise as he is witty. What my daughter told you concerning the young men, is true. Your remark concerning Marcus Antonius is not in reality so sad as is reported. The agony I am now in, is like that of death. I must either possess freedom amongst rebels, or join the patriots at the risk of my life. I must either follow the latter in their

[1] This probably was the beginning of another letter, and which is often the case with those letters, it has probably slipt into this through accident, or carelessness.

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their madness, or oppose the former in their treasons. Either measure is attended with danger, but what I am about, is neither safe nor shameful.

I am not of opinion, that the person who sent his son to Brundusium with proposals of peace, will be employed as a deputy[1]. I have heard no mention of him, and I think so much the better. As to peace, my sentiments are the same with yours, that their pacific overtures have no sincerity, but that their preparations for war are in good earnest. Should I therefore happen to be deputed, I shall have the less reason to write, or even to consider about my behaviour[2].

EPISTLE

[1] Monsieur Mongault has translated this in a different sense and upon a reading from Grævius, which I do not find to be warranted, nor indeed has either Grævius or he admitted it into their text. Meanwhile, I have retained the common reading, because I think it makes as good, if not better, sense as that adopted by the French translator. The person alluded to here, seems to have been either the elder Balbus, or the elder Sulpicius, most probably the latter.

[2] The reason of this is, because he knew that Cæsar's party were not in earnest, as he mentions immediately before, and not because (as Monsieur Mongault is fond of supposing) no body spoke of our author for a mediator. For both Cæsar and Balbus, and many others, had mentioned him as the most proper person to be employed. I likewise think Monsieur Mongault is a little mistaken in the latter, as well as in the former, part of this paragraph; but it is of no great importance.

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EPISTLE II.

I WAS to go to Minturne, when I received your letter from Cephalio, the 5th of April, and, after staying there the next day, I intended to leave it without delay. I have, however, remained in my brother's house at Arce, it being a more private place, till I can hear something more certain, and in the meanwhile, all may be done, that can be done without me. The chattering of the swallows notifies the approach of summer. I am in a fever till I am gone, but how, or where, is still a question.—Upon this I shall deliberate, and will be determined by those who are qualified to advise.—Meanwhile do you, my friend, continue, as hitherto, to assist me as far as you can with you advice. My situation is so inextricable, that I must leave all to chance. My endeavours are hopeless; and it would be next to a miracle, should they be successful.

I am against that visit from Dionysius, with which I am threatened in my daughter's letter. It would be very improper at this time, and I should be sorry that a fellow, who hates me so much, should entertain himself with my misfortunes, especially as they are so great at present. But I think you have little reason to resent my quarrel with him.

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EPISTLE III.

I HAVE nothing to write, though I am desirous of writing to you. There are some things, however, that I am curious to know.—Is Cæsar gone?—In what state has he left Rome?—Whom has he left to command in Italy?—Who are the officers, to whom he has assigned particular governments, and the administration of public affairs?—Has he sent, and was he sanctioned by the senate in sending, any deputies to Pompey and the consuls to treat of peace?—These are the points I desire to know of you, and, for that purpose, I trouble you with this letter. It will therefore be kind, and obliging in you, to inform me of these matters, and of whatever else may concern me to know. I will wait at Arce for your answer. This is the second letter I have written you on the 7th of April; and yesterday I wrote you one longer with my own hand. I am told you have been seen in the pontifical palace[1]; I cannot blame you. For if it is a fault to appear in public, I have been guilty of it myself.

I am impatient (yet I know not for what reason)

[1] *Orig. Regia.* This was a place in which the greatest men in Rome used to assemble in public, for the sake of company and conversation, as we do at court, or other public places.

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son) for a letter from you. I beg, however, you will write to me, even though you have nothing to write; only let me be assured of this from your own hand. Cæsar, in his letters, forgives me for not coming to Rome, and tells me that he is very far from being disgusted with my refusal. I am not at all sorry at what he writes me, that Tullus and Servius complain to him, that he has not shown to them the same indulgence which he has to me. How ridiculous these men are to send their sons to an army, which besieges Pompey, and yet scruple to assist in a senate, that is called by Cæsar. Meanwhile, I have sent you the copy of Cæsar's letter.

EPISTLE IV.

I RECEIVED several letters from you the same day, all of them most accurately penned, but I never shall be tired of reading that which approaches the size of a volume. The pains you took in writing it, I assure you, were not lost, if you meant thereby to oblige me in the most sensible manner. I therefore, earnestly desire you to repeat your favours as often as you can, and while you can, that is, as long as you know how to direct to me.

It is now time, if possible, for me to finish, or if

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if I cannot finish, to moderate, which is no more than I can do, these my daily lamentations over the state of the public. I bid adieu to all reflections upon the dignity, the honours, and the exalted station of life I have forfeited. I am now only to reflect by what means I rose to them, how I discharged them, and in what estimation I lived with the public. In short, it is a consideration with me in my present calamities, what difference there is between me and the men, for whose sakes I have lost my all. I mean the men, who thought they could not have a sufficient range for ambition, without driving me from my country. But you see what has been the catastrophe of their coalition and iniquitous association. Cæsar, who was one of the parties, in the glow of resentment and treason, is so far from relenting, that he is every day, making new accessions of power. After driving Pompey from Italy, he now endeavours to pursue his person in one country, and to strip him of his government in another. He is so far from declining, that, in some measure, he arrogates to himself the appellation of tyrant, which, in fact, he merits. Pompey, the other party, who could see me crawling at his feet without raising me, who said, that he could do nothing against the will of Cæsar, this man, I say, after escaping from the power and the sword of his father-in-law, makes preparations, by sea and land, to carry on

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a war, not indeed, unjust in itself; but not sanctified by the love of country, not justified by necessity, yet still, a war, which, if he be conquered, would prove fatal; and even should he conquer, it would be pernicious to his country.

Yet, glorious as were the previous actions of these mighty generals, I cannot give them the preference to mine; nor can I think them greater in all their enjoyment of the pomp of fortune, than I was, when I encountered her storms. For what enjoyment can a man have of himself, who either abandons or oppresses his country? And if I am right, as you say I am, in what I have written in my philosophical treatises, that the only source of happiness is virtue, and that nothing can be wretched but what is dishonest; both these great men must surely be wretched to the last degree, who never thought of the interest and honour of their country, but sacrificed them to their love of public power, and private emolument. What peace, what comfort therefore, do I feel within myself! Conscious as I am, that, while it was in my power, I served my country with success; that at least I ever judged of her affairs, as if I had the spirit of divination, and that, fourteen years ago, I foresaw the very tempest in which she is now overwhelmed.

I will go then, attended with a good conscience, as my companion. My heart, indeed, is heavy,

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heavy, but not so much on my own and my brother's account, for both of us are in the decline of life, as on account of our children, whom I sometimes look upon as pledges deposited in our hands, and to whom we ought presently to entrust the guardianship of our country. One of them, at least, is endued with filial piety, and therefore he does not give me so much pain[1]. —But as to the other—surely nothing in life ever gave me such sorrow and concern,—he has been so far spoiled by his father's and my indulgence, that I dare not mention what he dares to do; besides, I am impatient for your letters; for you informed me, that you would write me more at large, when you had seen him. I never showed him any indulgence but what was tempered with much severity, and have even checked him, not in single or trifling errors, but in great and numerous offences. But his father's indulgence ought rather to have endeared him to him, than to be so monstrously abused by him.

We

[1] *Orig. Quorum quidem alter, non tam (quia majore pietate est) me mirabiliter excruciat.* I have here supplied a parenthesis, which the sense evidently demands, rather than introduce a sense not to be warranted. Monsieur Mongault translates this passage, *L'un m'afflige infiniment, moins parce qu'il est mons fils quæ pas que jelui vois un bon naturel.* It is impossible this excellent translator could have mistaken the passage as he has done, had he attended to the signification of the particle *quidem*, the mistaking which, I have so often observed, has led all translators into gross blunders.

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We were so much concerned at the letters he wrote to Cæsar, that we even concealed them from you, but I perceive that he has rendered his father's life miserable. I dare not express to you, the affection which he pretended, when he set out upon his journey. All I know is, that, after he had been with Hirtius, he was sent for by Cæsar; that he informed him of my being, at heart, an utter enemy to all his schemes, and that I intended to leave Italy. Thus much I write, though with a trembling hand. But our indulgence could never have brought him to that; it must be owing to his own perverse nature. It was this, and not their father's conduct, that corrupted Curio, and the son of Hortensius. The concern which my brother feels, renders him ashamed to shew his face; nor is he so anxious about his own life, as about mine. He, my Atticus, is the object to whom you are to administer comfort, if you can. All the comfort that suggests itself to me is, the possibility that our information may be either false or exaggerated. But, supposing it to be true, what can be done, situated as I am, and ready to take my flight? For did our government still subsist, I should be at no loss how to proceed in the proper terms either of severity or mildness. Either resentment, grief, or fear, may have given my pen a severer edge in this matter, than is consistent with either your or my affection towards the young man.

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man. But if the allegations are true, you will pardon me: if they are false, you will gratify in undeceiving me. But, however the matter may turn out, you are to impute nothing either to the uncle or the father.

Having written thus far, I received a message from Curio, that he was about to pay me a visit, he having arrived at Cumæ last night, being the 13th of this month. If his conversation with me should disclose any thing that you ought to know, I will subjoin it in the sequel of this letter.

Curio has gone past my house, and sent me notice, that he would, very soon, wait upon me. He hastened to Puteoli; there he harangued the people: when this harangue was over, he came to me and staid with me a long while. How shameful was his conduct!—You know the man. —He was as frank as ever.—In the first place, he asserted as a fact, that all who had been banished by the Pompeian law, would be recalled, with the view of employing them in Sicily. He made no doubt of Cæsar's becoming master of both Spains; that after that, he would lead his army, in person, against Pompey, wherever he may be, and that Pompey's destruction alone could put a period to the war; that what passed nearer Rome was of little consequence, and that Cæsar was so much provoked at the opposition he met with from the tribune Metellus, that he intended

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intended once to have killed him[1], which, if he had done, it would have occasioned the slaughter of many others; that many advised him to adopt cruel measures; that he was, neither by principle, nor by nature, averse to shed blood, but because he thought clemency would strengthen his interest with the people; and that, if he once lost their confidence, he would manifest his thirst for blood, and that he was alarmed, when he understood that the populace took offence at what he had done in regard to the public treasure. Curio added, that it was for this reason he had not ventured to effect the firm resolution which he had formed of convening the people, and that when he left it, he was greatly confused and disconcerted.

I next came to question Curio what prospect he had,—where were the forms, where the substance of our constitution? He frankly told me, that all his thoughts of that kind were at an end. He was afraid of Pompey's fleet, and he said, if it should act that he must abandon Sicily. What, said I, is the meaning of those[2] six lictors who attend you? If you received them from the senate, why

[1] This was for opposing Cæsar's seizing the public treasure at Rome.

[2] He reserved them from Cæsar, as being pro-prætor; none but consuls and proconsuls were attended with twelve, and none had them encircled with laurel, but those who had gained a victory.

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why do they wear laurel? And, if from Cæsar, why are they so few? I was content to have them, replies he, from a clandestine[1] resolution of the senate for he had no other means to get them. But, continues he, Cæsar hates the senate more than ever, and told me, *I will be the source of public honours.* I still urged him, why have you no more than six lictors? I might have had twelve, replied he, but I declined it.

How desirous said I to him, was I to request of Cæsar, the favour, I hear, he has granted to Philip[2]. But I feared I should not prevail with him, because he did not prevail with me. He would have granted it, answered Curio, with pleasure, and you may consider yourself as having already gained it; for I will write him in any terms you please, that you and I have settled that matter between ourselves. What signifies it to him where you are, if you are not in the senate-house? You could have given him no manner of disgust by leaving Italy. Upon this I told Curio, that I wanted to retire and live in solitude, and the more so, because I was attended by lictors. He approved of the resolution. Well then, said I, I must go to Greece through your province, because the coasts of the Adriatic

[1] See Vol. I. p. 293, 294.

[2] Though he was nearly related by marriage to Cæsar, yet he gave him leave to remain neutral.

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Adriatic are guarded by soldiers. Nothing, said he, in the world can give me greater pleasure; and here he profusely complimented me. Thus far therefore I have succeeded, that I shall be able to embark, not only openly, but with safety.

He has deferred, till another time, all conversation about other matters; and if any thing worth writing should occur, then I will communicate it to you. There are some things, however, I have forgotten to mention; such as, whether Cæsar expects an interregnum. Whether—but what am I talking about?—Curio told me, Cæsar had offered the consulship to him, but that he refused it for the next year. There are other things besides, that I must learn of him. In short, he swore, (but oaths cost him nothing) that Cæsar is extremely well pleased with me. I appeal, said he, to what he wrote to Dolabella. Well, what was that? said I. Curio then assured me, that when Dolabella was desirous I should come to Rome, Cæsar, in answer, returned him many thanks, and told him, that he was not only satisfied, but pleased at my not coming. What can I say more? I begin to be more at ease, and my concern at my family's treachery, and my nephew's conversation with Hirtius, is now abated. How desirous I am, that the young man were worthy of his family, and how very unwilling I am to suspect him.—

But

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But still, where was the occasion for his meeting Hirtius? There must be something, though I hope not much, in the report.—And yet, I am surprised that he is not returned.—It cannot be long ere we know the whole truth.

You are to pay the money due to me from the Opii, to my wife; for there is now no security to be had at Rome for money. Do you, however, assist me by your advice, whether I shall travel to Rhegium by land, or embark directly here. As it will be some time before I depart, I shall have new matter to write to you as soon as I see Curio. I beg you will continue your inquiries concerning Tyro, that I may know what he is about.

EPISTLE V.

If I mistake not, I wrote you very fully before concerning my future plan. As to the day of my departure, all I can say for certain is, that it will not be before the change of the moon. Curio's conversation with me the day after I last wrote to you, was pretty much in the same strain as before, only he was more frank in owning, that he could not foresee the end of the present disorders. What you mention concerning the management

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nagement of my nephew, is hardly[1] practicable; I will, however, do all in my power; and I wish you would do the same. But, I shall deal with him with all the strictness which you propose to do. I have written directly to Vestorius concerning my daughter, who was very importunate to me on that head.

Vectenus was more reasonable in his conversation with you than in his letters to me, but I am extremely surprised at the inaccuracy of his account. For, after Philotimus told me, that that messuage might be bought of Canuleius for fifty thousand serteces, and even cheaper, if I should apply to Vectenus, I accordingly wrote to desire Vectenus to abate the price, if he could, which he promised to do. He lately wrote to me, that he had purchased it for thirty thousand serteces, and desired me to let him know the person to whom I had a mind it should be conveyed, and that the 13th of November was the day of payment. I answered him too angrily, though my language was tempered with facetiousness. But now, that he acts as a man of honour, I have nothing to accuse him of, and I have written to let him know, that you have informed me of the whole affair. I desire you to give

[1] The original here is a Greek proverb. Αρκαδιαν με αιτεις, *You ask Arcadia of me, you solicit of me a difficult task.*—E.

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give me every information about your journey, how, and when, it is to be. April the 17th.

EPISTLE VI.

NOTHING but the weather detains me in this place. I will act an open part, whatever revolution may take place in Spain. Do not you, however, divulge a syllable. I have, in my former letters, opened to you all my schemes; which is the reason why this letter is so short, besides my being hurried in getting ready for my departure. As to the younger Quintus, *I have given him a severe lecture.*[1] You know the passage to which I allude. The advices you give me afterwards, are both wise and friendly. But every thing will be practicable with me, if I can be sufficiently guarded in respect to him. This is a difficult point.—He is a strange medley; he has nothing about him that is ingenuous, nothing that is sincere. I wish you had undertaken the management of him, for his father is too indulgent to him, and slackens the severity of my discipline. I could manage the youth, were it not for the father: this you might do; but I cannot blame you for not attempting it

[1] This expression is from Terence.

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it—it is a great task. We are authentically informed, that Pompey goes through Illyria to Gaul. I must now see how, or which way I am to escape.

EPISTLE VII.

For my part, I approve of your going by Apulia and Sipontum, and of all the caution you use, for I think your situation is different from mine. Not but we are under the same ties to our country, but our country is now out of the question. The dispute is, who shall be our sovereign? In this dispute, the most moderate, the most virtuous, and the most upright commander, whose success hereafter, is connected with the very existence of the Roman people, has been worsted. But should this man be sovereign, he will use his power with the insolence and cruelty of Sylla. In such a dispute, therefore, you ought to declare yourself openly for neither, but consult your own interest. But my case is far different; for I am so tied down by obligations to Pompey, that I cannot be ungrateful; but yet, I think, I need not to attend him in the field, but retire to Malta, or some other little town. You will tell me, that is doing no service to the man, to whom I am unwilling

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unwilling to appear ungrateful. But give me leave to say, that it is more than Pompey himself, perhaps, would have required. But time will prove this. Let me at any rate be gone, nor need I hurry before the fine season comes on, since Dolabella commands the Adriatic sea, and Curio the streights of Sicily.

I entertained some hopes that Servius Sulpicius would give me some explanation, I therefore sent him a letter by my freedman Philotimus. If he will behave as a man, I cannot wish for a better companion; but whatever may be his conduct, I will still act like myself. Curio staid some time with me; he thought, that Cæsar was dejected by the disapprobation of the populace, and felt little hope of Sicily, if Pompey should sail there with his fleet. I received the younger Quintus with great affection; I see, that his whole motive was his love of money, and the hope of obtaining a sum from Cæsar. Even that is very bad, but I am in hopes there is no foundation for the crime of which we suspected him. But his conduct, viewed in this favourable light, is unpardonable. Now, as to his present offence, I suppose, you will not impute it to our indulgence, but to his natural disposition, which we endeavour by every means to correct. You may settle to your own mind the business of the Opii Velienses.

I shall

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I shall look upon your house at Epirus, as upon my own; but I believe, I shall not go near that quarter.

EPISTLE VIII.

THERE is now an end of corresponding upon subjects which may be dangerous, as our letters may be intercepted; and this is no more than the thing itself manifested; that you hinted, and I foresaw. But as my daughter often writes to entreat me to wait the event of what is doing in Spain; as she always tells me, that you are of the same opinion, and as I understand so much from your own letters, I think, it is very proper for me to acquaint you with my sentiments on that head.

I should deem that measure extremely advisable, if I could agree with you in thinking, that my conduct ought to be regulated by the event of the war in Spain. One or the other of these events must happen; that Cæsar (as I wish he may) will be beaten out of Spain; or the war will be protracted; or if Cæsar, as he bids fair to do, will reduce that country. Should Cæsar be beaten, I leave you to judge, what a welcome, what an agreeable guest, I must be to Pompey; for in this case, I believe Curio himself would forsake

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forsake him if the war be protracted. I see neither an object, nor an end of my waiting. The event will be that I must submit, if we be beaten in Spain. My opinion is directly the reverse; for, I think, I ought to leave Cæsar when he is victorious, rather than if he is vanquished, while he is sure, rather than while he is doubtful, of success. Should he be victorious, I foresee a general massacre, the plunder of private property, the return of exiles, a general bankruptcy, the advancement of the most profligate to the highest places of government, and a tyranny insupportable, not only to Roman citizens, but to Eastern slaves.

Could I behold such indignities in silence! could I hold up my head, and deliver my vote on the same side with Gabinius, or that he should have the precedence! Could I see your client Clælius, the Plaguleius of Caius Atticus, and such fellows, mingling on the same bench with me! But why do I name my enemies only, I could not see even the friends I have defended in the senate-house without indignation, nor converse with them without dishonour. But what, if there is reason to apprehend, that I shall not be at liberty even to enter the senate-house? For Cæsar's friends write me, that he is by no means satisfied with my reasons for not being there at the last meeting. Shall I then force myself upon him, when I cannot do it but with

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danger, after having rejected his friendship, when I might have had it with advantage?

In the next place, you are to consider, that the affairs of Spain will not be decisive of the whole war, unless you imagine, that if Pompey should be beaten there, he will lay down his arms. Now he proceeds wholly upon the plan of Themistocles; for he thinks, that whoever are masters of the sea, must be consequently masters of the world. He therefore, never made it a principal point to defend the two Spains in person, but he made it an object from the very beginning, to have a strong fleet at sea. When the time comes, therefore, he will set sail for Italy with a mighty naval armament. And then, what a figure shall I make by being thus neutral; for then I must declare myself on one side or other. Should I declare myself[1] against the naval force, this would not only involve me in misery, but reflect, the greatest dishonour on my character.

What my friend, you will ask, was it for this that you did not join Pompey? No, I will not follow the fortunes of Pompey, and our other leaders. For, I find, I am either way in danger; from the one party, by not doing my duty, and from the other by doing it; and so distracted are public affairs, that I can steer no course but what is full of perils. Let me therefore at once resolve not

[1] All this passage is irretrievable in the original, and translated only upon conjecture.

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not to pursue, with danger, the measure that I might avoid with safety.

Then, say you, why did you not sail with Pompey? I tell you, it was out of my power to do it, and I refer you to the days and dates of our letters. At the same time, I will frankly confess what I might easily have concealed; I was perhaps in the wrong, in laying too great a stress upon a certain circumstance in which I was deceived. I flattered myself with the hopes of an accommodation, which, if it had taken place, would occasion me, however unwilling, the enmity of Cæsar, even when in friendship with Pompey. This evil I had previously experienced, when they acted in harmony, with each other.

It was the dread of this that occasioned my indecision. But if I instantly determine, I shall remedy the whole; if I delay, every thing is at stake.

And yet, my friend, I own I am swayed by maxims of high authority, which I gather not from the collection, that Appius has made for the use of our Augural college, but from Plato in his treatise upon tyrants; for I can, by no means see how Cæsar can stand much longer without falling, even though he should receive no opposition from us. When he had the advantage of success and novelty to recommend him to a needy, desperate populace, he incurred their bitter displeasure in six or seven days. Add to this, that, in two favourite measures, he was forced to throw off the mask; for he laid aside his gentleness, in

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his behaviour to Metellus, and he confessed his poverty when he plundered the treasury. Consider, besides, the character of his associates or servants in power, for not one of those, to whom he must entrust the management of provinces abroad, and of the government at home, was able, for two months, to manage his own private concerns.

Your own sagacity will supply other reflections, which I cannot here collect together. Take a cool survey, however, of what I have laid before you, and you must conclude that Cæsar's reign can scarcely last for six months. But should I be deceived, I will bear with my disappointments, as many other illustrious Republicans have done before me, unless you should suppose that, like another Sardanapalus, I should choose to die upon my couch, rather than go into a glorious exile, like Themistocles, who according to Thucydides, could form the most accurate judgment of present, and the most probable conjecture of future events. And yet had this great man been mistaken, he might have avoided the misfortunes he afterwards encountered. Yet he was mistaken, though, according to the same historian, he could discern, beyond other men, the right and wrong in conduct, while yet veiled in their effects. Notwithstanding his superior discernment, he could not find out means to escape the envy of the Lacedæmonians, and his own countrymen, or

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or to get rid of his engagements with Artaxerxes. Never had that night been fatal to Africanus[1] though the wisest of men, or the victories of Sylla so bitter to the artful Marius, if neither of them had ever been mistaken in his measures.

Meanwhile, I remain firm in my belief of the oracular maxim above-mentioned. Never will it deceive me, never can it happen otherwise: Cæsar must fall, either by his enemies or of himself; for he is, to himself, the greatest of all enemies; I am in hopes to live to see that day. But it is now time for me to think upon an immortal rather than a perishable life. For, should my days be abridged, it makes but little difference with me, whether I see this tyranny already established, or foresee its establishment in a time yet long to come. As these are my sentiments, my chief concern should be not to obey those men, against whom the senate has armed me, by entrusting to me, the commonwealth in a season of extreme danger[2].

You are now possessed of all the particulars which give me concern; and such is your affection for me, that, had I not requested it, you would have interested yourself in them. Indeed I know

[1] He was privately strangled upon his couch, in the night time, but the murderer was never found out.

[2] Because he had not entered Rome after his return fron Cælicia, and was supposed to be one of those commanders in chief to whom that commission was addressed.

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I know of nothing farther I have to write you; I wait only for a fair wind to sail. And yet I cannot help saying, that I never had more reason to write, than when I am to tell you, as I do now, that, of all your expressions of friendship to me, none gives me greater pleasure, than that most endearing kindness and concern you have taken with regard to my daughter. It gives her, as well as me, the most sensible pleasure, and let me tell you, that her firmness of mind is worthy of admiration. With what fortitude does she bear the misfortunes of the public, and with what indifference the little asperities in her domestic concerns. But, above all, what spirit does she shew, at this time, when I am obliged to leave her. Notwithstanding our mutual attachment and sympathy, yet still her main concern is, that I should act, and that mankind should speak of me with honour.—But not too much of this, lest I should begin to melt.

While I am here, I beg that you will write me what you hear from Spain, or concerning other matters, and I perhaps, may send you some news before my departure, especially as my daughter believes that you have not left Italy on this occasion. I must try to obtain from Antony the same favour I obtained from Curio, and get liberty to retire to Malta, upon my promising to take no part in this war. I wish I can find him

as

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as condescending, and as obliging to me, as Curio was. It is reported, that he was to arrive at Mycenum the 2d of May, but he sent me beforehand, a letter, which is far from giving me pleasure, and of which the following is a copy.

Antoninus, Tribune of the People, Proprætor, to Cicero, Commander in Chief, wisheth Prosperity.

If my affection for you were not even greater than you imagine, I should not have been so alarmed at a rumour which prevails respecting you, especially as I think it to be false. But, because I love you beyond measure, I am forced to own, that I think report is of great consequence, even though it be unfounded. I cannot believe that you are about to go beyond sea, as you have such a value for Dolabella, and for Tullia, your excellent daughter, and as you are held in such high estimation by us all, that, your dignity and honour, are, I solemnly aver, almost dearer to us, than they are to yourself. And yet, I did not think myself at liberty, as a friend, to disregard the talk, even of worthless men, because I thought my conduct towards you ought to be the more delicate, on account of our former differences, which arose rather from jealousy in

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in me, than from any demerit in you. I therefore beg you will believe, that, excepting my friend Cæsar, there is no man whom I hold more dear than yourself; and you may be convinced, at the same time, that Cæsar has a particular regard and friendship for Marcus Cicero.

Therefore, my dear Cicero, I beg that you will enter into no engagements, and that you will disregard the friendship of a man who first did you an injury, that he might afterwards put you under obligations to him; and on the other hand, that you will not fly from the man, who, supposing him (which is impossible) not to love you, desires you to remain in safety, and in full possession of your honours. I have sent my very good friend Calphurnius, as my special messenger, to let you know how very great my concern is about your life and dignity.

The same day Philotimus brought me a letter from Cæsar, in the following words:

Cæsar, Commander in Chief, to Cicero, Commander in Chief, wisheth Prosperity.

THOUGH I am convinced you will do nothing that is rash, nothing that is imprudent, yet so much am I impressed with public report, that I thought proper to write to you, to beg of you, by

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by our mutual affection, that you will make no advances in a cause that is now tottering, after declining to make any, even while it stood firm. My successes, and the defeats of my adversary have been so very great, that you will both sensibly violate my friendship, and hurt your own interest, if you do not follow fortune. It will not be thought that you embrace their cause (for that is the same as when you declined to assist in their counsels) but that I have done something which you have condemned; which is the most severe thing that can happen to me from you; and I conjure you, by that friendship which you owe to me not to do it. In the last place, what is more suitable to the character of a worthy, peaceable man, and a good citizen, than to take no concern in civil dissentions? This is a conduct which some approved of, but could not follow because of danger. After you have seriously reflected on the tenor of my actions, and the evidences of my friendship, you will find no course more safe, or honourable for you to pursue, than to decline having any hand in this dispute. Dated the 16th of April on the road.

EPISTLE IX.

THE arrival of Philotimus, whose repeated falsehoods in behalf of Pompey, prove his want of prudence

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prudence and regard for truth, has overwhelmed me and all my friends. As to myself, I am petrified. We were, all of us, persuaded, that Cæsar had slackened his progress, but now he is said to have given it wings. We heard that Petreius had joined Afranius, but that news is now far from being confirmed. In short, we are here of opinion, that Pompey, at the head of a great army, has passed through Illyria to Germany, and this news is said to be founded on indisputable authority. I am therefore of opinion, that I ought to retire to Malta till matters come to a crisis in Spain; and I can find it, from Cæsar's letters, to be pretty much his sense that I should do so, for he tells me, that I can do nothing more honourable, or safe, than to decline having any hand in the dispute. Where, say you, is all the spirit you showed in your last letters? I possess it still undiminished. But I wish to heaven that my difficulties reached no farther than exposing my own life. I am sometimes melted by the tears of my family, who entreat me to wait for news from Spain. I have a letter from Marcus Cælius containing the same request; it is written in a most pathetic strain, conjuring me, not rashly, to betray to misery, my fortunes, my only child, and all my friends; our boys could not help crying bitterly when they read this letter. My son is, indeed, the most resolute, and, for that reason, he gives me with

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with the greater concern, for his chief care is, that I may act with honor. To Malta therefore, let me go, and from thence—where you please. Do you, however, even at this time, continue to write me, especially if you hear any thing concerning Afranius. If I shall have any conversation with Antony, I will write to you what has passed, but I will take your advice, not hastily to believe him. It would be both difficult and dangerous for me to conceal myself in Italy. I wait for Servius, till the 7th, at the request of his wife and the younger Servius. I am glad that your ague is abated. I have likewise sent you the copy of my letter from Cælius.

Cælius to Cicero, Health.

Becoming quite distressed by your letters, which discover that you think of nothing, but what is very dismal, without fully explaining what it is, (though I cannot say that you have not given me a hint as to the nature of what troubles you) I immediately wrote you this letter.

My dear Cicero, I beg and conjure you, by your fortunes and by your children, to form no resolution inconsistent with your welfare and dignity. I assure you by all that is solemn, that what I have foretold you was no groundless intimation,

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mation, but the result of undoubted intelligence upon my having an interview with Cæsar, and learning what his sentiments would be, should he be successful. If you imagine that Cæsar will hereafter follow the same maxims of conduct, by releasing his enemies and offering terms of peace, you are mistaken. He now meditates, he now speaks, nothing but what is terrible and vindictive. He has left the senate in a passion, and it is certain, he is stung with the opposition he has met with; nor, indeed, will there be hereafter any means left of appeasing him. If therefore, you love yourself, if you love your only son, your family, if your hopes of what is to come are dear to your mind, if we, if your excellent son-in-law have any influence with you, you will not desire to ruin our fortunes, or to force us, upon the cruel alternative of hating and forsaking the party upon whose success our own safety depends, or of impiously harbouring a thought prejudicial to your welfare. You are likewise to reflect, that you have already, by your hesitation, incurred all you can incur of Pompey's displeasure; and to declare yourself against Cæsar, now that his success is certain, after refusing to oppose him when it was doubtful; to follow a party that is routed, after declining it when it made a stand, is the height of madness. Take care my friend, lest, while you are afraid of

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of not appearing patriotic, you mistake the nature of true patriotism.

But if I cannot bring you wholly over to my sentiments, let me prevail with you, at least, to wait the result of what passes in Spain; which, I foretel to you, will fall into our hands as soon as Cæsar appears there; and what hopes the other party can have, if they lose Spain, I am no more able to discover, than I am your object in joining those who are defeated. Cæsar had heard what you declined communicating to me, and our first compliments were scarcely over, when he informed me of all he had heard. I pretended to be ignorant, yet I begged of him to write to you in such a manner, as might induce you to remain in Italy. He carries me with him into Spain, which is the only reason why, before I came to Rome, I did not hasten to you whereever you might be, and in person labour with the greatest earnestness for your continuing in Italy.

Think, my dearest friend, again and again, before you utterly ruin yourself and your family, nor deliberately plunge into a ruin, from whence you can see no means to escape. If you are impressed by what the nobility, on the one side, may say; if you are unable to bear the insolence and arrogance of certain persons on the other side, my opinion is, that you should choose some town that is not affected by this war, and reside there till the present dispute is over, which will soon take

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take place. Should you do this, I shall think you have acted wisely, and at the same time, you will give no offence to Cæsar.

EPISTLE X.

How blind was I not to foresee what has now happened! I send you Antony's letter. I frequently assured you by letter that I was not opposing the views of Cæsar; that I would have joined Pompey, if it were not for the regard which I feel for my son-in-law, and for the friendship of Cæsar; that, nevertheless, I had some thoughts, though not a fixed resolution: of leaving Italy, because I hated to be parading about with my lictors. Now you will see what a surly answer he returns me.

"Your conduct is by no means candid and explicit. For that man who desires to be neutral, remains in his country; the man who goes abroad, seems to have formed some judgment of the one party or the other. But I am not any longer at liberty to judge whether it is right or wrong for you to leave Italy. My charge from Cæsar is to suffer no man to leave it on any account. There is, therefore, no merit and

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and no importance in my approving of your resolution, since I must act up to the letter of my orders. My opinion is, that you should send to Cæsar, and ask that favour of him; I have no doubt of your obtaining it, especially as you promised to have a regard for my friendship."

This is the whole of his laconic [1] epistle [2]. I must, by all means, elude this man [3]. He was to arrive here in the evening of the 3d instant, and therefore, perhaps, he will come to my house to-morrow. I will endeavour to mislead him [4]. I will

[1] Or *Laconic Mandate,* both because it was short, and because the Lacedæmonians had a peculiar way of conveying their orders to their generals.

[2] *Orig.* σκυταλην λακωνικην. The Lacedæmonian *Scytale* which appears to be the parent of our *Schedule* is accurately described by A. Gellius, lib. xvii. 9. and also by Plutarch, whose account, as being shorter, I will here copy. "The Lacedæmonians commanded Lysander home by their *Scytale,* the nature and use of which was this: When the magistrates gave their commission to any admiral or general, they took two round pieces of wood, both exactly equal in breadth and thickness: one they kept themselves, the other they delivered to their officer, so that when they had any thing of moment which they would secretly convey to him, they cut a long narrow scroll of parchment, and rolling it about their own staff, one fold close upon another, they wrote their business on it. When they had written what they had to say, they took off the parchment, and sent it to the general—he applied it to his own staff.—E.

[3] Orig. *Omnino excipiam hominem.*

[4] *Orig.* The original here is very perplexed, and nothing certain can be made out of it.

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will tell him, that I am far from being in any hurry, and try to persuade him that I will write to Cæsar. I will then withdraw privately with a very small retinue, and I make no doubt of getting off, and eluding their most vigilant searches. I wish I knew where to find Curio.—With the assistance of fortune I shall succeed. My anguish is very great, but I hope my conduct will be worthy of myself.

I am greatly concerned at your complaint[1], I beg you will take some remedy for it in the infancy of the disease. I am pleased with what you write me concerning those of Marseilles[2]. Continue, I pray you, to inform me of whatever you learn. I could wish to go to Sicily, if I could do it in the public manner I had concerted with Curio. Here I wait for Servius Sulpicius, at the request of his wife and son, and I think it will be necessary for us all.

As to Antony, he carries about with him the actress Cytheris[3] in one open carriage, and his wife in another; he has likewise seven close carriages, in which are conveyed his female, or perhaps, his male favourites. You see what a melancholy death we are likely to meet; nor, I think,

[1] The complaint was, as the original implies, δυσουρια a difficulty of urine, in consequence of the stone or the gravel.—E.

[2] They had their gates shut against Cæsar.

[3] She was a famous courtezan, and the same whom Virgil mentions under the name of Lycoris.

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think, can there be a doubt of Cæsar's making a general massacre upon his return, whether he returns victorious or vanquished. For my own part, if I cannot find a ship, I will escape in a bark from these assasins of their country; but I will write you farther after seeing Antony.

I cannot help loving my nephew; but I can plainly see that I am not beloved by him. Never did I see any creature so perverse in his dispositions, so regardless of his relations, and so unaccountable in his notions. The torrent of my affliction is intolerable. But I take care of him, and shall do so, as you require me; his genius is wonderful, and pains must be taken to form his morals.

EPISTLE XI.

My last letter for you being sealed, I did not choose to send it by the bearer I proposed, because he was a stranger; I therefore did not deliver it that day. Meanwhile, Philotimus arrived and brought me a letter from you. As to my brother's character which you mention in that letter, I know him to be somewhat irresolute, but he has nothing about him that is insincere, nothing that is deceitful, nothing that is incapable of being directed to the best purposes, and

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nothing that you may not set to right with one fair word. In short, though he is very often in a passion with his friends, yet he loves them all dearly, and me, he loves beyond himself. As to his writing to you of your nephew, in a different strain from what he wrote to your sister of her son, I think there is nothing in that. What you write me concerning the young man's journey, and your sister, is the more vexatious, because the juncture is such, that it is not in my power, as it would otherwise be, to remove the inconveniences you mention. But you see how wretched is our situation, and how desperate are our affairs.

As to the money matter between you and my brother (who often speaks of it to me) he does not want the inclination, but the means, to pay you. But if, now that I am flying, Q. Axius does not pay me the thirteen thousand serteces, which I lent his son when he was going to be married, and excuses himself on account of the times; if Lepta, if others do the same, I own I cannot help being surprised at your pressing my brother so hard, for the paltry sum of twenty thousand serteces. For, take my word for it, he is as much straightened as he appears to be, and yet he has given orders for that payment to be made to you. Do you ascribe his delay to the love of money, and his unwillingness to part with it? No

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No man is less so. But enough concerning my brother.

As to his son, the father, no doubt, indulged him always too much; but then indulgence does not instil the principles of falsehood, avarice, and hatred of relations; of haughtiness, arrogance, and intractability. But he likewise possesses the bad qualities which arise from indulgence; but these are to be forgiven: for some allowances should be made for his being so young a man. As to his other bad qualities, I love him so well, that they give me more disquiet than my own present calamities. They do not arise from my indulgence.—By no means.—They are rooted in his nature, and yet, were I at liberty, I could eradicate them. But so unfortunate are the times, that I must bear with every thing. As to my own boy, I manage him with great ease; for nothing can be more tractable than he is. It was from compassion to him, that my conduct has been hitherto so unactive, and the more desirous he was that I should exert myself, I was the more afraid, lest my resolution might be cruelty to him.

Antony came to this place last evening. Perhaps he will pay me a visit, and perhaps not, because he signified his mind to me in writing. But you shall know without delay what happens. At present I keep myself very retired, but what shall I do with the boys? Should I put them on

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board a small bark, what anxiety must I feel on their voyage; for I remember what pangs I felt, even in the summer time, when they sailed in a flat-bottomed Rhodian boat[1]. Then what must be now my concern should they be at sea in the severe season? I am surrounded with miseries. Trebatius was with me. He is a kind friend, and a good patriot; what dreadful accounts, good heavens, did he give me! Even Balbus aspires to a seat in the senate. But I will give Trebatius himself a letter for you tomorrow. You tell me, Vectenus is my friend, I therefore believe him to be so; though I joked a little too severely with him upon his writing to me in a peremptory manner concerning his money. If he took that otherwise than I meant it, I beg you will soften him. In the address of my letter to him, I call him no other than a monied man, and in return he addressed me only as proconsul. But as he is a man of sense, and has an affection for me, I cherish the same for him. Farewel.

EPISTLE XII.

WHAT will become of me? Is there a wretch, is there a man, on earth, I will not say more distressed,

[1] ἀφράκτῳ in an open boat.

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tressed, but more disgraced than I am? Antony says, that Cæsar gave him a particular charge concerning me, and this he told to Trebatius, for as yet he has not seen me. What shall I do? For nothing prospers with me, and my best concerted schemes are frustrated. For, in gaining Curio, I thought I had succeeded in every thing. He had written in my favour to Hortensius; the commanding officer at Rhegium was entirely in my interest, but little did I think that Antony had the least notion of my designing to escape by sea. Whither now shall I turn me? I am hemmed in on every side.—But no more tears—Let me embark, unfavourable as the season is; let me privately creep into some transport vessel, for I must, by all means, take care not to afford any pretence for saying, that my voyage is stopped from a concerted plan of my own. I must sail for Sicily, and after reaching it, I shall determine what farther views to pursue, provided that matters succeed in Spain. At the same time, I wish that what we heard from Sicily may be true, though I cannot say it is as yet very probable. It is said, that the Sicilians, in crowds, resorted to Cato, and entreated him to make a stand, and promised they would give him all the assistance in their power; that roused by their patriotism, he began to raise men. I do not believe this news, for the authority on which it rests is very doubful. I am, however, entirely convinced,

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convinced, that that province is tenable. But we must hear news from Spain.

Caius Marcellus is in this neighbourhood, in the same predicament with myself, unless indeed, he greatly dissembles. I have not, however, seen him, but I have heard of him from one of his most intimate friends. I beg you will write me, if you have any news; and as soon as I come to any fixed resolution, I will instantly write to you. I will exercise a stricter discipline than ever over the younger Quintus. I beg you will destroy the letters in which I have mentioned him to you in too harsh a manner, and I will do the same by yours, for fear any thing should transpire. I wait for Servius, but I expect no firmness from him. You shall know what passes between us, whatever it may be.

It is but just, that I should acknowledge myself in an error. But did I mistake only in one instance? Or rather, have not all my measures, however deliberately planned, proved unsuccessful. But let me forget my past misfortunes, and endeavour only to prevent future miscarriages. You desire me to weigh all the consequences of my flight. What consequences?—All that can happen are so plain, that should I avoid them, I must here remain in disgrace and distress; and should I despise them, I am in danger of falling into the hands of ruffians. But consider in what misery I am. Sometimes I am

tempted

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tempted to wish to receive some injurious treatment from Cæsar's party, that I may appear to be hated by the tyrant. But, if the way which I wished to escape by, had been open before me, I might then have done somewhat, which, according to your wish and desire, might have justified my dilatoriness. But I am watched with surprising strictness, and I suspect even Curio himself. I must, therefore, proceed either by force or cunning; if by force, I may encounter a storm in my passage; if by cunning, I may be overreached by them; and in case I do not succeed what a stigma would it fix on my reputation. Honour impels me to Pompey, nor must I decline the most hazardous enterprises.

I often revolve with myself the example of Cælius Caldus. Could I act any way like him, I would lay aside my resolution of flying. I hope that Spain is still firm in our interest. The behaviour of those of Marseilles is not only of great advantage to our cause, but a proof to me, that things go well in Spain; because if they did not, and if the Marseillians knew so much, they would not venture to act as they have done; for they lie near Spain, and have good intelligence. I agree with you, that what happened in the theatre was a sure proof of the people's hatred of Cæsar. I perceive, that the legions, which he raised in Italy, are very ill disposed to him. But he has not a greater foe than he is to himself. You rightly

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rightly fear his abandoning himself to all excesses, which he certainly will do, if he grows desperate. This is the reason why I ought to attempt something in the spirit of Cælius, but I hope with better success. But you shall instantly know the step which I shall first take.

I will discipline the younger Quintus, and decline no trouble in reforming him; for he has good dispositions, and if he had not; yet they might be acquired by cultivation, unless indeed, you maintain that virtue is not an acquired, but an instinctive principle.

EPISTLE XIII.

Your letter was most agreeable to my daughter, and indeed, to myself; every thing you write affords me pleasure; continue therefore, to write whatever can give us hope. You have no reason to dread the lions[1] of Antony. Surely no man ever affords more merriment. I will give you a sketch of his conduct as a statesman. He had issued letters for the Decurions[2] of the corporations

[1] It appears from this passage, that Pliny and Plutarch were mistaken in saying, that Antony did not drive his chariot with lions before the battle of Pharsalia.

[2] There is a great variety of readings; here I have followed that of Minutius, as making the better sense.

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to attend him, and accordingly the four magistrates went to his villa early in the morning. But, in the first place, Antony slept till it was nine o'clock, and afterwards, when he was told that the Neapolitans and Cumeans (for Cæsar is most incensed at them) were attending him, he ordered them to return next day, because he was about to bathe, and to take physic. This past yesterday. Now, to-day he intends to go over to the island Anaria.[1] He is very positive, that all exiles will be recalled. But I will leave that subject, for somewhat that concerns myself.

I received a letter from Axius. Thanks concerning Tyro. Vectenus has acted like my friend. Vestorius, I have paid. Servius is said to have lain at Minturnæ the 6th of May: to-day he was to be at the house of Caius Marcellus, in Liternum[2]. Early to-morrow morning he will visit me, and furnish me with fresh matter for a letter, and now I have written you all I have to say[3].

One thing I am surprised at, that I have not received so much as one messenger from Antony, especially

[1] This lay upon the coast of Campania. Its modern name is Ischia.

[2] This lay on the sea side, between Cumæ and Minturnæ.

[3] The conciseness of this paragraph is very remarkable, though very natural to a man in Cicero's condition, who hurries over the mention of private affairs, because of his attention to those of the public.

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especially as he has been so complaisant to me hitherto. Perhaps he is unwilling to deny to my face, that he has received some more severe orders with regard to me. But I neither would have asked his favours, nor would I have trusted them, if he granted any. I must think of somewhat. I beseech you to let me know, if you hear any thing from Spain; for now is the time for receiving intelligence from that quarter, and the expectation of every body here is so great, that if good news should come, they think every thing would be over with Cæsar. For my part, I think, that by our keeping Spain, the war will neither be finished in our favour, nor will our losing it render our affairs desperate. I believe somewhat has happened to keep back Silius, Ocella, and some others. I perceive, that you likewise, are detained by Curtius, though, if I mistake not, you have a passport.

EPISTLE XIV.

WHAT a miserable life this is! The evil we fear is less tormenting than is the long continuance of that fear. Servius, as I wrote you before, after coming to Literna the 7th of May, paid me a visit the next day. That I may not keep you in suspense, we have not agreed upon the

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execution of any one measure. Never did I see a man in such a dreadful consternation. And yet indeed, all his fears are well grounded.—That Pompey was incensed at him—that Cæsar was not his friend—that the consequences of victory to either of them would be terrible—that the one was cruel, the other audacious; but above all, that both of them must be in want of money, and that it was impossible for them to be supplied, but by the plunder of private property. During all this conversation, he wept so much, that I was suprised the long continuance of his sorrows did not exhaust his tears. As to myself, the defluxion of my eyes, which hinders me to write to you with my own hand, is not occasioned by weeping; but it is very often troublesome, because I cannot sleep. Therefore, collect every circumstance that can give me comfort, and write it to me, not in the way of speculation and argument, for I have those comforts at home; but, I know not how it happens, the disease is too strong for the remedy. Let your information to me, therefore, be concerning Spain and Marseilles; and indeed, Servius gives me great hopes from thence, and likewise tells me, that there is good foundation for the report concerning the two legions. You are to entertain me, therefore, with these and similar occurrences, and indeed, a few days must bring us some information.

But

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But I now return to Servius.[1] We put the conversation entirely off till the next day; but he shewed himself very loath to leave Italy, and expressed himself more inclinable to wait peaceably at home for the event, whatever it may be. He reflected bitterly upon his son for serving at Brundusium against Pompey. He remained determined in one resolution, which was, to go himself into banishment, if the exiles should be recalled. My answer to all this was, that he might be sure they would, and that other measures equally pernicious, and of which I gave him many instances, were executing every day. All this served only to increase his apprehensions, and not to raise his spirits, so that I think, I ought rather to keep my purpose from him, than advise him to follow the same resolution. I therefore, place no reliance in him. I have been still thinking of imitating the conduct of Cælius, ever since you mentioned him.

EPISTLE XV.

WHEN Servius was at my house on the 10th instant, Cephalio arrived with your letter, which gave me great hopes of seeing better days from what

[1] Notwithstanding all that our author mentions here of this nobleman, he actually went over to Pompey, and after the battle

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what you tell me concerning the eight cohorts, for even those who are quartered in this neighbourhood, are said to be deserting Cæsar. Funisulanus, that same day, brought me another letter from you, confirming the same news. I gave him full satisfaction as to his own affair, and you have the merit of making me his friend. He has not yet paid what he owes me, which is a considerable sum, neither is he reckoned rich. He promises indeed, to pay me at this time, and only waits for another person's paying him. If he shall be with you, and deposit the money in your hands, you may give it to the letter-carriers for my use. Eros, the freedman of Philotimus, will tell you how much the sum is. But let us proceed to matters of more importance.

The time approaches for following, as you advise, the example of Cœlius. I am therefore upon the rack, whether I ought to wait for a fair wind. A standard ought to be erected, and then people will flock to it. I am entirely of your opinion as to declaring myself openly, and therefore that I ought to be gone. But, in the meanwhile, I expect a letter from you. I act not in concert with Servius: all his plans are attended with dangers and difficulties. He is the only man I have known to be more timorous than Caius Marcellus,

tle of Pharsalia, he made his peace with Cæsar, who gave him the command of Greece.

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Marcellus, who repents of his having been consul, and who, to his dishonour, is said to have instigated Antony to prevent my departure, to keep himself, I suppose, in countenance for my remaining in Italy. As to Antony, he went on the 10th to Capua. He sent me word, that he was ashamed to visit me, because he believed I was angry with him. I will therefore, be gone, and in the manner you propose, unless I am prevented with the hopes of acting in a more important character[1]. But that can scarcely happen so soon. Allienus, the prætor, however, thinks, that if I do not, one of his colleagues may; I wish the thing were done, it matters not by whom.

I approve of what you tell me concerning your sister, and I spare no pains upon the younger Quintus, of whom I hope for the best. As to my brother Quintus, you must know he is distressed about the money he owes you, but he has not as yet been able to obtain any money from L. Egnatius. That was a modest proposal of Axius concerning the twelve thousand sesterces, for he has several times written me, desiring me to answer all the demands of Gallius for money. But if he had not written to me, I could not have done otherwise. And indeed, I often promised to do this. But he was for my doing it instantly.

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[1] Meaning his imitating Cœlius, by declaring himself the head of a party against Cæsar in Italy.

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Are these the people who are to help me in my difficulties? But may heaven reward them as they deserve; I will however, let you know more another time. I am glad that you and Pilia have got rid of your ague; I intend to make an excursion to Pompeianum, while my ship is taking in victuals and other necessaries. Pray return my thanks to Vectenus for his zeal to serve me. If you can get a bearer, send me a letter before I depart.

EPISTLE XVI.

I had delivered a letter for you upon a variety of subjects, when, early in the morning, Dionysius paid me a visit. I would not only have been civil to him, but would have pardoned him all that is past, had he come to me in the same disposition, which you intimated in your letter to me at Arpinum. I mean that he would come and do all that I should desire him. Now, what I desired, or rather, what I wished for, was, that he would give me his company. His refusing that so flatly as he did at Formiæ, was the reason why I sent you so many bitter letters against him. Last time I saw him, (after using a very few words) the whole of what he said came to this, that I must pardon him, because the situation of his

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his affairs did not suffer him to attend me. I was greatly mortified, but I said very little to him in answer. The conclusion I have formed, is, that he looks with contempt upon my fallen fortunes. What shall I say more? You will be perhaps, surprised that I am afflicted upon his account, at a time when I am overwhelmed with such a weight, and such a variety of distress. When I wish that he may be your constant friend, I am wishing that you may be always happy; for while you are so, Dionysius will be your friend.

I am in hopes to execute my design without danger. For I will dissemble deeply, and observe narrowly, so far as I can, provided I can have such an opportunity to sail as I wish for. As to every thing else, it shall be taken care of as far as human foresight can avail. I beg that you will write while I am here, not only what you know and hear, but what you foresee will happen. Curio writes me that Cato, who might have kept his ground in Sicily with great ease (and had he kept it, he would have been joined by all our patriots) has left Syracuse on the 24th of April. I wish the news to be true that Cotta maintains his ground in Sardinia. If he should, how scandalous will Cato's behaviour appear.

I went to Pompeianum on the 12th, as a blind to my departure, and to my having even any thoughts of it, and that the necessary preparations for my voyage might be made while I

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was there. When I came to my villa, application was made to me, that the centurions of the three cohorts, which were at Pompeianum, wanted to see me next day, and (for our friend Nimius told me) that they intended to surrender both themselves and the town, into my hands. But, betwixt you and me, I left my villa next morning before day-break, that they might have no means of seeing me. For what would three cohorts have availed? Supposing them to have been more, how would they have subsisted, or even been kept on foot? I even reflected on the fate of Cælius which you mentioned in the letter I received from you, the day on which I arrived at Cumæ, and I thought, at the same time, that his offer might be made with a view to betray me. I therefore cleared myself of all grounds of suspicion[1].

But before I returned, Hortensius was come to my house, out of his road, to pay his compliments

[1] It is inconceivable, after this behaviour in our author, that any body should be found so unreasonably partial to his memory, as to endeavour to defend him on the head of self-consistency and resolution. We have seen him in former letters, again and again, proposing vast glory to himself, from imitating the conduct of this Cælius, and he said, in his last letter but one, that were a standard erected in Italy against Cæsar, great numbers would flock to it. But when a much fairer opportunity than he could expect, presents, we see how shamefully he abandons it.

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ments to my wife. He spoke of me in very honourable terms. I think however, I shall see him in person, for he has sent a servant to inform me, that he will pay me a visit. This however, is a more genteel behaviour than that of Antony, my brother augur, whose mistress, the actress, is carried about in a sedan amongst his lictors. As you have got rid of your ague, and with your ague all your uneasiness, I expect you will pay me a visit in Greece, now that you are quite recovered, and in the meantime, that you will send me letters.

EPISTLE XVII.

HORTENSIUS paid me a visit on the 14th, after my last letter was written; I wish that he had acted on other occasions as he does at this time. How strong were his assurances that he would serve me, and I design to take him at his word. Serapio afterwards came with your letter, and before I opened it, I told him what was true, that you had written to me concerning him. After reading your letter, I entertained him greatly to his satisfaction, and indeed I approve of the man, for he appears to me to be both learned and

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and virtuous[1]. I have even some thought of using his ship, and to engage him as a fellow-passenger. The disorder in my eyes recurs very often, and though it is not excessively painful, yet it prevents me from writing with my own hand. I am extremely glad that you are quite recovered from your old complaint, and that you have no fresh symptoms of it. I wish I had Ocella here, for the measures I propose, appear to be pretty practicable. We are retarded by the Equinoctial winds, which, at present, are very boisterous[2]. When the mild season returns, my wish is, that Hortensius may remain in his favourable disposition with regard to me; for as to his behaviour hitherto, nothing could be more like that of a gentleman.

As to the passport, you appear amazed, as if I had accused you of some gross crime. You tell me, that you cannot conceive how such a thing could come into my mind. With regard to myself, as you had witten me that you intended to go abroad, and as you had taken out a passport for

[1] Probably he meant that he should succeed Dionysius as tutor to his son and nephew.

[2] Because of the intercalations which we have already mentioned, and the same disagreement between the seasons and the months, in which they ought to have fallen, continued till it was removed by Cæsar. The vernal Equinox ought to have fallen about the 20th of March, and yet this letter is dated the 16th of May.

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for your retinue, I thought you might have taken out one for yourself, having heard that no body could leave Italy without a passport[1]. You have now the ground of my opinion; and yet I wish to know what you intend to do, and above all things, write me if there is any thing new. Dated the 16th of May.

EPISTLE XVIII.

My daughter was brought to bed in her seventh month, on the 19th of May, of a boy, and I have the pleasure to inform you, that she is in the way of recovery, but the child is very weakly. The dead calms that have happened, have detained and hindered me more than the guards, who watch me, have done. All the promises Hortensius made me, are come to nothing. I therefore, look on him as a very unprincipled man. His freedman, Salvius, has biassed him. Therefore what I write you afterwards, shall not inform you of what I intend to do, but what I have done; for I seem to be surrounded by the Corycæans[2]. I beg

[1] Atticus could not have taken a passport from Cæsar's party, and in his own name, without tacitly recognizing their right to give one.

[2] These people, so called from *Corycum*, a promontory of Pamphylia, were remarkable for prying into the secret movements

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I beg you, however, to continue to write to me what news you hear from Spain, or from any other quarter, without expecting a letter from me before I arrive at my wished-for harbour, unless I shall write to you when I am on my voyage. But even that shall be with great caution. For hitherto all is heavy and dark. My first movements have been wrong, and so must the rest be of course. I am now bound for Formiæ, and perhaps the furies of ambition[1], will follow me thither likewise. But from what passed between you and Balbus, I have laid aside all thoughts of retiring to Malta. Are you still in doubt that Cæsar looks upon me as one of his enemies? I have written to Balbus that your letter informed me of his kindness, and of the suspicion I am under. I have thanked him for the former; do you clear me with him as to the latter. Did you ever know a man so wretched as I am? I will add no more, lest I should give you pain likewise; I am myself tormented, that the time is come when I can do nothing that is either brave or prudent.

CICERO'S

ments of their neighbours. Hence the name became a proverb expressive of those, who distinguished themselves by their assiduity, in learning and divulging the affairs of others.—E.

[1] *Orig. Furiæ.* Meaning Cæsar's party.

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CICERO'S EPISTLES

TO

ATTICUS.

BOOK XI.

EPISTLE I.

I RECEIVED[1] your sealed parcel[2] from Anteros, but it gave me no kind of information as to my domestic affairs, which renders me the more sensible as the person who managed them is not at Rome,

[1] Almost nine months passed between the date of the last letter of the last book, and that of the first letter of this book. Our author embarked about the middle of June for Pompeii, and the first four letters of this book are dated from Macedonia, and the second must have been written about the beginning of February.

[2] *Orig. Obsignatum libellum.* This principally was a deed by which Cicero was appointed heir to an estate, and transmitted to him for his signature.—E.

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Rome, nor do I know where he is. Therefore all my hopes of keeping my credit, and retrieving my private affairs, must rest on your kindness, which I have so much reason to be convinced of. Should you continue to afford me that, at this critical season, which is so full of misery and distress, I can bear with the greater courage all those dangers which are in common to me with others. I therefore implore and beseech the continuance of your friendship. I have in Asiatic coin two million two hundred thousand serteces[1]. By getting that money exchanged for the coin current in our country, you may easily support my credit. If I had not confided in a man[2] whom you long ago mistrusted, that my credit was unquestionable when I eft Italy, I should have taken some more time, and not have left my affairs in such disorder; and the reason, why I have been so long in writing to you is, because, I have but lately learnt the confusion they are in. I conjure you in the most earnest manner, to take upon yourself the whole weight of maintaining my credit. So, that if the party to which I am joined should be successful, I may be restored with them to all my honours, and may have an opportunity to

[1] In Cistophoro in Asia. Vide vol. i. page 113, for an explanation of the word Cistophorus. This Money was part of the arrears due to our author as governor of Silicia.

[2] This was Philotimus.

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to own, that for that enjoyment I am obliged to your friendship.

EPISTLE II.

ON the 4th of February I received your letter, and that very day I executed the deed, by which I accepted the heirship[1]. I am now freed from one of my many distresses, if, as you write, that estate is sufficient to preserve me in credit and reputation, though, I perceive, that had it not happened, you would have done the same out of your own private purse. As to what you write concerning my daughter's portion[2], I conjure

[1] *Orig. Eoque ipse die ex testamento crevi hereditatem.* Atticus had informed our author that a certain person had made him (Cicero) his heir; and in that case, the law required that Cicero should accept of the heirship in a certain time, which was done by a special deed, in the following form; *Cum me N. hæredem instituerit, eam hæreditatem adeo cernoque.*

[2] When Cicero's daughter was divorced from Crassipes, the latter was at liberty by law, to return her fortune at three payments, which was to go to Dolabella her second husband. Dolabella having sided with Cæsar, and being so excessively profuse, that he had spent his whole private estate, our author was in great perplexity, whether he should pay the remainder of his daughter's fortune, which was to be returned by Crassipes to Dolabella, or not; because, in case of a divorce, which was very probable, between her and Dolabella, she

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jure you, by all that is sacred, to take the whole of that affair upon yourself, and to supply my daughter, who is rendered unhappy through my misconduct and heedlessness, out of my estate, if I have any remaining, or out of yours, so far as you can do it without distressing yourself. You write me, that she wants even the necessaries of life, I entreat you let her do so no longer. How, or upon whom, have the rents of my estates been employed. No body ever told me, that the sixty thousand serteces were deducted out of her restored fortune. It was what I never would have suffered. But this is the least of the many wrongs I have received, and which my grief and my tears prevent my mentioning to you in writing.

I have taken up one moiety of the money which I had in Asia; I thought it would be more safe where it is, than with the farmers of the revenue. You exhort me to keep up my spirits; I wish you could give me some motive to enable me to do so. But if, to crown all my other distresses, the news which Chrysippus told me concerning my house (and of which you mentioned nothing) should be true, is there a man

she must be left destitute. Meanwhile, Terentia, Cicero's wife, who was a very bad manager, had laid her hand upon some part of the money returned by Crassipes, so that Dolabella had not received the full first payment, which farther added to our author's uneasiness.

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man on earth more wretched than I am? I beseech you to forgive me, but I can write no farther. You surely are now sensible with what a weight of affliction I am pressed. Were it in common to me with others who are embarked in the same cause, my misfortune would admit of some alleviation, and therefore would not affect me so much; but now I have no manner of consolation, except the hopes that, by your means, if such a thing is yet practicable, there will be nothing peculiarly affecting and distressing in my case.

My delay in sending off this bearer was unavoidable. I received from your people seventy thousand serteces, with the apparel I had occasion for. I beg that you will write in my name (as you are acquainted with all my friends) to all you think proper. If they should require their letters to be under my hand and seal, you may tell them, that I avoid these tokens, because I am so narrowly watched.

EPISTLE III.

You may know from the person who delivered me your letter the state of affairs here. I detained him the longer, because we were every day looking for something new; nor, indeed, have

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have I any reason for dispatching him off now, but to reply to what you wanted to know. With regard to the first of July[1], how hard is it in these hard times to risk so much money, and in the present state of our uncertainty, how can the divorce you speak of take place? Therefore, I commit this amongst my other concerns in a more special manner to your friendship and kindness, and to my daughter's prudence and inclination. I might have prevented some part of her unhappiness, had I at a certain time consulted with you concerning my welfare and fortune in person rather than by letters.

You deny that there is any thing in these impending calamities peculiar to myself. Not to mention that this consideration gives a man no relief; I have many misfortunes, and those too heavy ones, and such as I might very easily have avoided, that are peculiar to my case, as you must be sensible[2]. But they will diminish, if you continue, as hitherto, to take off some part of their weight by your address and management.

[1] This probably was the term for paying part of his daughter's fortune to Dolabella, who was in great favour with Cæsar.

[2] If any thing were yet wanting to give the reader a despicable idea of our author's resolution and firmness, it would be his writing, as he often does to Atticus in this manner, after all the high sentiments of patriotism he expresses, and the prudent maxims he lays down in the last book.

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nagement. I have money in the hands of Egnatius. And let it even rest where it is. For things cannot long remain in their present situation, before I may know what I shall principally have occasion for. Though I myself am in want of every thing, the person whom I follow being likewise straitened, yet I have lent him a large sum, with a view of its turning to my honour, when public matters shall be settled. Do you continue, I beg of you, to write in my name to such persons as you think proper I should write to them. My compliments to your family. Be careful of your own health. Above all things, I recommend to you what you have promised me, that you take care and provide in all respects, so that nothing may be wanting to the person, on whose account you know I feel most anxiety. From the camp, June the 19th.

EPISTLE IV.

I RECEIVED a letter from Isidorus, and two of a later date, from which I understood that my farms were not sold. The favour, therefore, of furnishing my daughter with all necessaries devolves upon you. It will be very agreeable for me, to redeem the estate at Fusinum, provided I shall be in a condition to enjoy it. You desire

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me to write, but I am prevented from doing it, because I have no subject worth your notice. I absolutely disapprove of every thing that is done, and every thing that happens, here. I wish at a certain time, that I had rather seen you than corresponded with you by letters. I stand up for you with our party, as well as I am able. I refer the rest to Celer. I have myself hitherto declined all employment, and the rather, because I saw none in which I could act consistently with my character and situation.

You ask me for news. You may learn all that I know from Isidorus; we shall probably have no great difficulty, during the rest of the campaign[1] I entreat, that you will be as good as your word, in continuing to take care of that affair which, you know, I have chiefly at heart. My anxiety so preys upon me, that I am reduced to a very low state of health; when I am somewhat recovered, I shall join our general, who is very sanguine in his hopes. Our friend Brutus acts in this cause with very great spirit. Thus far, and no farther, does prudence warrant

[1] Pompey, who was an able but an enterprising general, had given Cæsar a defeat before Dyrrachium, which might have been decisive in his favour, had he known how to improve it. But unhappily he not only gave Cæsar leisure to recover himself, but grew so confident of success, that he afforded Cæsar many advantages before the battle of Pharsalia decided the contest between them.

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rant me to write to you. Farewel. I have already written to you in the letter you received from Pollex, entreating you most carefully to consider how I am to manage this second payment.

EPISTLE V.

I CONFESS to you, with the deepest sorrow, that I have been governed more by the impulses of blind passion than by cool deliberation. But the causes, which forced me upon a conduct thus irrational, are so new, bitter and powerful as to compel me to act under their influence. I therefore, neither know what to write to you concerning my own situation, nor do I know what favour to ask of you. You are sensible of the whole of my situation. I have understood by your letters, (those which you wrote me in common with my other friends, and those signed by yourself alone), what indeed I must myself have been sensible of, that you were so much exhausted as to be obliged to provide new means to maintain my reputation. You advise me to come nearer to Rome, and to travel in the night-time through the towns that are upon the road. But, I protest, I do not see how that can be done. For the stages are neither so conveniently

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veniently disposed as that I can reach them so as to pass a whole day in each, nor in my present situation, is there so much difference, whether I am seen by people in a town, or on the road. But I shall, amongst other things, consider how this may be most conveniently ordered.

I am in such disorder both of body and mind, that I cannot write you often, and I have only answered such of yours as have come to my hands. I beg that you will write in my name to **Basilus,** and to such other persons as you think proper, not forgetting Servilius as you see occasion. As to my being so long without writing, you are to understand, it was not owing to my want of inclination, but want of matter. With regard to Vatinius, whom you mention, neither he nor any body else would be wanting to do me service, if they could find out how they could serve me. My brother Quintus has been at Patræ, where he was joined by his son from Corcyra, and has expressed himself with great bitterness against me. I suppose, they have left that place with the rest of Cæsar's party.

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EPISTLE VI.

I AM perfectly sensible how much you are affected by your own, and the public situation, and in a more special manner, by my misfortunes and distress. Your becoming my companion in sorrow, is so far from diminishing that it increases, my grief. Your wisdom has directed you to find out the topic that can chiefly give me comfort; for you approve of my measures, and you are of opinion, that at such a juncture I could not have acted more advisedly than I have done. You even add a circumstance important in itself, but less important in my eyes than your approbation, that all who are capable of reflection, approve of my conduct. Were I convinced that this is fact, it would diminish my sorrow. You bid me take it upon your word. Well, I do, though I well know how fond you are of soothing my affliction.

Never shall I repent my having quitted the field, so great was the cruelty of that party. They were so intermingled with barbarians, that the intended proscription would not have been personal, but general. Thus they concluded, all your estates must have become their plunder, had they prevailed. I say, your estates,

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because, with regard to your person in particular, their intentions were most bloody. I therefore, never shall repent of my intention, though I do of my conduct. I ought to have chosen my residence in town, till I had been invited to Italy. I should then have been less the subject of talk, I should have been less covered with confusion, I should have been less tortured with remorse. It is inconvenient in all respects, for me to sculk in Brundusium. You advise me to draw nearer to Rome, but how can I do it without the lictors, which were given me by the people of Rome, and whom I cannot be deprived of without the hazard of my life. Some time ago, when I drew near this town, I ordered them to mingle in the croud without their axes, for fear of being attacked by Cæsar's soldiers.

I make the proper preparations to return home when an opportunity offers. I beg you will now apply to Oppius and Antony, that if their party will allow me to come nearer to Rome, I may consider how to proceed in this matter. I suppose they will advise me to that course; for they have given me assurances, that Cæsar will make it a point, not only to deserve, but increase my dignity; they advise me to keep up my courage, and they tell me there is no favour too great for me to hope for. Such are their promises, such their protestations, and I might have given more credit to them if I had remained in Italy. But there is no

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no looking back. I therefore beg you will attend to what is to come; that you will sound the persons I mentioned, and if you think it needful, and they proper, whether it may not be an inducement for Cæsar to approve of my proceeding, if he shall understand that it has been agreeable to the advice of his own friends. You may likewise apply to Trebonius and Pansa, and the other friends of Cæsar, and let them write to him, that what I have done, has been in consequence of their advice.

My daughter's illness, and her weakness of body distresses me. How greatly obliged am I to you for the great care I understand you have taken of her! That Pompey is slain I have no doubt: and as his affairs were become so desperate that foreign princes and nations could not hope to protect him, his death is of course to be expected. I cannot help lamenting his fate; for I knew him to be a man of virtue, temperance, and prudence. I cannot surely condole with you upon the death of Fannius, as having thrown out such base insinuation respecting your mansion in Italy. With regard to Lucius Lentulus, he had promised himself the house of Hortensius, the country seat of Cæsar, and his house at the Baiæ. The other party talk pretty much in the same strain, only the resentment of our people did not know where to stop, for they reckoned all who remained in Italy to be their enemies.

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But I could wish, some time or other, to converse with you upon these matters, when my mind is more at ease.

I understand that my brother Quintus is gone to Asia, to surrender himself to Cæsar. I have heard nothing concerning his son. But you may inquire of Diochares, Cæsar's freedman, whom I have not seen, and who brought those letters from Alexandria. He is said to have seen him, but whether in the road, or in Asia, I know not. You need not doubt that, situated as I am, I feel impatient for a letter from you, which I beg you would dispatch to me the first opportunity. Dated November the 28th.

EPISTLE VII.

YOUR letter, in which you have so punctually informed me of every thing that you thought concerned me, gave me great pleasure. I am then, to understand that those gentlemen are of opinion, that I should be attended by the same lictors, a favour that was granted to Sestius. But, if I mistake not, his lictors were not continued to him, but were given him by Cæsar. For I am informed that he disapproves of all the resolutions of the senate, that passed after the tribunes left Rome; therefore he may, consistently with his own maxims, continue to me my lictors.

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But why should I speak of lictors? Have I not received what is next to an order that I should leave Italy? For Antony has sent me a copy of Cæsar's letter to him, importing that, as Cato and Lucius Metellus had come to Italy, and intended to appear in public at Rome, he disapproved of this, and prohibited all from coming to Italy, who had not his special leave. All this was expressed in violent terms. Antony therefore, sent me a letter, begging me to excuse him, because he could not help obeying Cæsar's orders. I then sent Lucius Lamia to him, to tell him that Cæsar had desired Dolabella to write to me forthwith, to come to Italy, and that Dolabella's letter was my authority for coming. Antony, upon this, published an edict of prohibition, but with an express exception of Lælius and myself, which I did not like, because I might have been comprehended in a general article as having leave from Cæsar, but without being named.

How heavy are the strokes of my affliction! In vain do you endeavour to weaken their force, and yet your very endeavours are so earnest, that they abate my sorrow. Repeat your salutary correspondence as often as possible. Continue, above all things, to support me in the hope that I have not lost the esteem of worthy men; and yet how can you succeed in this attempt. It is impracticable. But if any occasion should put it

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it in your power, (as I know none at present) to justify me with such men, that would give me comfort indeed. But this justification must arise from the events which have happened. It has been said, for instance, that I ought to have left Italy at the same time with Pompey. Now his death takes off, in some measure, the reproach of my having been wanting to my duty in that respect. But, of all the charges against me, none affects me more than my not going to Africa. Now I reasoned in this manner. I did not think the cause of our country ought to be left to the defence of barbarous auxiliaries, and the most treacherous of all people in the world, especially as they were to act against an army which had gained repeated victories. This apology will, perhaps, not satisfy the people; for I hear that a great many worthy Romans have gone to Africa, and I know that some were there before. Here I feel most vulnerable, and here too, I must appeal to events. It may be said that some, possibly all, of those patriots would have made their peace with Cæsar if they could. But if they should hold out and prevail, in what a light shall I then appear? But, say you, what will become of them should they be conquered? Why, they fall with glory. That, indeed, is the reflection which gives me torment.

You have not informed me of the reasons you have for thinking that the conduct of Sulpicius has

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has not been more advisable than mine. It is not indeed, so specious as that of Cato, but it is void of difficulty and danger. The last consideration is, with regard to those who are in Achaia, yet even they are in a better situation than I am, because a great many of them are in one place, and, at the same time they come to Italy, they come to Rome directly. Do you continue to use all the arguments in your power to apologize for my misfortunes, and to vindicate my conduct. You say, you cannot give me a meeting. Well—I know your reasons, and I am even sensible that it is my interest you should be at Rome, that you may treat with the proper persons, as you have hitherto done upon those matters which relate to me; and there is one thing I recommend to you in a more special manner. I am of opinion there are a great many who have informed, or will inform, Cæsar, that I either repent of my conduct, or that I disapprove of his. Both those facts are true, but they are reported by the informers, not from any real discoveries they have made, but with an intention to injure me. But Balbus and Oppius must entirely take upon them the charge of removing these impressions from Cæsar, and confirm, by their frequently writing to him, the disposition he has in my favour; and do you use all your endeavours to answer the same end.

There is another reason why I would not have you to leave Rome, because you write me that you

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you are solicited to remain there. What a miserable situation I am in! What can I write? What can I wish for?—I must be short—For my tears involuntary flow. I leave every thing to you. Do every thing for the best. Only take care to do yourself no injury in a period so trying as this. Pardon, me, I beseech you, tears and anguish will not suffer me to continue longer upon this subject. All I can say is, that there is nothing in which you can more oblige me than in loving my daughter. You act very kindly in writing letters to such people as you think poper; I have seen a person who saw the younge Quintus at Samos, and his father at Sycion. It will be an easy matter for them to make their peace. I wish, as they are to see Cæsar before I can see him, that they would do me as much service with him as I am inclinable to do them, were it in my power. You entreat me to take in good part, any thing that may relate to me in your letters. I tell you, I take it in the best part, and I desire you will continue to write me every thing as openly, and as often as you can. Farewel. December the 19th.

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EPISTLE VIII.

I SUPPOSE you are not ignorant of my afflictions, but you will be fully instructed in them by Lepta and Trebatius. Dearly do I suffer for my rash conduct, which you are fond of calling prudent,—But I shall not dispute the point with you; and I am not against your entertaining these sentiments, provided you write to me as often as you can, for, at this time, your letters give me some consolation. I have occasion for all your interest with those who are my well-wishers, and have most influence with Cæsar, and especially with Balbus and Oppius. Let them write to him in the strongest terms in my favour; for I hear that I have enemies about Cæsar's person, and there are others who would be glad to injure me by letters to him. These must be counteracted in such a manner as the magnitude of the case requires. Furnius is with Cæsar, and is one of my bitterest enemies. My brother has sent his son to Cæsar, not only to beg his pardon, but to make him my enemy. He gives out that I have done him ill offices with Cæsar. In this he is confuted by Cæsar himself, and by all his friends; and wherever he is, he incessantly loads me with every kind of reproach. Of all the things I ever met with in my life, I could not have

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believed this, and of all my calamities, this is the most bitter. I have been told by those who heard them, of some very heinous charges, which he alleged against me in a public company at Sycion. You know his temper, perhaps you have experienced it, and now he discharges all its bitterness on me. But the remembrance of these matters both increases my own trouble, and occasions uneasiness to you. Let me, therefore, return to the main point; and recommend it to you upon this occasion, that Balbus should send a special messenger to Cæsar. I beg you will write to people in my name as you see proper. Adieu. December 27th.

EPISTLE IX.

WHAT you say is true, I have acted both incautiously and prematurely; I am now quite hopeless, being detained in Italy, by the exceptions inserted in Cæsar's edicts, and had they not been obtained by your assiduity and friendship, I should have chosen to have gone to some desert or other. But now I am not at liberty to do even this. Of what avail is it to me, that I have come before the commencement of the new tribuneship, if my coming at all is of no effect in itself? Now, what can I hope from a man who never

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never was my friend, harassed and oppressed as I am, by an established law. The letters I re-received from Balbus, are every day more and more cold. Cæsar receives letters from various parts, the object of which, is perhaps, to prejudice him against me. I have myself to blame for my ruin, and I can lay nothing to the score of chance. All my misery is owing to myself. After seeing the nature of the war, after being sensible that we were weak, and unprovided in all respects, to act against an enemy who wanted for nothing! What was I to do? I resolved to remain neutral. A resolution not brave indeed, but more pardonable in me than in any other man alive.

Well, I yielded to, or rather obeyed my friends. One of them (the person whom you recommend to me) has discovered by his letters to you, what his sentiments were. Never should I have opened them, had it not been upon the following occasion: The packet was brought to me; I opened to see if any letters directed for me were in it. There was none but one from Vatinius, and another from Ligurius, which I ordered to be sent to them. Immediately they came to me burning with grief, and exclaiming against my brother's treachery. They then read to me his letters, which were filled with all manner of invectives against me. Ligurius told me in great passion, that Cæsar had been excessively exasperated

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exasperated against my brother, and that it was only from his respect to me, that he not only received him into favour, but made him a considerable present in money. After this painful discovery, I was curious to know what he had written to his other correspondents, for I thought that it would turn to his own prejudice, should the report of his monstrous baseness diffuse itself farther. I perceived all his letters were in the same strain. I have sent them to you. You may order them to be delivered, if you think they can serve him, for they cannot be of disservice to me. They may again be sealed by his own, which, if I misake not, is in the possession of Pomponia. When on first sailing, he manifested his unnatural temper against me, it confounded me so much, that I have been stunned ever since; and at present, I am told that he does not endeavour so much to serve himself, as to injure me.

With such numberless hardships am I surrounded, that it is difficult, nay, impossible, for me to hold out longer against them. There is one misfortune, were there no other, that must depress me to the ground; the thoughts of leaving my unfortunate daughter, stript of all she had to expect of my fortune or her own. I am impatient, therefore, till you fulfil your promise of seeing me. For I have no other friend on earth to whom I can recommend her, because I understand that her mother is to expect no more favour

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favour than myself. But, should I not see you, let this my recommendation of her serve for all, and do all you can to reconcile her and the uncle I write this upon my birth-day. I wish I never had been born, or that my mother had no other son. My tears will not suffer me to write more.

EPISTLE X.

My troubles which are already inexpressible, were augmented by the news I had of my brother and nephew. Terentius, an intimate friend, was extensively concerned as an under farmer in the toll upon carriages and pasturage in Asia. He saw the younger Quintus at Ephesus on the 8th of December, and from the regard he has to me, he gave him a pressing invitation to supper; and, upon his putting some particular questions to him concerning me, my nephew dedeclared himself my most inveterate enemy; showing him at the same time, a written oration which he was to speak against me before Cæsar. Terentius took great pains to dissuade him from his frantic proceeding. He afterwards, at Patræ, had a long conversation with my brother who talked in the same unnatural, wicked strain, and whose madness you may perceive from the letter I have sent you. I know this

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this will give you pain, as it gives me torment, and the more, because I am of opinion, that there will hereafter be no room, even for my expostulating with them.

Our news concerning the affairs of Africa, are very different from that you represent them to be in your letters. We are told, that nothing can be more strong or active than the friends of freedom in that quarter. Add to this, the revolt of Spain, the dislike of Italy to Cæsar, the weakness, and the disaffection of his troops, and the desperate state of his affairs. I Have no means to enjoy myself a moment, longer than while I am reading your letters. I know you would write me more frequently, if you had any subject to write, which you think would alleviate my anguish; but I beg of you not to forbear writing, whatever you may have to write; and if you cannot hate those who have treated me so cruelly, yet you may reproach them; not that your reproaches will have any weight with them, but that they may be sensible, that I am still dear to you. I shall write you more, when you have answered my last letters. Farewel. Dated January the 21st.

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EPISTLE XI.

SPENT as I am with a thousand tormenting reflections, if I had any thing proper to write to you, it would not be easy for me to do it. At present, I have nothing to say, especially as I have no prospect of my situation being bettered. I am therefore, in no expectation of having a letter even from you, though they always bring me something that is agreeable. Therefore, continue to write to me by every opportunity. I can say nothing in answer to your last letter, which, by the bye, I received a long time ago. The face of affairs is much changed since that time; The cause of justice and freedom is gaining ground; and I am ruined by my folly.

You are to pay thirty thousand serteces to Publius Sallustius, which I received from Cnæus Sallustius, and I beg you to do this without delay. On this subject I have written to Terentia, and indeed, this supply is almost exhausted. Therefore, I wish you would concert measures with her how to procure further resources. I could borrow money perhaps here, if I thought it could be paid at Rome upon demand, but I will not venture to borrow any, before I know that I can draw for it. You see how it is with me.

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me. There is no species of wretchedness, that I do not either bear, or expect, and my anguish is embittered by the reflection, that it is owing to my own misconduct. My brother is incessantly defaming me in Achaia. It is strange that your letters have had no impression upon him. Dated March the 8th.

EPISTLE XII.

On the evening of the 8th of March, I received your letter of Cephalio, after having that very day in the morning sent off an express with letters to you. When I had read your letter, however, I thought proper to write something in answer, especially as I perceived you to be rather doubtful, with regard to the reason, which I am to assign to Cæsar for my leaving Italy. I have no occasion for any new reason. For I have often written to himself and I have given it out to many others, that I did all I could to bear with the public talk; but all was in vain, with a great deal to the same purpose. There is nothing which can go more against my inclination than that he should imagine, I have consulted any body but myself, in a matter of this vast consequence. Afterwards I had a letter from the young Balbus Cornelius, telling me, that Cæsar thought

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thought that my brother Quintus had sounded the alarm (for these were his words) for my departure. At that time I did not know in what terms my brother Quintus had written of me to others, though he spoke, and did a great many bitter things to my face, yet I wrote by Nilus to Cæsar, in these words:

"I am as anxious concerning my brother Quintus, as I am concerning myself, but I dare not presume, at such a juncture as this is, to recommend him to you. I will venture hereby however, to beg of you, that you will believe, he never did a thing to discourage my giving you proofs of my regard and affection; but that he rather was always prompting me to a closer connection with you, and that he was not the adviser, but the companion, of my flight. Therefore, in all other respects, I hope you will bestow upon him, those favours that are consistent with your humanity for him, and his friendship with you. Let me beg you, with the greatest earnestness, again and again, that I may not injure him in any respect in your opinion."

Should I, therefore, have an interview with Cæsar, though I make no doubt of his forgiving my brother, for he has declared so much, yet still I will be consistent with myself, by repeating the same language which I used before.

But in my mind, our chief concern at present ought to be with regard to Africa, where, you

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say, things daily wear a more favourable aspect, so as to induce us to hope, not indeed that we shall be triumphant, but that we shall be able to submit on more honourable terms. Would to heaven it were so! but accounts stated to me are very different; and I make no doubt, that your own opinion is likewise unfavourable, but that you conceal it from me, not to deceive, but to encourage me, especially as Spain is at so small a distance from Africa.

You advise me to write to Antony, and others of that party. If you think there is occasion for that, I beg you would continue to do what you have often done; I mean, to write to them in my name, for nothing that is proper for me to write to them occurs to me at present. You hear that I am more depressed than ever. No wonder that I am, when you see the glorious actions of my son-in-law[1] crowning all my other distresses. However, I beg you will continue to write me as often as you can, (for he cannot hinder you in this) even though you have no subject for writing, for your letters always bring me

[1] Meaning Dolabella, who at that time acted at Rome as tribune of the people, and was pushing on a general act of insolvency, and other very pernicious measures, in which he was opposed by Trebellius one of his colleagues. This difference between the two tribunes, occasioned a great deal of bloodshed, which was increased by the Senate's agreeing to Antony's entering Rome at the head of his troops.

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me some comfort. I have taken possession of Gallio's legacy, and, I believe, I am sole legatee, because notice has not been given me of the appointment of any other[1]. Dated March the 5th.

EPISTLE XIII.

I HAVE as yet, received no letter from Murena's freedman; that which I now answer, was delivered to me by Publius Siser. What you write me concerning the letters of the elder Servius, has no more truth than your information, that my brother is come to Syria, which is proved to be false. You desire me to inform you, how I stand with those who have come hither. I have reason to think, I stand well with every one of them; but I know you are a judge how far that is of any consequence to me. Every thing helps to complete my misery, especially as I see myself reduced to that state, in which nothing can serve me, but the success of the cause, which has ever

[1] *Puto enim cretionem simplicem fuisse, quoniam ad me nulla missa est.* It was usually required by the testament that the heir should enter upon the estate, left to him, within the space of sixty or a hundred days. This act was called *hæreditatis cretio*, Varro L. L. vi. 5. This *cretio*, or legal possession, was said to be *simplex*, where, though the property was divided between many heirs, one alone was appointed the legal successor.—E.

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ever been my aversion[1]. They say, that the elder Publius Lentulus is at Rhodes, and his son at Alexandria; and it is certain, that Caius Cassius is gone from Rhodes to Alexandria.

In an apology which my brother has sent me for his conduct, he has made use of more bitter terms than he did when he persecuted me the most. For, he mentions, that he understands by your letters, that you are offended at his saying so many severe things of me in writing; that he was sorry he had disobliged you, but that he had done nothing in which he was not justified. He then writes me his reasons, in very scurrilous terms. But he would not at this time, nor at any other, have betrayed his malice against me, had he seen me overwhelmed by oppression. I wish I had come nearer to you, even though I had travelled in the night, as you advised me; for now, where you are, or when I can see you, is to me absolutely unknown. You

[1] Meaning that of Cæsar. The despondency, and the meanness of our author in the whole of his conduct at this juncture, is far less defensible, and much more ridiculous than he showed under his banishment. We find him starting at every breath, raising to himself phantoms of misery, and ingeniously tormenting himself with the mere chimeras. Notwithstanding this, I am apt to believe, that he was not mistaken, in supposing that it would be much better for him that Cæsar should get the better, than that the republicans should. But the declaration in this place is very unworthy of a wise and a good man.

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You had no occasion to write to me, concerning the coheirs of Fufidius. Their demands are no more than just, and I approve of whatever you have done in that matter. I informed you long ago of my willingness to pay off the mortgage of the estate of Frusinum. I am still in the same mind, though my circumstances were then better, nor did I then think the public affairs so desperate as they appear to be now. I leave you to take the proper steps for finishing that business. I beg that you will exert yourself as much as possible to procure means for my necessary expences. All the money I could spare, I gave to Pompey, at a time when I thought I was acting wisely in so doing. I have therefore been obliged to borrow somewhat from your steward, and from other hands, and, at the same time, Quintus has been complaining by letters, that I could spare nothing to him. He never asked me for any, nor have I ever seen the money I mentioned. I beg you will try what can be done for me, and that you would give me your best advice upon all matters; you know the state of my affairs. My grief prevents my writing any more at present. You will continue to write in my name, to such persons as occasion requires, and I beg you will lose no opportunity of writing to me. Farewel.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE XIV.

I AM not at all offended by your candid declaration, that you will not even attempt, as you formerly did, to comfort me under my afflictions both public and private, and your confessing it to be now impracticable. The situation of things is entirely altered from what they were. For, to mention no other circumstance, I thought others were in the same predicament with myself. For all those who seek to avoid the resentment of Cæsar both in Achaia and in Asia, all those who know, or do not know, the state of public affairs, are about to set sail for Africa. Lælius therefore, is the only person who is in the same situation with myself, through his own misconduct; but in one respect, he has the advantage of me, because he is received into favour. With regard to myself, I make no doubt, that Cæsar has written concerning me to Balbus, and to Oppius, who certainly, if they had received any agreeable orders, would have communicated them to me. They likewise would have imparted them to you; and I desire, that you will talk to them upon the subject, and let me have their answer; not that I think his assurances in my favour are to be relied on, but I may be able from thence, to form some judgment of the manner in which I ought

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I ought to proceed. Though I dread the public view, especially as I have such a son-in-law, yet I can find nothing else more eligible for me in this unfortunate situation. Pansa and Hirtius write to me, that my brother goes on against me in his old way, and it is said, that he is proceeding to Africa with the others of that party. I will write to the elder Minutius, and I will send him your letter. I will acquaint you how he proceeds, if he should draw upon me for money. I am surprised how you could raise the thirty thousand serteces, unless the estate of Fufidius has turned out better than we expected[1]. That must be the case. But I expect you in person, for my affairs require that I should see you, if possible. Now matters are come to a crisis with me, it is easy for you to form a judgment of what is the least distressing course for me to pursue. Farewel.

EPISTLE

[1] The sense of the original is here extremely doubtful, not only on account of Cicero's close cursory way of writing, but of the various readings in the original. I have endeavoured, however, to make it clear and consistent both with the best readings, and with other passages of our author.

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EPISTLE XV.

As you have so many good reasons why I cannot see you at this time, how, I pray you, am I to proceed? For Cæsar's possession of Alexandria is such, that he is ashamed to write of what has happened there[1]. The opposite partizans seem to be preparing for passing from Africa into Italy, and those who went from Achaia to Asia, will either join them, or remain in some neutral place. How then do you think I am to proceed? I know it is difficult to advise me. My case is singular, and has at most but one parallel, for I can neither return to the party I have quitted, nor have I any assurances of protection from the party I have embraced. But still I want to know your opinion, and that was one among many reasons, why I desired, if possible, to see you.

I wrote to you before, that Minutius had paid me no more than twelve thousand serteces; I beg you will take care that I shall be paid the remainder. My brother is so far from expressing any concern to me for his past behaviour, that he writes to me in the most reproachful terms.

As

[1] Notwithstanding all the great qualities of Cæsar, his heart was so accessible to the charms of the famous Cleopatra, that his gallantries with her at Alexandria, had almost proved fatal both to his affairs and his person.

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As to his son, he is quite outrageous against me. My embarrassments are inconceivable; but nothing stings me so much as the reflection upon my own gross irretrievable misconduct; which would be somewhat alleviated had I not been mistaken in believing that some others would have acted as I did. But all others had reason for their conduct; I have none. Some were made prisoners, others were intercepted before any suspicion could be formed of their intention, and the rather, because as soon as they were liberated, they joined their own party. As to such of them as voluntarily served under Fusius[1], the worst that can be said of them is, that they were irresolute. Now there are numbers of every description, who will be received by the patriots, provided they are willing to join them. You have, therefore, the less reason to be surprised at my sinking under such a weight of affliction. The guilt of irretrievable misconduct is peculiar to myself, unless, indeed, Lælius may be joined with me. But what does it avail me, to have one companion in misery? It is said, indeed, that Caius Cassius has altered his design of going to Alexandria. I write to you in this manner, not that you are able to remove my uneasiness, but that I may know, whether you can give me any advice in

[1] He commanded in Achaia under Cæsar, and was consul for the three last months of this year with Vatinius.

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in my present miserable condition, which is aggravated by the conduct of my son-in-law, and other circumstances which my tears hinder me from writing? Even the son of Æsopus[1] gives me pain. In short, nothing is wanting to make my misery complete.

But, as I was just now asking—what is your opinion I should do? Shall I steal to some place nearer Rome, or shall I pass the sea? For here I canot stay longer. Why could you do nothing in the affair of the Fufidian estate? For the contract was of such a nature, as seldom or ever to admit of any controversy, because the share which seemed to be the least, might have been made up by selling the whole estate by auction[2]. This, with good reason, I shall make the subject of inquiry; for I suspect that the coheirs believe my situation to be very hazardous, and therefore, refuse to act in the business. Adieu. Dated May the 14th.

EPISTLE

[1] He was a celebrated player, and our author, who was fond of excellence in all professions, had a particular esteem for him. He left an immense estate to his son, who is mentioned here, and who squandered it scandalously in a very short time. But after all, I cannot be easily persuaded, that the original here is not vitiated. Gronovius is of opinion, that it ought to be read instead of *Quin etiam Æsopi filius, Quin etiam tuæ sororis filius.*

[2] Orig. *Cum ea pars, quæ videtur esse minor, lecitatione expleri posset.*

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EPISTLE XVI.

I AM not to blame, at least at this time, (for I own I have been so formerly) that Cæsar's letter gives me no comfort. For I perceive you observe, as well as I do, that it is illiberally written, and affords strong presumption that it did not come from his hand[1], I will take your advice with regard to my going out to meet him. For his return to Italy is neither certain, nor do they who come from Asia, say, that they have heard any thing of peace, and yet the hopes of that gave rise to all my mistaken measures. I now see no foundation for such a hope, especially as Cæsar has been severely checked in Asia[2], in Illyricum,

[1] We see from this passage, and from the practice of our author, that it was usual for the great men of Rome to give a general licence to their friends, to make use of their name in writing to others, what they thought might be for their service. The word *exigue*, in this sentence, would seem to imply, that the composition was too mean for Cæsar, but the sense I have given it, is more natural and agrees much better with our author's doubts. Besides, *exigue* does not so much signify mean, as contracted. Our author mentions, *exiguum tempus*; Virgil, *exigua nox—Laudato ingentia Rura, exiguum colito.*

[2] Cæsar's lieutenant, Domitius Calvinus had been worsted there by Pharnaces, the son of Mithridades.

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Illyricum[1], in the affair of Cassius[2], in Alexandria itself, in Rome[3], and in Italy[4]. With regard to myself, supposing Cæsar to be upon his return at the time he is said to be carrying on the war, yet I believe a decisive blow will be struck before that time[5].

You write me that the patriots manifested some joy when they heard of Cæsar's letter. You take care to omit nothing that you think can give me the smallest degree of comfort. But I cannot persuade myself, that any patriot can suppose I value any advantage which might happen to me, at such a rate, as to beg it of Cæsar, and the

[1] Where Gabinius, one of Cæsar's general officers, was defeated by Octavius Dolabella, in his march to join Cæsar.

[2] He commanded under Cæsar, in Spain, where he behaved so ill, that his soldiers conspired against him, by which means the republicans became again masters of that country.

[3] On account of the popular commotions there.

[4] Where Cæsar's soldiers were very much disaffected, especially on account of his behaviour with Cleopatra, which seems to have been no secret at that time.

[5] Meaning that Scipio, who commanded the republican army in Africa, would find means to transport it over to Italy, which would then fall into their hands. But this was one of our author's vain surmises, arising from the dreadful concern he was under, lest the party, which he had so often solemnly vowed to espouse, at the expence of his life and fortune, as esteeming it more honourable to die with them, than to conquer with Cæsar, (see the preceding Epistles) should he be successful.

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the less, because I am now singular in the conduct I have pursued. They who are in Asia wait to know what turn affairs will take. Those in Achaia have even given Fufius hopes that they will submit. All those gentlemen, at first, entertained the same apprehension, and had come to the same resolution with myself. The check which Cæsar met with at Alexandria, improved their condition, but ruins mine; I therefore repeat to you the request I made in my former letters, to let me know, whether, in this desperate state of my affairs, you see any thing that you think proper for me to do? If I am received by Cæsar's party, which you perceive is not the case, yet still, during the war, I am at a loss how to act, or where to reside. Should I be rejected, my condition is still worse. I therefore, wait for a letter from you, and I beg you will write to me positively upon this head.

You advise me to send Cæsar's letter to my brother, which I would do, did it give me any pleasure. Meanwhile, a certain correspondent writes to me in the following terms. "I pass my time at Patræ agreeably enough, considering the public distractions; but my abode would be the more agreeable, if your brother would talk of you in a manner that I like." You tell me he has written to you, that I answered none of his letters. I received only one from him, and I answered it by Cephalio, who has been detained

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tained by contrary winds, for some months. I formerly acquainted you, that the younger Quintus had written to me in the most scurrilous manner.

I shall conclude by begging you, if you approve of the measure, and think you can undertake it, to concur with Camillus in talking to my wife concerning her will[1]. The times call upon her to discharge her debts, and to settle her affairs. Philotimus has been heard to say, that, in some things, she has acted most infamously. I can scarcely credit this charge; but if there be any truth in it, we must do all we can to prevent the consequences. I beg you will write to me concerning every thing, and about her in a more particular manner. I want to advise with you in this matter, though perhaps you can form no judgment of it, and I shall take it for granted, by your silence, that you cannot. Dated June the 11th.

EPISTLE

[1] Though Terentia was, at this time, in perfect health, and enjoyed it for upwards of fifty years after this; yet Cicero and she, had each of them agreed to make a will, settling the succession amongst their children and grandchildren, to their several estates.

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EPISTLE XVII.

THE bearers of this letter, being not my servants, and in haste, I now send you a short letter, especially as I intend soon to dispatch to you a courier from myself. My dear Tullia came to me the 12th of June, and was at great pains to inform me of the high regard and kindness which you had shewn her, delivering to me, at the same time, three letters. As to myself, so far was I from enjoying the pleasure, which the virtue, the tenderness, and the affection of so excellent a daughter ought to have given me, that I felt inconceivable anguish at seeing so amiable a woman immersed in such misery; and that too, from no demerit in her, but from the most blamable conduct in me. I cannot therefore, at present, expect from you the consolation which you are so fond to administer; nor advice, for I can follow none. You have, I am sensible, omitted nothing that could be suggested, in your former letters.

I am thinking of sending my son with Sallust to Cæsar. As to my daughter, I think it improper that I should detain her any longer about my person, in our present public melancholy circumstances. I will, therefore, prevail upon her as soon as convenient, to return to her mother. For to the

letter

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letter, which with so much tenderness you sent to sooth me, in my present melancholy situation, I feel all the gratitude which would have animated your bosom, had you been in my circumstances. The conversation which you inform me you had with Oppius[1], was, on his part, pretty much as I had suspected. But I am certain that it will be impossible to convince the friends of Cæsar, by any means, that I cordially approve of their measures. I will, however, be as moderate as possible. And yet I cannot see what mighty disadvantage would arise from incurring their displeasure. I see you have a very good excuse (too good to my great sorrow) for not coming to see me.

We have as yet no advice of Cæsar's having left Alexandria, and it is certain, that no body has come from thence since the 16th of March, nor has Cæsar written to any one since the 13th of December. You may, therefore, conclude that the letter bearing date the 9th of February, is not authentic (though it would be of no consequence if it were). We are certainly informed that Lucius Terentius has left Africa, and is come to Pæstum[2]. I am curious to know what news

[1] He probably had desired Atticus to put our author upon his guard against talking so freely as he did of public affairs, or rather to talk of them in Cæsar's favour.

[2] This was a town of Lucania, built at the mouth of the river Silaris.

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he brings, how he escaped, and how matters stand in Africa, for we are told, that he was conveyed away by Nasidius[1]. Pray give me all the information you can come at on that subject. I will follow your advice as to the ten thousand serteces. Adieu. June the 14th.

EPISTLE XVIII.

We have yet no account of Cæsar's having left Alexandria, and the general opinion is, that his engagements there will not allow him to return. For this reason I have laid aside the thoughts of sending my son to him, and I beg that you will liberate me from this place, for I know no punishment so great as my staying here any longer. I have applied by letters to Antony, to Balbus, and to Oppius, upon this subject. For it will be extremely improper that I should be here, whether we suppose the war to be carried on in Italy, or by sea. It will be carried on, perhaps, both ways; that it will one way, is certain. The conversation which you wrote me, you had with Oppius, made me entirely sensible of the views of that party,

[1] Scipio, who commanded the republican party in Africa, had been at great pains to cut off all communication between Cæsar and that country; but this Nasidius, who commanded a fleet upon that coast, it seems, assisted Terentius in his escape from thence.

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party, with regard to myself, but I beg you would try to soften them. At present I calculate upon the worst, and nothing but the worst, though indeed my present situation is as bad as it can be. I therefore, desire you will speak with Antony, and others, and do all you can to effect my deliverance, giving me the earliest possible advice upon every subject. Farewel. Dated June the 19th.

EPISTLE XIX[1].

I READILY agree with you in what you write, when you are at such pains in making me sensible, that you know of no way to assist me. It is true, my affliction is such, as to admit of no consolation. Had the causes of it been accidental, it had been tolerable. But all my misconduct arose from a complication of mistakes and miseries, both of mind and body, which I wish my relations had endeavoured, rather to remove than to increase. I have not therefore the least glimpse of hope that you can, in any degree, give me either advice or comfort[2]. Hereafter I will ask you for neither. All I beg of you is not to discontinue your correspondence; write me whatever

[1] I have followed Monsieur Mongault in altering the order, in which the seven last letters of this book, stand in the common editions.

[2] This is another mark of our author's great dejection.

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ever occurs to you, when you can find a bearer, and as long as you can have (which you cannot long have) me for a correspondent.

We have here a report in circulation, founded on a letter of Sulpicius, and confirmed by all later accounts, that Cæsar has left Alexandria. I know not whether to wish this account to be true or false, so little can it affect me either way. I wish that my wife's Will, concerning which I formerly wrote to you, should be deposited in some safe hands[1]. I am rendered completely miserable by the wretched situation of my daughter, who is with me. Never surely was distress equal to mine. I am impatient to know, whether you can point out to me in what manner I may in some degree alleviate it. I am sensible the same difficulty subsists in giving me advice as formerly, but this, indeed is my chief affliction. In regard to the second payment, we were blind to our own interest; and I beg of you to procure by all possible means some money, by selling my plate, and some part of my household furniture; for I think matters now draw towards a crisis. We can no longer hope for accommodation; and should peace be obtained, it must fall to the ground

[1] The text is entirely corrupted in this place. All I have been able to do is to restore it from the most probable conjectures, without troubling myself about the surmise of the commentators, which, when the text is corrupted, are often extravagant and always uncertain.

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ground of itself, even without opposition[1]. If you think proper you will talk likewise upon this subject with my wife, when you have an opportunity. I cannot write more at large. Dated the 5th of July.

EPISTLE XX.

I ADVISED you, by letter, to consult with Camillus, and he writes me, that he has had a conversation with you, respecting which I expect from you a letter. But if that affair has taken an unexpected turn, I see not how it can be altered[2]. But I knew not what to make of receiving no advice from you along with the letters which Nilus sent me, and I concluded that you was either indisposed (for you wrote me that you felt some symptoms of your late indisposition), or

[1] Meaning, as he hinted in a former letter, that Cæsar's success would be of no long continuance, even though he got the better of his present difficulties, and returned in triumph to Rome.

[2] *Orig. Nisi illud quidem mutari, si aliter est, et oportet, non video posse.* The word *nisi* carries often with it the same import as *sed* amongst ancient Latin authors. Cicero himself sometimes uses it in that sense, Fam. Epist. lib. xiii. ep. 1. *Nec, cur ille tantatopere contendat video, nec, cur tu repugnes: Nisi tamen multo minus tibi concedi potest quam illi liberare sine causa,* Eod. lib. ep. 13. *De te nihil possum judicare; nisi illud mihi certe persuades, te talem virum nihil temere fecisse.*

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or that you had yet come to no fixed determination as to the affair in question. One Acusius came here on the 18th of July, from Rhodes, who tells me, that my brother[1] Quintus upon the 29th of May, set out for Cæsar; that Philotimus came to Rhodes the day before, and that he had a letter for me. You will hear what Acusius himself has to say, but he travels very slowly. I have, therefore, sent off this dispatch by a more expeditious bearer. I know not the contents of the letter I am to receive from Philotimus, but I am greatly complimented by my brother Quintus, though indeed my misconduct has been so great, that I cannot conceive how it is possible I shall ever be able to bear with its consequences.

I beg you would bestow some thoughts upon the condition of my wretched daughter; and I repeat my former request to you, that something may be done to keep her from want, and likewise to speak to my wife concerning her Will. I was of opinion that the matter you hint at should have been done before, but I was afraid of every thing. A divorce was the best course that could been followed in their most uncomfortable situation. I wish we could have shewn that we were not insensible of his profligacy, of his attempt to pass an act for cancelling the public debts, of his nocturnal riots, or of his intrigues with Metella, or of all his other provocations. This would have

[1] *Orig. Quintum F.* which some read *Filium*, others *Fratrem*.

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have prevented him from squandering my daughter's fortune, and shewn in me some marks of manly resentment. Well do I remember your letter[1]. But

[1] When the reader reflects on the nature of our author's familiar correspondence with Atticus, he cannot at all be surprised at the conciseness of his expression, and the dark hints he throws out which Atticus understood, though they are often unintelligible to us. The truth is, the correspondence between them is often little better than a cipher, which renders the difficulty of translating these letters inexpressible. Add to this, that the different situations of our author seem to have had a surprising effect upon his stile. He sometimes talks clear and distinct, and sometimes, as in the letter before us, like a man whose lungs are wasted by a consumptive habit, gasping for breath, seeking to be understood by his eyes and motions, rather than by his expressions. This is the natural effect of that concern and agitation of spirit, which Cicero was generally under, during the whole course of his correspondence with Atticus, the loss of whose letters leaves us greatly in the dark, as to our author's meaning, in many passages. All that a translator, under such difficulties can do, is to compare one passage with another, to attend to his author's manner, to prefer certainty to probability, and probability to arbitrary conjecture. I have always, when the sense did not suffer by it, imitated that frugality of words, for which our author is as remarkable in his epistles, as he is in other writings, for the perspicuity and sometimes luxuriancy of his stile. But, possessed as I am with the greatest veneration for Cicero, I cannot think it the business of a translator, to imitate him in what was the effect rather of his misfortunes than his judgment. Neither is he at the same liberty as Cicero was, to suppose himself to be understood by his reader. Atticus knew the meaning of what is a mystery to an English man eighteen hundred years after, and therefore when a translator can decipher his meaning, he is not to write in the same stile that Cicero wrote to Atticus. On this account I have

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But you know the trials of that period; yet he could not behave worse than he did. At present he seems to defy us. Good heavens, what do I hear of the republic? Is it possible that MY son-in-law should be the man who should make his country bankrupt. I am of your opinion that a notice should be given him of my daughter's intention to be separated from him. He perhaps will demand the third payment. You will therefore take it into consideration, whether the proposal should not come from me, rather than it should come first from him. If I can by any means, I will try, even though I should travel by night, to see you; I beg that you will write to me on these matters, and upon every thing else that may concern me. Adieu.

EPISTLE XXI.

I NEVER have omitted an opportunity of writing to you, even though I had nothing material to write. Your letters to me come more seldom, and are shorter, than usual, because, I suppose, you have nothing which you think I can read or hear with pleasure. Write to me nevertheless whatever may happen, in any respect. I greatly

I have made it a rule, that my translation should give the reader all the lights possible through the dark parts of the original, which saves an infinite number of notes, equally tiresome to the translator and the reader.

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I greatly wish, though I have no reason to hope, for peace; yet the slight hints, you sometimes throw out on that subject, force me to hope for what I can scarcely wish. It is said Philotimus will arrive here on the 13th of August. I beg from you an answer to what I formerly wrote you. I have no more time than is sufficient for me to look about me, (I who never, in my life, looked about me) in this most wretched situation. Farewel. Dated July 22d.

EPISTLE XXII.

I AM sensible of the truth of what you formerly wrote to myself, and of what you twice wrote to Tullia concerning me. I am more unhappy than ever (though my misery seemed before to be complete) as having received a grievous insult, I am not permitted to show my resentment and sorrow, without danger to myself. How can I bear with this? But bear it I must, and moreover suffer these very inconveniences against which you put me upon my guard. For so peculiar has been my misconduct, that whatever be the condition of other people, I must continue to be unfortunate.

But I now write with my own hand, for what I have to say demands secresy. I beg that you will

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will look after the Will[1] which my wife made when she first began to be uneasy. I believe she will not teaze you by any impertinent inquiries[2], at least she does not me. But be that as it will, since you are now upon speaking terms with her, you may advise her to put it into the hands of somebody who is attached to neither party, and who is not likely to suffer by this contest, in whatever way it may terminate. You are the person I have chiefly in view for that trust, if my daughter here shall agree to it; but, poor woman, I conceal from her the reasons of this cautious proceeding. As to the other affair, I know that nothing can be disposed of at present, but something may be secured and secreted, so as to be out of the reach of this impending ruin.

You write me that as my own income is equal to

[1] The whole of this passage is at once so perplexed and corrupted, that Monsieur Mongault has thought proper to leave it untranslated; I have not taken that liberty, but have taken advantage of the words, and, it is no unusual thing for our author's distress and sufferings, to render his meaning very difficult to be discovered, even when there is no corruption in the text.

[2] This very possibly might relate to the reason of our author's being so keen in the affair of her testament, which he was willing should be kept secret from her. The whole passage according to the best readings, runs thus, *Vide quæso etiam nunc de testamento, quod tum factum, cum illa quærere cæperat. Non credo te commorit; neque enim rogarit ne me quidem.*

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to my wants[1], you will readily contribute to any additional expences, which may be occasioned by the exigencies of my wife. I confide in your resources, but where are mine? With regard to my wife, not to mention the other numberless vexations she has given me, what can be worse than the following? You wrote her to send me credit for twelve thousand serteces, this being the amount of the balance of my money in your hands. She sent me no more than ten thousand, which she said was all the balance that remained. Now if she could withhold so considerable a part of so small a sum, I leave you to judge what she would have done had the sum been large.

Philotimus is not yet arrived; nor has he so much as acquainted me, by a letter, or an express, of what he has done. People, who come from Ephesus, say, that they saw him engaged in a law suit respecting his own affairs. My concerns, it is very probable, are postponed till Cæsar's arrival. Therefore I am of opinion that he is charged with nothing which he thinks of consequence enough to occasion his sending an express to me, and consequently that I become more

[1] *Orig. Nam quod scribis, nobis nostra, et tua Terentiæ, fore parata.* Monsieur Mongault translates this passage, *Vous me dites que je trouverai toujours dans mon bein et dans le vôtre, une ressource pour moi et pour ma femme.* But I think there is something both in the disposition of the words, and in the connection which leads to my sense of this passage.

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more and more despicable in Cæsar's eyes; or if he is charged with any thing of consequence, he does not choose to communicate it to me, till after he has dispatched all his own private affairs. I own this provokes me greatly, but not so much as one would imagine. For I think nothing ought to be more indifferent to me than any news which can come from thence. I make no doubt but you know the reason[1].

You advise me to accommodate my looks and my words to the times. Though this be no easy task, yet I would conform with your advice, did I think it would do me any service. You write me that you think the affairs of those, who are in Africa, may be transacted by letters. I wish you would write me your reasons for thinking so, for I see none. Meanwhile, send me whatever is likely to administer the smallest comfort; should there be none, which I believe to be the case, tell me that there is none. If I hear any news sooner than you, I will let you know by a letter. Farewel. Dated August the 6th.

EPISTLE XXIII.

CAIUS TREBONIUS[2] arrived here from Seleucia

[1] The reason was, because he was afraid, if Cæsar should treat him favourably, of being ill treated by the republicans.

[2] He was a Roman knight, and he is mentioned by Cæsar in his Commentaries.

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cia Pieria[1], upon the fourteenth of August, having been eight and twenty days in coming, and he tells me that, at Antioch, he saw the younger Quintus with Hirtius waiting upon Cæsar, and that they have, with little or no difficulty, succeeded in their solicitations for my brother. This would give me the more pleasure, if his success afforded encouragement for me. But I have other things to fear from another quarter; and even with regard to Cæsar, being now absolute, he may refuse to ratify the favours he once promised. He has even pardoned Sallust[2], and in short they say, he refuses forgiveness to none. This indiscriminate lenity induces me to suspect that he has some designs still in reserve. Marcus, the son of Quintus Gallius, has restored to Sallust all his slaves. He came to transport Cæsar's troops into Sicily, and he was instantly to set out for Cæsar at Patræ. If Cæsar's should go to Sicily, I will resume my thoughts of drawing nearer the city. I am unusually anxious for an answer to what I last wrote to you, in which I have begged your advice. Farewel. Dated August the 15th.

EPISTLE

[1] This city lay near Antioch and Apamea.

[2] This was not Sallust the historian, but Cnæus Sallust, who had been quæstor under Bibulus in Syria.

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EPISTLE XXIV.

On the 25th of August, I received your letter dated the 19th, and I no sooner read my brother's letter[1], than it renewed, in the most sensible manner, my forgotten grief, from the former base injuries done me by him. Though the laws of friendship could, by no means, dispense with your sending me that letter, yet I wish it had not been sent. With regard to what you write concerning my wife's Will, you must see what is to be done, and in what manner. I formerly sent you what she had written to me concerning that money, and I shall make use of the credit you gave me, as I shall have occasion. It is unlikely that Cæsar will be at Athens the 1st of September, for he meets with great obstructions in Asia, particularly from Pharnaces. It is said, that Sylla had no sooner reached the twelfth legion, than they pelted him with stones, and it is believed that none of the troops will march. Cæsar is expected immediately in Sicily from Patræ, but if the above news is true, he must of necessity come hither. But I should be better

[1] This letter was addressed to Cæsar by Quintus Cicero, and, being greatly to our author's disadvantage, Cæsar generously put it into the hands of Balbus, that it might be conveyed to Cicero.

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ter pleased if he were to continue his intended route, for I might then find some means of escaping from this place. At present, I am afraid, that he expects I should wait for him, and, amongst other inconveniences, I am here much depressed by the heavy atmosphere of this place.

You advise me to accommodate myself to the time, I would take your advice if my circumstances would permit, and if I could do it by any means; but so great has been my error, and so heavy the sufferings from my relations, that I neither can do, nor can I pretend to do, any thing worthy of my character. You may recollect the times of Sylla. It is true, he was, perhaps, not very moderate in the exercise of his power, but in other respects, he drew his sword in the best of causes. But the present times are such, that I ought to forget myself, and to consult the welfare of the public, whose interests indeed are combined with my own. I beg you, however, to write to me as often as possible, especially as I correspond with no other person; and though I had correspondence with all others, still I should be anxious for letters from you. You write me, that I can be of service in reconciling Cæsar to my brother, I informed you already, that he instantly agreed to all the requests of the younger Quintus, without the least mention of me. Farewel.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE XXV.

THE packet sent by the courier of Balbus came duly to my hand; for in your letter to me, you seem to be afraid that I did not receive that packet, and indeed, I wish I never had; for the contents of it have renewed my sorrows. And, if they had fallen into other hands, they would not have furnished material information. For what can be now more notorious than my brother's hatred of me, and the perfidious letters he has written concerning me. Cæsar, it is true, seems to intimate his disapprobation of my brother's baseness, by his sending those letters to his friends; but in my opinion, his object was to render my misfortunes the more public. You tell me, that you are afraid his unworthy conduct may injure him with Cæsar, and that the consequences ought to be prevented. But let me tell you, that Cæsar granted him pardon, even before I interceded in his behalf. This gives me little concern, but I feel sorry that the indulgence shewn him did not proceed from regard to me.

I believe Sylla will be here with Messala tomorrow, having met with a repulse from the troops, who refused to march till they receive the payment of their arrears. They are going post haste to Cæsar. He will, therefore, contrary to their expectation, come hither. It is true, he will

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will be long upon the road, for he orders his march so, that he remains several days in every town. Pharnaces, however, in spite of all his efforts, will retard him[1]. How then, do you think, I am to act? For, at present, I am scarcely able to breathe in this thick atmosphere, and thus pain of body is added to the anguish of my mind. Shall I commission the gentlemen who are going to Cæsar, to intercede for me, and in the meanwhile, come nearer to Rome? Bestow some thoughts, I beg of you, upon this point, and assist me with your advice, which hitherto you have not done, though I have often requested you. I know, it is a matter of great difficulty. But consider at the same time, my distress. It is likewise of great importance to me, that I should see you. This object, indeed, if gained, would be of great service to me. Comply with your promise in attending to the Will.

[1] Cicero was mistaken here; for the war with Pharnaces detained Cæsar no more than five days, and having beat him as soon as he saw him, he sent to the senate, the celebrated laconic account of *Veni, vidi, vici.*

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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